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THE BRITISH

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER 1, 1850.

ART. I. *Zum Gedächtniss August Neanders.*

Neander's heimgang. Von LIC. RAUH.

Rede, gehalten im Sterbehaufe. Von Dr. Fr. STRAUSS.

Rede um Grabe. Von Dr. F. W. KRUMMACHER.

Rede, um Tage der Beerdigung, den 17 Juli, 1850, in der Aula der Universität gesprochen. Von Dr. KARL IMM. NITSCH.
Berlin. Karl Wiegandt. 1850.

IN the death of Neander, Germany has lost one of her greatest teachers, and the Christian world one of its chief ornaments. A purer or nobler character has seldom adorned any church—one in which the loftiest powers of nature and the lowliest graces of the Gospel were more finely blended, and which more fixed therefore at once the love and the admiration of all who came in contact with it. For nearly forty years Neander has been one of the brightest centres of interest to all in Christian Germany. A very halo of blessing and veneration surrounded him. And so lovely and beloved in life, his death has been deeply lamented by all classes of his country. Pastors and professors, students and people, have alike done honour to his memory. Multitudes who own him as their spiritual father, have wept around his grave the tears of children. The eloquent Krummacher, his warm heart beating with emotion, pronounced his funeral eulogium; and the learned Nitsch, in the hall of the University, which he so loved and for which he so laboured, delivered, the same day, a brief but affectionate sketch of his career. All, indeed, that we have heard, testifies to the widespread sincerity with which Germany has mourned *her* Neander.

But, beyond Germany, there are also many, we know, who

will have wept for one whom, although they may have never seen him face to face, they have yet long since learned to recognise with 'the eye of the soul' as their teacher and friend. Many who have only known him in his works (where, however, he may be so fully known) will, ere this, we feel, have woven, in spirit, a chaplet for his tomb. Students from all lands, who have held rich converse with his gifted and genial mind, will have brought, if silently yet no less heartily and gratefully, their tribute to his memory. For ourselves, feeling profoundly how much we owe him, we confess to have heard of his departure with a solemn and peculiar regret. It seemed to us as if we had suddenly lost some one very dear to us, with whom we were living in familiar and happy fellowship. Reaching us, as the news did, when Death was busy in high places, and the mighty in rank, talent, and influence were being gathered as his spoils, we yet felt that there was for us something far more affecting in the loss of Neander, than in that of any whom the world was then mourning. We felt that truly a 'master in Israel had fallen,' that one of those great ones was gone, who, if they have lived obscurely, have yet left behind them an imperishable name,—whose blessed influence, we thank God, does not die with them, but lives evermore to fructify in the hearts of the good and true of every time,—and through which, being dead, they are yet destined to speak to all future generations.

Contemplating, as we were, at any rate, some review of the labours of Neander, we could not more fitly carry our intention into effect than at the present moment, when he has so recently left us. We could not more fitly consider what he has done than when his work on earth has just terminated, and he has 'entered into its reward.' We will bring, therefore, with others, an offering to his memory, and if it should seem to any that we pass too lightly over some of his theological opinions—that the sketch we shall draw is not severely discriminative, let them remember (not to mention other considerations) that it becomes us to tread gently around his new-made grave, and that where, from our own theological standing point, we cannot unconditionally commend, we may yet (faithfully guarding our own views) hush our voice to a whisper. Let none fear that in this way we shall compromise the rights of the truth. No; we know how little he himself would have approved such a course. We would only have it to be understood that if we shall dwell, in this paper, chiefly on what is most satisfactory in the views of Neander,—in the services which, as we conceive, he has rendered alike to theology and the church in his country,—it is not thereby to be supposed that we are insensible to the lax and erroneous opinions

which some of his writings contain. It is impossible, within our space, to canvass adequately all his writings, and we now propose, therefore, to confine ourselves mainly to the consideration of the positive aspect and value of his labours. Preliminary to our task in this respect, we present our readers with what particulars we have been able to collect of his life.

Johanna August Wilhelm Neander was born at Göttingen, January 16, 1789, of Jewish parents. While still quite young, he removed to Hamburg, where he spent the greater part of his youth, studying at the Gymnasium and Johanneum of that city. Very little appears to be generally known as to the circumstances of his parents. We remember hearing, when in Hamburg a few years ago, that they were of the very poorest class of Jews. From the same source we also heard how he came, in such a case, to have the opportunity of devoting himself to study; and the story is at once so very characteristic in regard to himself, and so creditable to the party concerned, that we give it,—not vouching, however, for its accuracy. We were told that the young Jewish boy, smitten even then with that absorbing love of books which so distinguished him through life, used to steal into the shop of the respected publisher, whose name has since become so intimately associated with his historical labours, and there sit for hours in wrapt application to the volumes kindly furnished him. And so frequent became his visits, and so peculiar appeared his devotion to the learned treasures submitted to him, that M. Perthes was led to interest himself in him, and to procure him the means of prosecuting his studies. Whether or no this be a true account—and it would delight us to have it corroborated—the young Neander fortunately possessed in some way the means of pursuing his academical career, for which purpose he proceeded, in 1806, to Halle.

Previously, however, he had abandoned Judaism and been baptized, receiving only then his present name. Of the peculiar *circumstances* attending his conversion to Christianity we have no knowledge; we do not suppose, indeed, that it was marked by any special outward events, but was rather only a gradual silent change from within, the nature of which may be pretty well gathered from the glimpses he has himself given us into his life at this period, in his letters to Chamisso. In all respects, these letters are singularly interesting, as the productions of a youth of only seventeen, breathing, as they do throughout, the most simple and glowing enthusiasm, and brightly revealing to us, if only by snatches, the forming course of his inner life. There is something so pleasing in the circumstances of their origin, that we shall briefly mention them.

About two years before, Chamisso, in company with his friend,

Varnhagen, Von Ensc, Theremin the theologian—then a student, and others, had started a magazine of poetic literature, entitled ‘The Musenalmann-ach.’ In connexion with this undertaking, the young litterateurs formed themselves into an association under the symbol of the Pole Star—*το του πολου αστρον*. No more formal bond united the youthful aspirants. The Star of the North, the region of science, was simply intended to symbolise their united devotion to the cultivation of the true and the beautiful.

Varnhagen, and Neumann, who appears to have been one of the most active of the band, having subsequently come to Hamburg to reside, they there formed the acquaintance of Neander. A strong sympathy, and mutual interest in the study of ‘Plato,’ would seem to have drawn them together in the most cordial friendship, so that Neander adopted with them the same symbol of noble ambition, and enrolled himself as a brother in their association. The enthusiastic Jewish youth, in his intense application to the pages of the Grecian sage, evidently made a very strong and lively impression on the two friends—for we find Neumann thus writing of him to Chamisso:—

‘We have made the acquaintance, among our fellow-students, of an excellent youth, entirely worthy of admission into our brotherhood of the North Star. Plato is his idol—his constant watch-word. He sits day and night over him, and there are few who have so thoroughly and in such purity imbibed his wisdom. It is wonderful how entirely he has done this without any foreign impulse, merely through his own reflection and downright pure study. Without knowing much of the romantic poetry, he has, so to speak, constructed it for himself, and found the germ thereof in Plato. On the world around him he has learned to look with a deep, contemplative glance.’

This, it must be owned, is a somewhat attractive picture of the youthful student; and the same burning earnestness and winning simplicity here portrayed discover themselves still more fully in his own letters to Chamisso. The latter, it would appear, having heard in such fair terms of the new member received into their union, wrote to him in a corresponding spirit of fraternal regard. And the correspondence thus begun was continued at intervals during two years.

These letters, as we have said, are altogether very interesting, and especially in relation to the manner in which his conversion to the gospel evidently took place. As might be inferred from the picture of him drawn by Neumann, Neander’s mind appears to have passed over from Judaism to Christianity, through a species of Platonic idealism. The very same process which, in his ‘Church

History,' he has described with such peculiar and graphic force, as having occurred in other great Christian teachers, seems to have taken place in himself. In that philosophy, which, he ever continued to think, addresses itself so directly to the divine power in man, and which, in its later form, he has expressly said, 'contains so much that really or seemingly harmonises with Christian truth,' he found those points of contact with the Gospel which ever drew him more closely to it—revealing itself, as it did evermore, to be alone the life of his life—the satisfaction of all his inward necessities. The ideals which in Plato 'ravished his intellectual vision,' and which at first he would seem to have worshipped with that intense devotion which leaves no room for any other worship in the heart of the student, in the first fresh and glorious outburst of the intellectual life; these ideals, which at length, he too, doubtless experienced, as Augustin did,* could give him no power of victory over the flesh, he gradually found realised in the Gospel, so that they henceforth not only served to dazzle his intellect, but to quicken and energize his life. Plato was thus to Neander, as he has been to not a few noble minds, in some sense, a schoolmaster to bring him to Christ. And while he never ceased his admiration of the philosopher, he yet ever came to embrace more and more in its depth and purity the 'truth as it is in Jesus.' The influence of his teacher's idealism may, indeed, be visibly enough traced in some of his conceptions of Christian doctrine, but the divine simplicity and practical power of the Gospel were ever more felt and owned by him.

We cannot quote at any length from these youthful letters of Neander; but they possess, so far as we know, so *unique* an importance in reference to his biography, apart from the insight they give us into the great spiritual crisis of his life, that we must find room for a few extracts. The following presents, in a very warm and interesting light, his relation to the brotherhood, of which he had just become a member:

'I thank you,' he says, in reply to Chamisso's first letter, 'that you have expressed to me in writing the assurance of that friendship which already unites *eternally* all the like-minded who love the good and the beautiful, however circumstances may seem to separate them, and which in time no less intimately links all those who follow under a common symbol the same noble end. Glorious to me is all which thus stamps with the impress of unity various individuals, which,—moulding with its own character whatever seems to lie most apart from it,—reveals itself under manifold forms ever the same. Diverse may, and indeed, must be, the exertions of every single member of

* Gen. Church History, vol. iv, p. 18.

our union, but only that thereby in the very variety may be seen the unity, and thus the true stuff be formed in us from all sides. Previously I found no congenial companions with whom I could join myself in pleasant fellowship, and, from a natural timidity, I felt no impulse to seek such, when mere accident made me known to our two good friends, Varnhagen and Neumann, already associated in a kindred bond, and I was at once received by them into brotherhood. And since then, most truly can I say, that much of which in my previous solitary life I had only a dim presentiment, has become to me clearer and brighter. . . . So let *us*, too, recognise each other as brothers, and mutually express ourselves so. I should like also to see you, for although bodily presence is by no means necessary to a thorough union, it is yet very agreeable to be also able to look upon our friend in his external relations as well. Until we have this opportunity, however, let us always more lovingly and fully learn to know each other by the aid of letters. And whatever may befall us, I trust that, with God's help, we shall meanwhile be able to overpass, as it were, our outward restrictions, and realize each other's presence, even as it still happens, that mere empirical necessity must submit itself to the divinely willing freedom.'

In these somewhat high-flown, but deeply earnest expressions, so beating with the pulse of a heart-warm feeling throughout, we may easily perceive what had hitherto been the character of Neander's spiritual life—lonely, and self-nursed, springing from a hidden inward depth of power which had not yet found vent in any active sympathy with the world, a fountain of rich fulness which had fed itself in solitude, and not yet sought a channel 'into the light of common day.' Living so exclusively in loving communion with the ideals brought before him in his books, he would seem, at this period, and even for some time afterwards, not to have been altogether free from an almost ascetic repulsion to the ordinary men and things around him. In a following letter, which possesses besides a peculiar interest, from the announcement which it contains of his determination to devote himself to the study of theology, this solitary and somewhat one-sided character of his life still more fully expresses itself:

'Dear friend,' he writes, 'I was sorry that I had not the opportunity of seeing you at Hameln. Still we shall hope to meet at Halle. There will we all—separated, it would seem, as much as possible by the mournful restrictions of a merely secular world, which is, alas! I grieve to say, everywhere around us—enjoy together the inward blessedness of a *civitas Dei*, whose foundation is still for ever friendship. The more I come to know you, the more the world dissatisfies me, as also I dissatisfy and must still dissatisfy all men who are not my friends. Their very presence stupifies me. I cannot do homage to the common understanding, which has so withdrawn,

and still ever farther withdraws itself from the one centre of all existence—the divine spirit—the inward blessedness of the city of God, which it knows not, nor has ever tasted, having made for itself, through its own vain imagination, idols, according to its own cold and frivolous notions. Yes, to it, and to all which it consecrates—its idols, and its temples, be eternal war! Let every one advance to battle against it with the weapons which God has given him, till the monster is overthrown. . . . I have decided to study theology. God give me strength, as I wish and strive after, to know Himself—the only One—in a sense which the common understanding cannot comprehend, and to preach Him to the profane. Holy Saviour, Thou alone canst reconcile us with the profane race, for, inflamed with a deep love to them which they yet deserved not, Thou didst live and suffer, and die for them. Thou *lovest* the profane—we can only hate and despise them.'

There are many other passages of these letters we should like to quote, for there are everywhere, here and there, through all their exuberant and somewhat vague ideality, fine fresh thoughts occurring: but one extract further must suffice, and it shall be a fragment—cloudy, though beautiful—of that mystic Platonized idealism, through which, as we have said, he was now striving into the atmosphere of a purer and brighter truth.

'The story,' he says, 'of the two wise men of old—the one of whom laughed, and the other wept at every thing, expresses, so to speak, the two opposite poles of heathenism—comedy, tragedy—Aristophanes, Æschylus. Life was to it at first an unceasing laugh. But joyous youth, at first absorbing everything in its boundless mirth, at length also absorbs and consumes itself. With the season of youth, its laugh too,—the first fresh birth of nature's strength,—passes away. And now a troubled earnestness succeeds a wild playfulness, both destined to perish. It behoved Antiquity to weep, in order that *He* might come, who would dry the tears of all, and re-introduce for ever the sure cheerfulness of the holy disposition. . . . In the ancient world, first appears Fate as the external universality—in which every thing individual is lost and swallowed up—the image of which are the mythical life in poetry and the common life in the state or patriotism. All in mass only, and in lump. Next is seen the individual awakening to consciousness; and now ensues division and moral strife; the individual opposing himself, with giant strength, to an over-ruling despotic fate. In Christ alone is the reconciliation of the individual and the universal to be found. In his ascension is seen the individual eternally substantiating himself, and embracing in his arms the universal. This reconciliation, too, is found expressing itself in Providence, opposed to Destiny, as also in the Trinity—the Son being One with the Father, and the individual eternally produced from the universal out of the One—the Spirit, the Copula. For we call the universal, so far as it is indwelling in the individual, the Spirit.—Such are the half-tones with which I answer your letter.'

Half-tones, truly, in some respects, sounding through a 'dim and perilous' region of metaphysic; but in other respects also tones of deep, though broken meaning, showing how profoundly Neander had already penetrated into the historic meaning of Heathenism in its relation to Christianity.

But we must now proceed with our sketch of his life. After studying at Halle, to which, as we have already stated, he went in 1806, and where he came under the impressive influence (an influence which cannot be questioned, although we have no particular means of ascertaining its limits) of Schleiermacher, then in the first height of his fame as a teacher, he proceeded to Göttingen; and in the place of his birth completed his academical career, under the venerable Planck. Here he was especially led to those original investigations into the sources of Christian history, which constituted the great work of his life. The influence of Planck, who had himself earned so well-merited a fame from his historical labours, was, doubtless, not without its effect in kindling and fostering within him the love for such researches. Having here finished his university curriculum, he returned for a short while to Hamburg, where he continued, with all his former solitary ardour, to pursue his studies. At length, in 1811, in his twenty-first year, he commenced his career as a theological teacher, at Heidelberg, by defending his essay '*De fidei gnoseosque ideæ, qua ad se invicem atque ad philosophiam referatur, ratione, secundum mentem Clementis Alexandrini.*' In the year following he was appointed Extraordinary Professor of Theology in the same city; and at this period he first appeared as an author by the publication of his '*Monograph on the Emperor Julian.*' The fresh insight into the History of the Church, and the vivid and striking power of delineation which this work discovered, at once drew general attention to the distinguished talents of its author, and marked him out as a rising theologian of the first rank. He soon accordingly, even before he had terminated the first year of his academical labours at Heidelberg, received a call to Berlin, where the King of Prussia was at that time striving to gather around him, in his newly-founded university, the ablest teachers from all quarters of Germany. Thither, some time previously, had come both Schleiermacher and De Wette; and these illustrious men, in conjunction with our author, and others of scarcely less illustrious name, may be said, through their mutual efforts, to have given an impetus to the youthful mind of Germany, which truly constitutes an epoch in its history. Of the three theologians—so dissimilar in many points, yet so united in the same hearty desire to shed, by their exertions, a living glory on the infant institution to which they belonged—

the last is now gone : and with Neander too, we believe, the last link of that chain which connected the present younger with the older race of professors. While its first glory is thus departed, however, we trust that this now famed university will continue, by the increasingly fruitful labours of its professors and students, to add even a yet brighter lustre to its reputation.

Now fixed in Berlin, Neander at once settled himself to those habits of intense private study (which had already, as we have seen, so marked his youth), and of laborious and consuming faithfulness in the discharge of his public duty, which characterised his whole future career. His life, in fact, was but one silent, untiring labour, undistinguished, so far as we know, by any external incidents of importance, and varied only by brief spring and autumn excursions into the country; during which, however, he was by no means idle, but would be found laying under contribution the stores of some library to which he had not otherwise access.

His studies continued peculiarly in the same direction in which they had begun. In the year following his appointment to Berlin his second monograph, intitled 'Der Heilige Bernard und sein Zeitalter,' appeared; and in the year 1818, his work on Gnosticism, 'Genetische Entwicklung der vornehmsten gnostischen Systems.' A still more extended and elaborate monograph than either of the preceding followed on Chrysostom, 'Der Heilige Chrysostomus und die Kirche, besonders des Orients, in dessen Zeitalter;' and again, in 1825, still another, on Tertullian, 'Antignostikus. Geist der Tertullianus.' He had meantime, however, begun his great work, to which these several efforts were only, as it were, preparatory *studies*. The immediate occasion of his setting about what he had all along contemplated as the main task of his life, was, as he has himself told us, the call for a new edition of his work on Julian. Such a call he found he could not comply with, without, in fact, re-writing this early production, and giving it an altogether new and more comprehensive form. Encouraged by his publisher, he therefore preferred beginning his 'General History of the Christian Religion and Church,' which should embrace this as well as all the other special points to which his attention had already been directed. The first part of this enlarged undertaking accordingly made its appearance in 1825, comprehending the history of the three first centuries, from the end of the apostolic age to the year 311. The remaining parts, down to the fifth (making in all, according to the first edition, ten, according to the second, eight volumes), have since appeared at successive intervals, bringing down the history of the Church to the close

of the thirteenth century. Besides this grand central work, he published, in 1832, his history of the 'Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles;' and in 1837, his 'Life of Jesus Christ, in its Historical Connexion and Historical Development'—works which he had all along contemplated as indispensable adjuncts to his 'General History,' but in which, from particular circumstances, he found himself called upon to engage before its completion—in the case of his 'Life of Jesus,' as is well known, from the necessity he felt of opposing the famous work of Strauss. In addition to all these labours, he gave to the public, first in 1822, and subsequently in 1845-46, a sort of popular Church History, intitled 'Memorabilia (Durkwüsdigkeiten) from the History of the Christian Life:' and in 1829, a volume of occasional writings, chiefly exegetical and historical; and again, in 1840, another volume of a similar character, under the title of the 'Unity and Variety of the Christian Life.' Many extended papers besides have appeared from his unwearying pen, as, for example, those on Plotinus, Thomas Aquinas, Theobald Thamer, Pascal, Newman, Blanco White, and Arnold,* &c.

It will be abundantly evident, from our bare statement, what a life of unremitting toil Neander's was; and yet we have only seen, so to speak, the half of it, for his devotion to his public duties as a professor was equally ardent and assiduous. He lectured usually thrice a day, his lectures embracing within their range almost every branch of theology, exegetics, dogmatics, ethics, as well as church history. His lecture-room, indeed, became one of the most prominent interests of his being; and whatever other engagements he may have forgotten, in the profound reverie of study in which he lived, we never heard of his failing to be with his class at the appointed hour. The care of his students ever lay as a chief burden on his warm heart; and not contented with discharging his public duty towards them in the university, he assembled them regularly of evenings in his house, where—sitting in the midst of them as they gathered round him in a circle (his little strange figure presenting the oddest possible spectacle in such a position)—he would answer their inquiries and solve their doubts. Nothing, consequently, could exceed his popularity among the students. The very warmest feelings indeed of affectionate respect were cherished towards him by all classes of the community in Berlin; and the love of the students for him even sometimes reached a sort of *furore*. This was especially manifested on his last birthday, when they met in procession, and marched through the city by torchlight

* Some of these papers, as those on Plotinus, Thomas Aquinas, and Pascal, were read before the Royal Academy of Sciences in Berlin; others appeared in the 'Jahrbücher für wissenschaftliche Kritik.'

in celebration of it. The procession pausing opposite the windows of his house, he was addressed in a figurative complimentary allusion to the greatness of the occasion. This incident affected him in a manner illustrative of the simplicity of his character. Stepping forward, he declared himself to be only a 'poor sinner,' exclaiming, in a voice trembling with emotion, and the tears trickling down his cheeks—as one of the fathers had done before him—'O, Divine Love, I have not loved thee strongly, deeply, warmly enough!'

With all the noble qualities which thus so endeared him as a man and a teacher, Neander, it is well known, united an amount of eccentricity in his mere manners and personal appearance, which exceeds almost all that we ever heard of any other in the same way; and which, it is possible, was not without its influence among the students, especially in heightening the peculiar interest which they felt in him. And whatever any may think of his singularities—in *his* case,—however it may have sometimes happened in that of others,—it is altogether impossible to ascribe them to any degree of affectation. The bare idea of such a thing to any who have caught even a glimpse of the pure, transparent simplicity of his character, were the wildest eccentricity in the world. It is not difficult, indeed, to see how many of his peculiarities should have arisen in the most natural manner. Leading all along so solitarily studious a life,—his intellectual and spiritual energies so completely absorbing his whole being, that he would seem scarcely ever to have fully realized his relation to the actual world of social every-day life around him, it is not wonderful that a habit of the most profound and inveterate abstractedness should have grown upon him. Living so entirely in a contemplative world of his own, his deep-sunken eyes seeming rather to rest upon the busy throng of ideas within than the busy crowd of things without him, it need not surprise us that he should have so often acted as if he had forgotten altogether the world of sense in which he moved. Not that we are to suppose for a moment that he continued to cherish any of that somewhat stern opposition to the world which we have seen to express itself in his youthful letters. On the contrary, none in the maturity of his Christian convictions was ever more free from such a feeling—even in his youth, as we have seen, genuinely Christian at the root, but only expressed in somewhat too harsh and one-sided a manner. None ever regarded his fellow-men with a more ardent and deep-hearted interest; and none, we may add, in his writings has more fully exposed the false, truly anti-christian character of every form of that self-seeking spirit of isolation which would arbitrarily withdraw itself from intercourse with the world—a phenomenon

which, we need not say, often meets him in the course of his history. His own mode of life, so withdrawn from all ordinary social activities, was, as Nitsch has truly said, in no degree the result of any *moral determination*, but simply, where not necessitated by the conditions of his health, the natural channel into which so contemplative and scientific an existence flowed. The very queerest manners, however, it must be owned, seem to have gradually overgrown this quiet deep-flowing stream of his life. The German students have a perfect anthology of stories about him; such as his frequent appearance in his study, and even, it is said, in his lecture-room, half-dressed—his always going, if left alone, to his old residence after he had removed to another part of the city—his walking in the gutter—his continuing writing on the desk before him after he had come to the end of his paper. Of his aspect and demeanour while engaged in the discharge of his professional duty, which have been so often described, we give the following account, which appeared originally among the foreign correspondence of an American newspaper,* and which, if it have no higher value, will at least be found very *piquant* by those who find something ever so interesting even in the eccentricities of men of genius.

‘I had the opportunity,’ states the writer, ‘the other day, (March, 1849), of seeing the celebrated Professor Neander. I went in the morning to the University to hear him deliver an exegetical lecture upon a chapter in the New Testament. His personal appearance was as singular as his mode of addressing his audience was extraordinary. His forehead, broad and high, was almost wholly covered by his long black hair, and its base was bounded by a massive ridge, jutting far outwards, and surrounded by thick shaggy eyebrows. His eyes were so deeply sunken, and concealed by his half-closed eyelids, that neither their colour nor their form was discernible. His mouth and nostrils were somewhat rudely shaped, and his complexion was of that dark, dry, sallow cast that marks years of intense study and reflection. His form was thin, bent, and loosely knit, and his carriage and attitude the most careless and graceless possible. He had on a white cravat, and a greyish frock-coat reaching below his knees. Fancy such a man, standing on a slightly-elevated platform; his left arm resting on the corner of a desk four feet high, his left hand shading his eyes from the light, his right hand holding, within three or four inches of his face, a large-typed Greek Testament, from which he never withdraws his intense look; and, farther, fancy him with the whole upper

* The ‘New York Courier.’

‘half of his person bent over in an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, balancing the desk upon its two back legs, and with his left foot kept constantly crossed over his right, except when occasionally, either through caprice, or to restore the equilibrium of the desk, he suddenly retracts as if about to take a desperate leap, and as suddenly replaces it; and still further, fancy him perfectly absorbed in his subject, and speaking with a slow monotonous utterance, interrupted only by a pause when he has to ask from one of the students a word which he cannot recognise on account of imperfect sight—and you have a faithful picture of the most philosophical historian, and perhaps most profound theologian living, in *rapporment* with his young disciples. When his instructions are not exegetical, and do not require a book, you will have to vary the picture by imagining him lecturing extemporaneously, and all the while engaged in pulling to pieces a quill, previously given him by one of his attendants for this special purpose. I mention these things to interest but not to divert you. Notwithstanding all his peculiarities, the students seemed to regard him with a reverence approaching to homage, and to catch as a treasure every word that fell from his lips.’

The relation of Neander to the various parties in the German Church, involving as it does the consideration of his whole theological position, will be more fully noticed by us immediately. We may now only say that he was, both by nature, and by the manner—so thoroughly inward and reflective—through which he had himself attained to a profound Christian belief, of far too free and independent a spirit to ally himself closely and professedly to any party. There was something, in fact, in his mind which peculiarly revolted against all ecclesiastical and theological sectarianism. He was so in the habit of looking all around him, and acknowledging on all sides the good that met his moral sympathy, that he could not be a party-man. This radically catholic disposition everywhere discovers itself in his writings, and, in one instance, has found a sort of monumental expression in the title which he has given to his paper on Wilberforce, among his occasional writings—‘The man of God, no man of party.’ We find evidences of the position thus occupied by Neander in the few several events which mark his outward connexion, in any degree, with the ecclesiastical controversies of his day. Thus, it is well known that when the publication of Strauss’s so-called ‘Life of Jesus’ excited such a ferment, and the loud cry was got up by one party that its circulation should be prohibited, Neander, on being appealed to by the minister of ecclesiastical affairs, gave it as his decided opinion that the book should not be suppressed, written, as it

was, in no frivolous, but in a strictly scientific spirit, and that the only legitimate mode of opposing its influence was by refuting its conclusions—a task to which he would immediately address himself. When again, in the year 1845, theological strife was waged so bitterly between Hengstenberg and those whom he denominated ‘Schleiermacherianer,’ Neander, while keeping aloof from what must have been so distasteful to him as the impure spirit which characterised that controversy, yet sought by his powerful voice to quell the combatants on both sides; and, with this view, published a fly-sheet entitled ‘Words of Peace among the contending parties,’* which is not without some general interest in enabling us to estimate his theological views. We should not, indeed, be prepared to say that Neander did not in some respects carry his liberality too far, (as, for instance, in the matter of Gesenius and Wegschuder), but still we must admire that bold fine confidence in the power of the Truth itself, to work out its own ends which he so deeply cherished, and which was so obviously the ground upon which he ever felt so disinclined to identify himself with the positive one-sided measures of any party to promote its advancement.

It is proper for a moment to glance at Neander in his more peculiarly private relations, though here we find very little to note. He never married, but lived with his sisters, for whom he cherished the warmest affection. One of them was generally seen with him when he ventured a walk in the parks of the city, which he occasionally did; and of late years, when, through the studious toil of his youth and prime, he had almost lost his eye-sight, the surviving one would be seen walking up and down the street, opposite to the University, waiting to accompany him home. The loss of his other sister, to whom he was peculiarly attached, which took place a few years ago, was the most trying affliction of his life. ‘For a short time,’ it is said, ‘he was quite overcome; but suddenly he dried his tears, calmly declared his firm faith and reliance on the wise purpose of God in taking her to himself, and resumed his lectures immediately, as if nothing had overtaken him to disturb his serenity.’

Marked by a spirit so devotedly Christian and truly amiable in all respects, it would not become us to pass by one of the most distinguishing traits of Neander’s life. His charity was unbounded. Of his peculiar care of his students we have already spoken, but it would be difficult to convey any adequate idea of all his self-sacrifice in their behalf. Poor students were not only

* Literally ‘among the Oppositions’—Worte des Frudens unter den Gegensätzen.

furnished with tickets to his lectures, but were also often provided by him with money and clothing, and he has been known even, we believe, to give his own new coat to one, retaining the old one for himself. All the money received for his lectures, it is said, was devoted to charitable purposes of one sort or another. Under his auspices, and bearing his name, an association was formed for the special object of enabling poor theological students to pursue their studies, and the profits of many of his works were entirely given to it. To one, indeed, so simple in his tastes, and so sparing in his enjoyments, as Neander, such sacrifices would cost but little. But they are not the less beautiful on that account; and what a source of blessing and of joy must they have been to many a youth who, thirsting to drink more fully at the fount of knowledge, must have otherwise failed of the means of doing so.

Thus lived and laboured Neander, till, in his sixtieth year, it might truly have been said of him, as he has himself so finely said of Luther, that old age had come upon him prematurely, 'by reason of his many labours, the manifold troubles which raged around him, and his sicknesses.' He was still, however, assiduous as ever in the discharge of all his duties, bearing down encroaching infirmities by the force of an indomitable will, which could brook no intermission of his appointed work. On Monday, the 8th of July, he was in his class-room as usual. Although the weather had been for some time very changeable, no solicitations could keep him back from his wonted task at the University. On that day, however, it was observed, notwithstanding all his efforts, that his voice failed him in the delivery of his lecture—a thing altogether unusual with him. Still he persevered to the close, when he was only able, by the help of some of the students, to dismount from the platform on which he lectured; and, completely exhausted, he returned home. One of his hearers on this occasion, deeply moved with the too evident signs of his approaching decay, exclaimed, with a mournful emphasis in his voice, 'That is the last lecture of our Neander.' On reaching home, he would yet to his work as usual: called his amanuensis, and began the dictation of his 'Church History,' which he continued without intermission for three hours. At length the power of nature could bear up no longer, and he sought repose—but only after repelling for some time the affectionate remonstrances of his sister, with a 'Let me alone—cannot every workman still work while he will.' On the following day, violent diarrhoea attacked him, and all hope of continuing his professional duties was necessarily abandoned. Still only 'for one day' would he allow his lectures to be postponed. Next day he

hoped he would be able to resume his duties. But although the physicians succeeded in temporarily checking his disease, the springs of life were too thoroughly exhausted within him to permit of any well-founded hope of his recovery. So far, however, did he rally, that he conceived himself sufficiently able to rise and re-commence work; and scarcely the most powerful entreaties could prevent his doing so. His voice, which had never before been heard but in the mildest accents to the servant, now rose in commanding address to her to bring him his clothes that he might get up. There is to us something inexpressibly touching in this little and so purely childlike incident. But his sister at length soothed him with the words, 'Think, dear Augustus, what would be said if I disobeyed the orders of the physician. It is God's doing, and therefore we must cheerfully submit.' 'That is true,' he replied, with suddenly hushed voice, 'all is from God, and we must praise Him for it.' Now, quiet and resigned, he requested to be removed from the darkened chamber in which he had hitherto lain, to the open, sunny room in which, for twenty years, he had pursued his untiring studies. Brought thither, he seemed to drink in with eager eyes the golden light, after which he ever so longed—child as he so truly was of the light; and as, indeed, he had only a few days before playfully said of himself, that he was an *ὁπαδὸς τοῦ ἡλίου*.^{*} Somewhat revived by this change, and by the sight of the dear familiar companions of his life-long studies—his books—the old spirit returned upon him; and his thoughts wandered now to his class-room, now to the favourite subject upon which he had proposed lecturing during the following session, 'The Gospel of John, contemplated from its truly historical point of view,' and, again, to his 'Church History,' some further sentences of which he dictated regarding the German mystics of the fourteenth and fifteenth cen-

^{*} I have this, said he on this occasion, in common with the Emperor Julian, but Strauss must not know this.—Neander's 'Heimgang von Lic. Rauh.' This instance of playfulness on the part of Neander strengthens us in an opinion which we had formed, even in reading his 'Church History,' that he did not want, among his other qualities, a quiet power of humour, that piquant perception of the felicitous and odd, which so few minds of the same genuine genial stamp as his are ever without. Living the sort of unworldly life he did, this faculty indeed can scarcely be said to have been at all developed in him: but *there* it doubtless was—and it now and then even breaks forth amid all the gravity and severe composure of his history—at least we fancy so, and have pencilled in our own copy what we conceive to be various traits of it.

We also avail ourselves of the occasion of this note to express our indebtedness—we may say entirely—for the above particulars of Neander's death, to the interesting account of Licentiate Rauh among the contents of the pamphlet given at the head of our article. While appropriating it, however, as we have done so freely, we have not quoted it in any such strict or continuous form, as could enable us to make a more explicit and obvious acknowledgment of our obligations to it in the text.

turies, the so-called 'Friends of God.' At length, some one having replied in answer to his inquiry as to the time, 'that it was half-past nine o'clock,' he said, 'I am tired, I will now go to sleep,' and laying himself down, he breathed softly, 'Good night ;' and after a few hours' disturbed and painful slumber he was no more. On the stillness of a Sabbath morn, that great and gentle spirit departed to the God who gave it.

Thus died Neander, as he had lived, working. He needed no special preparation, for his life had been but one patient preparation for the coming of his Lord; and it appears to us that nothing could have been more appropriate to the actual expiry of his laborious career than the profound sense of weariness which, on this his *last day*, he expressed more than once,—as on another occasion, 'I am weary, let us now make ready to go home;' the energies of mortality which had held on so long, having only thus yielded at the final close of his earthly toil,—when his transfigured spirit, in all the freedom of eternity, was to rise to 'nobler heights of love divine,' and wander through ampler fields of heavenly science.

On the Wednesday following his funeral took place, attended by an immense concourse of people, and the whole extent of its procession, along two miles of the city, lined with profoundly interested spectators. The hearse was surrounded by students, some of them from Halle, carrying lighted candles, and in advance was borne the Bible and Greek Testament which had ever been used by the deceased. At the grave, music was sung and addresses delivered; and 'it was a truly solemn sight,' says the same writer* from whom we have quoted the previous sentence, 'to see the tears gushing from the eyes of those who had been 'the pupils and friends of Neander.'

In entering upon the examination of Neander's labours, our task, we conceive, will most appropriately divide itself into two divisions, in the first of which we shall consider his general position and views as a theologian; and in the second, what he has specially accomplished in the department of church history, the main labour of his life. This, we think, will be a better plan than to attempt any successive notice of his various writings, which were in fact, in any thorough sense, a task altogether impossible within the compass of a single article,—each of his three great works furnishing in itself ample ground for an extensive and elaborate criticism. The very comprehensive nature of our task, then, will be borne in mind in the estimate we may express of

* A writer who gives an account of his death and burial in an American paper, and to whom we have been indebted for one or two interesting facts in the course of our narrative.

his labours,—which, however, we trust, in most respects, will stand fully justified in its own light.

It is, we believe, quite impossible at all rightly to appreciate the services of Neander, without bringing clearly before us his special position among the diverse theological classes of his country. It is true that in none of his writings does Neander expressly teach what is more strictly called theology. All, from first to last, as we have seen, bear more or less directly upon the historic exhibition of the Christian doctrine and life, the great task to which he felt himself especially called, and for which he was doubtless especially fitted. But in carrying out this main purpose of his studies, as well in the history of the apostolic age, and of the great Founder of Christianity himself, as in his 'General Church History,' he was necessarily led to express with sufficient distinctness his own theological views—for, as he himself says, 'a purely objective historical work, stripped of all subjectivity 'in its representation, untinctured by the individual sentiments of 'the writer, is an absurdity.' Besides, in his various prefaces, particularly in that to the third edition of his 'Life of Jesus,' where, in opposition to judgments passed upon his book from adverse sides, he is led to express himself somewhat fully as to his position,—and moreover, in his numerous occasional papers, to which we have already referred, he discovers very strongly how dear to him were his special theological convictions—how they lay at the root of all his historic labours, and alone reflected on them their full and fruitful meaning.

Neander, as we have already seen, was a pupil of Schleiermacher at Halle. For his instructor, whose colleague he subsequently became, he ever cherished the warmest regard; and while he cannot be properly classed with those who have been specially called the disciples of that gifted man, he yet clearly owed to him, with so many others, a powerful excitation of his spiritual being, and in some degree, perhaps, its special direction. His emphatic declaration on hearing of the death of his revered teacher—'The man is departed, from whom will be dated for the future a new epoch in theology,' sufficiently betrays his lively appreciation of Schleiermacher's influence, and his sympathy and concurrence with the impulse which he had imparted to the theological mind of his country. It is true that Neander was, as we have already remarked, of too strongly independent a bias, and too widely sympathizing a nature—and besides, as we have seen, he had himself arrived at mature Christian convictions through struggles too thoroughly personal, and a too direct and original intuition of the divine truth and life in history, to permit of his being regarded as a mere follower of any

man, however influential. Still it is equally true, that we can have little difficulty in determining his general theological position as one closely allied with that so-called *middle* school of theology in Germany, which takes its rise from Schleiermacher, and certainly regards him with a peculiar reverence.

It does not now fall within our province to criticise the merits of this school—so differently estimated by different parties in this country; and especially as an occasion may soon again occur of bringing it before us, in a review of the general series of theological phenomena in Germany—in conjunction with which it can alone be fully comprehended. It will only be necessary, in the meantime, to advert in a cursory manner to the rise and characteristics of this, at present certainly the most powerful and spontaneous tendency of the German theological mind.

It is well known into what a state of utter disorganization religious opinion had fallen in Germany, when Schleiermacher first appeared as a religious teacher. The cold and negative spirit which so generally characterized the eighteenth century in every province of thought, had reached in the religious atmosphere of the fatherland a degree of refrigeration which threatened to destroy every vestige of higher faith and feeling. Every scholar is familiar with this state of things, in all the confused phenomena of the older or Semlerian Rationalism. Just at this crisis, Schleiermacher, under a deep persuasion of the religious necessities of his time, uttered his powerful, if not in some respects very distinct, voice in behalf of religion, in those remarkable discourses of his youth, addressed to the ‘educated among its despisers.’ And penetrated, as he truly was, by a profound Christian feeling, derived from his education among the Moravians, and, at the same time, gifted with intellectual endowments of the highest order, he possessed many qualifications for the great task which seemed assigned him, of breathing a higher and holier spirit into the theology of his country.

The very full and comprehensive view of his labours lately presented in this Journal, renders it quite superfluous for us to do more than indicate that special characteristic which may be considered to have constituted him, in some degree, the founder of a school. He combined, we have said, with a warm religious feeling, the highest intellectual qualities. He possessed, in fact, a very piercing and discursive mind—was thoroughly disciplined in all the science of his day—keenly susceptible of all its influences, and often strongly moved and governed by them. It is easy to see what would be the special conflict and endeavour of one formed as Schleiermacher thus was, in the position which he occupied. Feeling so equally drawn by the cords of piety and

of science, he would strive to unite them on a basis securing to each its respective right: and this was exactly what he did attempt to do. The rights of piety he opposed, on the one hand, to a mere negative and devouring Rationalism; and the rights of science, on the other, to a one-sided and absorbing pietism. The claims of both he held to be equally valid; and so far from properly excluding each other, to be both only capable of reaching their full, healthy development by a mutual interpenetration. As piety necessarily dwarfs and disappears where not continually refreshed and invigorated by the fruitful labours of critical science; so a scientific spirit without an interest in Christianity does not, properly speaking, belong to theology at all. The professed theologian destitute of such an interest is a mere scholar, occupied 'in working up certain elements of theology, 'in the spirit of that particular science from which they may 'happen to be derived.' It is only the union of the two elements which can entitle any one to be considered a theologian, in the right sense of the word; and only, as he has himself expressed it in one of the aphoristic expressions of his 'Outlines,' — 'the union of these two elements in their highest degree, 'and in the greatest possible equilibrium, which can constitute a 'Prince in the Church.'

The synthesis thus expressed, of a Christian and scientific *interest*, of a living piety and 'free exercise of criticism,' is, we think, to be regarded as the broadest and most essential characteristic of Schleiermacher's theological tendency, and of that of the school which has proceeded from him. To this ultimate and distinguishing principle we believe all the more special views of this school may be referred, and find in it their explanation. It does not desire, as has been set forth, in some sort officially, in its great organ,* *Piety or Science*, in other words, 'Faith *or* Knowledge, the Letter *or* the Spirit, but Faith *and* Knowledge, 'the Letter *and* the Spirit.' Nor, while this principle is put forth in so marked and characteristic a manner by the theologians of this school, is it to be supposed that they assert it to be anything *novel* in its application to the exegesis of Scripture, and the formation of a biblical theology. On the very contrary, they hold it to be just the same fundamental principle upon which the Reformers proceeded; and whereas the dead system of Rationalism which succeeded to the Reformation arose directly from the divorce of one of the elements of this principle from the other—the ethical from the theoretical—so it is only from their fresh re-union and co-activity that a living theology

* Studien und Kritiken.

can once more arise. Such a theology, *adequate to the necessities of their own time*, these theologians do not find ready-made in the dogmatic systems of the Reformation. Recognising the full validity of these systems for their own time, they do not acknowledge them to be absolute expressions of the truth, binding on the church in all ages; but, on the contrary, strongly assert the necessity of ever seeking the truth afresh in the divine fountain of Scripture, and of hence reproducing it in new and more comprehensive conceptions, suited to the ever *newly* emerging wants of humanity. Thus scientifically free in its views, it is yet by no means open, we conceive (and our purpose *now*, let it be borne in mind, is not *criticism*, but *simple exposition*), to the charge which some have preferred against it, of abandoning all historical basis for its labours. For while it does not, indeed, hold by the past expressions of the Church's views, as exclusive summaries of Christian truth, ever obligatory in all respects upon the Church, yet it does very decidedly and significantly attach itself to those former symbols as points of the greatest importance in the historical development of theology. It does not appropriate them as something fixed and unalterable, and necessarily confining the Church's movements in all time coming; but it does appropriate them, in a living manner, as the Church's past acquirements—only aiming at the same time, through the fresh intuition of Scripture, to work what is eternal in them into renewed forms, corresponding to renewed necessities. It does not render itself absolutely dependent on any human doctrinal formula, but no more does it assume a proud independence of the past dogmatic teaching of the Church. It would only, while firmly holding to an historical theology, at the same time strongly maintain the privilege to belong to it, as well as to the Church of the Reformation, of drawing also directly from the well of Scripture the pure truth directly in the love of it.

The sympathies of Neander were decidedly with this theological tendency, which we have sought so briefly to mark. From the very outset of his career, he felt himself powerfully drawn to it, at once by his own mental peculiarities, and by all the disciplinary influences through which he had passed. With a mind widely differing from that of Schleiermacher, he possessed perhaps even in rarer perfection, certainly in more harmonious union, both the scientific and Christian elements which must combine in the theologian. Without the amazing versatility and logically discriminating talent which so distinguished his teacher,—with less acuteness and restlessly speculative power,—Neander's was yet a mind of vast compass, of profound intellectual depths. Charac-

teristically meditative, while Schleiermacher was characteristically dialectic, he yet felt with almost equal force and delicacy all the claims of science. Less impelled to speculation,—with a 'less systematizing spirit,—he was no less thoroughly trained in all the exercises of philosophy. No one, in fact, ever owned more powerfully those intellectual necessities which must still seek vent in speculation; or had, in some respects, a more genial sympathy with them. While the practical interest ever, upon the whole, happily predominated with him, he had accordingly sounded all the depths of ancient and modern thought—entered into their fruits, and made them his own in the most free and perfect manner. Thus highly qualified on the one side, he was still more highly so on the other. So susceptible to the claims of science, he was penetrated to the very depths of his being by an earnest Christian interest. In this latter respect, we feel bound to recognise his superiority to his great teacher. For if Schleiermacher truly was, as we most heartily believe, urged on in all his labours by sincere religious feeling, which, in his own touching language, was 'the maternal womb in whose sacred obscurity his young life was nursed,' we must still, in his illustrious pupil, acknowledge, in some respects, a more genuine Christian nature; if not a higher apprehension, yet a simpler and purer appropriation of the Christian life; more of that self-sacrificing temper, or child-like *abétir*, which, as Pascal so finely saw, is the peculiar spring of all its truth and beauty. And thus, so penetrated himself by a profound Christian feeling, he apprehended with a thrilling clearness its necessity to the theologian. 'Without it,' he emphatically says, 'there can be no theology. It can only thrive 'in the calmness of a soul consecrated to God; what grows amid 'the noisy bustle of the world, and the empty babble of the age, 'is not theology.' And exactly in the same spirit, and proceeding from the same strong recognition of the absolute necessity of this Christian element in all theology, was his favourite motto—'*Pectus est quod theologam facit.*'

It will not be doubted, we think, that the Christian interest, thus so clearly expressed by Neander, was with him practically something more definite and predominant than with Schleiermacher, and some who may be considered more peculiarly his followers. With Neander it is, as we conceive, comparatively rarely obscured. In some of his exegetical views, indeed, it may be found succumbing to what we must hold to be a perverted scientific bent; but, generally speaking, and on the great points of doctrine, it will be found exerting its happy influence over him. Wherever, in any case, the issue is between the invading rights of science 'and the native rights of a simple

Christian faith,' Neander is never found uttering a hesitating voice. His testimony is ever raised in emphatic and confident terms on the side of the Gospel. And we fear this cannot be always said of Schleiermacher. Sometimes the dark shadow of the unchristian speculation of his age would seem to have deepened with a sad pathos the inner tones of his being, and drawn from him a tremulous response, even on some of the very life-questions of the Gospel.* But where the essence of the Christian truth is thus concerned in opposition to the demands of science, Neander is ever found sound, and to all attempts of the latter to intrude beyond its own province he replies—as Nitsch has truly said of him—with a decided and even vehement *No*.

Nor will it be supposed for a moment, from what we have already said, that he is ever found standing less decidedly forward for the *genuine* rights of science. This is the last thing that can be truly said of him, or is likely to be said of him by any school of evangelical theology, and it scarcely deserved, therefore, we think, the formal refutation which Nitsch has given it in his sketch, to which we have already referred. We need only quote a single sentence from the preface to the first edition of his 'Church History' to shew with what clearness and cogency he no less upheld the claims of science:—

'Nothing,' he says, 'but what can stand as truth before the scrutiny of genuine unprejudiced science—of a science which does not see through the glass of a particular philosophical or dogmatic school—can be profitable for instruction, doctrine, and reproof; and wherever a science relating to the things of God, and their revelation and evolution among mankind, has not become by mismanagement of human perversity an insignificant caricature or a lifeless skeleton, it must necessarily bear these fruits. Science and life,' he adds, 'are here designed to interpenetrate each other, if life is not to be exposed to the manifold contradictions of error, and science to death and inanity.'

Thus allying himself with the general principle of Schleiermacher's school of theology, Neander is found quite united with it in his estimation of creeds. He clearly recognises their historical significance and value; but declares unequivocally against their permanent validity and obligation. 'The Gospel itself,' he says, 'rests on an immoveable rock, while human systems of theology are everywhere undergoing a purifying process.' When assailed by Schulz on this very point, he boldly replied that his only concern was whether his statements 'accorded with truth—'above all, Christian truth; but that as to the opinions of this or 'that set of *men* he was quite indifferent,' frankly acknowledging

* See especially some of his letters.

that, with the exception of the Apostles' Creed, which testifies 'to those fundamental facts of Christianity that are essential to the existence of the Christian Church,' he could not subscribe any of the existing symbols as an unconditional expression of his religious convictions. To the Augsburg Confession, indeed, he held, in so far as it symbolises the great fundamental doctrines of the Reformation, the corruption of human nature (not however excluding, but pre-supposing in man an element of affinity with God—*Gottverwandte*) and justification by faith in Jesus as the Redeemer. In so far as it is an exposition of these essential doctrines, together with the unchangeable verities to which the Apostles' Creed bears witness, he regarded it as the irrefragable basis of the Evangelical Church, 'on which basis,' he says, 'it protests against all popery, whether the Roman or any other impure spirit of the age—against human statutes, no matter of what kind.' But while so far holding by the creed of the Reformation, he could by no means agree with those who conceived 'that the whole dogmatic system and the entire mode of contemplating divine and human things must return as it then existed.'

It requires, indeed, only a very partial acquaintance with the writings of Neander to perceive that he was directly opposed, from the whole bent of his theological conceptions to those who would abide unalterably by some fixed and definite symbol as a sum of truth for ever concluded to the church. Thus, to stand absolutely by one point in the historical development of theology is, with him, to misconceive the very nature and end of the church as the great lever of human progress, the ever young antagonist to the latest generations of all manifestations of anti-christian error. There is no doubt a divine circle of ideas, directly based on the facts of Revelation so admirably summarized in the Apostles' Creed, beyond which the church can never advance; but within this circle it may, and, in fact, must continue to develop itself freely, ever bringing forth from its treasury things new and old, adapted to the exigencies of its position and age.—We shall, however, have occasion to revert to this important subject in the close of our paper.

In connexion with Neander's views on this point may be considered his views on inspiration. Along with the whole school to which he generally belonged, he rejected the idea of a mechanical, literal inspiration of Scripture. He did not hesitate to say, indeed, that he regarded it as 'one of the greatest boons which the purifying process of Protestant theology in Germany has conferred upon faith as well as science,' that this view, once so common, had been so generally abandoned. The merits of

this opinion we are not now called upon to discuss. We would only remark of the general question what we believe will at once be admitted by all who have really thought upon it, that it is one which must be far more thoroughly discussed before it can be considered settled. We have no hesitation, however, in expressing our conviction that Neander has frequently allowed himself to be influenced by his opinion, in this respect, in too free and bold manner in his exegesis of the sacred record. He frequently appears to us to overstep the limits of any valid theory of inspiration; and in some of his critical views, as we have already hinted, to forget the claims of that submissive 'child-like faith,' of which he was in a general respect, as we have seen, the earnest advocate. But, if he has thus at times erred under the strong sway of the critical spirit of his country, it must, at the same time, we think, be granted that his dynamical view of inspiration has guided him to some important and fruitful results. It has enabled him to penetrate, more thoroughly and peculiarly, perhaps, than any before him, into the several individualities of the sacred writers. We know of none who had previously apprehended so fully or unfolded so finely the characteristic modes in which the four great representative apostles have exhibited the truth,—the different aspects of it, which each has more specially set forth, and its richness and depth, as revealed in this very variety of its forms of conception and representation.* If even here we may be able to trace, at times, a too strongly expressed permanence of the supposed human element, a too limited view of the respective peculiarities (as, for example, in much that he says of St. James) it must still be owned, we think, that Neander has, in this respect, opened up a vein of Christian science of the deepest interest and importance. How early he had seized this idea of 'unity in variety,' which he has made, as it were, the basis of his exposition of the apostolic doctrine, we have already seen in his letters to Chemisso. It is one of the most favourite of all his ideas, and ever re-appears in the course of his writings. Both in reference to Christian science and life, he believed it to be of the utmost importance to admit their free and ever-varying development from a common centre. In the manifold all-adapting forms in which they thus express themselves, he recognised one of the strongest proofs of the Divine power from which they spring, so full and expansive in its native energy,—ever rising so copiously from its sacred fount as to fill every manner of earthen vessel prepared for its reception.

* This subject has since been expressly treated by Mr. Stanley, (the biographer of Dr. Arnold,) in his *Sermons on the 'Apostolic Age';* a book which, if not in all things a safe guide, is rich in spiritual wisdom, and marked by a fine and rare talent.

We will now glance at Neander's more especial views of the two great doctrines of sin and redemption, to whose general exposition in the Augsburg Confession we have already seen that he adheres. These may be considered the *experimenta crucis* of any doctrinal system; and, in reference to both, we think, Neander will be found to have attained more purely scriptural notions than many of that scientific school of theologians with which he is yet generally to be classed. He had certainly in this respect advanced far beyond his great teacher. An essentially defective view of sin, as is known, lay at the root of Schleiermacher's theological system, and may be said to have given its whole complexion to it. In his idea sin is only the natural disorder of the human consciousness, the internal opposition between sense and spirit in man, through which, as a necessary transition-point in his development, he can alone be conducted to the freedom of a divine life in Christ. He did not recognise, properly speaking, any fall from a previous state of sinlessness. Sin did not begin with Adam through an act of his own free-will, but only occurred in him, as it does in others, through the necessary conflict of the higher and lower, the spiritual and sensuous elements of his nature. It is, in short, just the result of the natural antagonism experienced by St. Paul. 'The flesh lusteth against the spirit; and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other.' The inadequacy of this view has been generally recognised by Schleiermacher's followers. It has given way, as was to be expected, to a more fundamental and thorough conception, in which sin is perceived to be something quite beyond and anterior to all such actual experience of its operation—a mysterious germ of evil, introduced once for all into humanity. But while so far more deeply apprehending the truth, there are still many of this class of theologians* who cannot be said to acknowledge clearly the full positive conception of sin as not only *evil* but *guilt*—as not only alien to, but condemned by God. Neander has, we think, fully seized this truly scriptural view of it. He distinctly repels, indeed, all rationalising as to its origin. He holds that, from its very nature, as an act of the free-will, its origin must be logically incomprehensible. 'It can only,' he says, 'be understood as a fact—a fact possible by virtue of the freedom belonging to a created being—but not to be otherwise deduced

* Of course, we only speak here, as throughout, *generally*, and taking Nitsch's 'System of Christian Doctrine' to be, as it were, the text-book of this school in 'Christian doctrine.' Müller and Tholuck (who, we suppose, must be also generally classed with this school), and perhaps Twenten, have advanced as far as Neander—the two former, in some points, clearly farther.

‘or explained. It lies in the idea of evil, that it is an utterly inexplicable thing; and who ever could explain it, nullifies the very idea of it. It is not the limits of our knowledge which make the origin of sin something thus inexplicable to us; but it follows from the essential nature of sin as an act of the free-will.’ Thus decisively ignoring all explanation of the *mode of its origin*, he yet strongly holds by the doctrine of original sin. The irreversible ground of this doctrine he considers to be the essential unity of the human race; according to which, sin, having once entered into the world, necessarily propagates itself with the growth of the race from its original point of commencement. Nor is it any mere process of subjective corruption, which having once begun, is thus inevitably continued according to that law of human development without which, as he says, there could be no history. It is essentially something more, viz., a condition of objective guilt and condemnation. The necessary reaction of the holiness of God against sin, implying punishment as its desert, is fully admitted by him, though not perhaps with uniform clearness. ‘Without this idea of punishment,’ he significantly says, ‘the reality of evil and the dignity of rational creatures cannot be acknowledged. It belongs to the privilege of rational beings, created in the likeness of God, and distinguishes them from other natural objects, that the idea of punishment finds its application to them.’

But while thus recognising the important aspects of guilt and punishment in the general idea of sin, Neander did not admit any formal imputation of Adam’s transgression. Such a view of the matter was, in fact, one quite foreign to his prevailing mode of apprehension, his mind ever rather repudiating than seeking the certainty of definite abstract notions, on subjects essentially so mysterious. A theory like that of the judicial imputation of the guilt of our first parents to their posterity could bring no light to his mind. It was enough for him that he perceived in the true unity of the race, proceeding from Adam, the *practical* ground of the transmission of sin to his *race*. In Adam lay the germ of all humanity. And *thus*, in Adam all fell. And from the essential nature of the connexion thus subsisting between Adam and his posterity, and not in virtue of any supposed formal compact, by which he became the *federal* as well as *natural* representative of the human family, did Neander regard mankind as lying in sin and condemnation. The *historico-practical* ground was here, as generally, the favourite point from which he preferred contemplating Christianity in all its relations. His mind naturally rested satisfied on this ground, and found no

further satisfaction, but rather only perplexity, in the more precise logical explanations of more elaborated systems of theology.

It was also a most important point in Neander's doctrine of sin, which we could not well pass by, so careful and decided is his expression of it, whenever he speaks of human corruption—viz., that corrupt as man is, there is still latent in him the divine image in which he was created. This image is indeed obscured, but by no means destroyed. There is in man still, under all his degradation, a divine consciousness, an element of affinity with God, and needing only the quickening energy of the divine Spirit to draw it forth and give it victory over his evil propensities. And in this fact of a divine principle rooted in man, Neander recognised the appropriate and indispensable point of contact between human nature and Christianity, whereby the latter, apprehending it, is alone enabled to educate and elevate it to a higher excellence even than that from which it has fallen.

If we now pass to Neander's view of the doctrine of redemption, we shall find a similar advance to that which we have noted in his view of the doctrine of sin. With Schleiermacher, redemption was, of course, made to correspond with his very limited notion of the correlative truth: and was accordingly conceived by him as rather only the communication of a new divine life to humanity, than a deliverance from sin and its penalty, once for all accomplished in man's behalf. Christ is, indeed, all in all in his system. Only through the fellowship of a living faith in him, is there any entrance into that higher spiritual existence wherein man becomes freed from the discord of his previous life. But, while making thus prominent the work of Christ, on one side,—in its continually purifying relation to humanity, Schleiermacher altogether overlooked its peculiarly redeeming aspect as a *sacrifice for sin*, completed once for all in His death upon the Cross. The element of reconciliation was, in short, wholly wanting in his doctrine, and necessarily so,—for failing, as he did, to see the guilt and hatefulness of sin in relation to a holy God, he could not recognise any necessity for an objective reconciliation between the sinner and God. In this, as in the previous case, Schleiermacher's followers have generally advanced beyond him; but with most of them the peculiar doctrine of redemption, as is so obviously true of Schleiermacher's view, merges too much into the dependent doctrine of regeneration. The work of Christ is too much viewed by them as merely the operation of his sanctifying grace in the heart—the impartation of that divine life, which, beginning with him, continues to flow from him to the human race, transfiguring and glorifying it for ever. They speak,

indeed, of *reconciliation*, in contrast to Schleiermacher, but it is rather only as a subjective process through which man is brought into new relations of disposition to God, than as an objective work of atonement by which Christ hath, once and for ever, expiated the offence of sin, and so re-united the sinner and God. They consequently reject altogether the idea of *vicarious satisfaction*. There is, in fact, no proper basis for this idea in their system, which places the general attribute of divine justice quite behind that of love, and regards it as properly only an effect of the latter; thus completely expunging the notion of any *justitia retributiva* in the Divine nature. Nitsch, indeed, does not hesitate to say that 'if justice and law cannot thus be viewed as the effect 'of love, then assuredly must they be considered as æonic and 'demiurgic, and inadequate to represent what is truly divine.'

We do not mean to say that in contrast to such views as these, Neander is to be regarded as having entertained what are commonly considered orthodox views on the great doctrine of the atonement. On the contrary, he identifies himself, in some respects very closely, with the prevailing mode of representation employed by this school in speaking of the work of Christ. No idea is more favourite with him than that of the new creation of human nature, evermore proceeding from the God-man: and his language is often such, that it might be supposed, this was all that he included in the idea of the Christian redemption. But it is impossible to weigh impartially together his statements in his exposition of the apostolic doctrine, without seeing that he recognised something more objective and definite in the work of Christ than this. If he did not give to the death of the Cross all its peculiar prominence—if he did not apprehend, with orthodox clearness, its special redemptive efficacy, he yet fully perceived that there was something real and valid in the conception of a reconciling sacrifice for sin. He distinctly rejects the 'views, 'in conformity to which, the life and sufferings of Christ are considered merely as a manifestation of God's love, and the reconciliation effected by Him as the subjective influence of this 'manifestation on the human heart, as by no means adequate to 'the import of the peculiar declarations respecting the work of 'Christ.' On the contrary, he holds, that under the '*wrath of God,*' though in an anthropopathical form, something objective and actual is signified, 'something,' he says, 'not fully expressed by the idea 'of punishment, but inclusive of what is the ground of all punishment—the absolute contrariety existing between God as the Holy 'One and sin,' and no less, that through the offering up of Christ's life for man, the barrier thus placed between the sinner and the

Holy One is removed. 'God has thus Himself removed that which separated between Him and man.'

In such clearer and fuller tones does Neander speak of the doctrine of redemption; and if there be here, as elsewhere desiderated by some, a more definite completeness in his views, more of that straight logical decision so characteristic of our home theology, we must remember (not to speak of that predominating habit of mind to which we have already referred, which rather repelled than cherished the repose of strict logical proposition), the very different atmosphere which Neander breathed; the struggling period of his country's theology through which he lived, and silently nurtured his own convictions.

At the same time, we would not conceal (for, above everything, we would not be guilty of straining the views of our author, so as to make them fit to any standard of orthodoxy, knowing well with what emphasis he would himself, in the pure, sensitive truthfulness of his nature, have repudiated such an endeavour), we would not, therefore, conceal our opinion that there are elements in our current atonement-theology, or at least modes of presenting these elements, which could never have found sympathy with Neander. The strongly expressed prominence which some are in the habit of giving to the anthropopathical aspect of the divine nature, here brought so conspicuously into view, could never have commended itself to him. In such modes of representation, on the contrary, he only saw the characteristic exaggerations of an excessive 'Blutt-theologie,' such as Nitsch speaks of. In this very fact, however, there are many who will recognise his peculiar strength and excellence as a theologian—viz., that while apprehending so deeply the essential ideas involved in the doctrine of Christian redemption, he should, at the same time, have ever so aimed to preserve these ideas free from all gross, merely human, admixture. Many will here acknowledge a signal service done to the truth—a truly purifying process, which, in conformity with the higher views of an advanced science, must yet overtake much of our mere popular theology.

There are other points on which we could have wished to present the doctrinal views of Neander, but we have already more than exhausted our space on this part of our subject. It is the less necessary, however, as in fact, Neander everywhere expresses his conviction that the essence of Christianity consists in the central truth of redemption on the one hand, and on the other, in the pre-supposition of its need upon which it is founded,—or the correlative truth of human corruption. Beyond these fundamental facts of the Gospel, and in regard to some of its more

recondite mysteries, there may have been much that was wavering in his theology. He himself, as we have just seen, acknowledged this. With that noble and frank simplicity so characteristic of him, he confesses that his religious life had been all along 'too much affected by the culture of his age, to allow him to compare himself for a moment with those men of child-like simplicity—those heroes whose divine confidence is exalted above all doubt.' Most deeply did he himself feel that his doctrinal views bore the impress of his country's intellectual strifes, that their dint and scar, so to speak, were visible everywhere in his writings. Thus, he says, very touchingly in reference to his 'Life of Jesus,' that he was conscious it bore the marks of its production in an age of crises, of isolation, of fear, and of throes; but, truth before all things—he could not seem to be what he was not, and the work must therefore just remain what it was, 'the mirror of the progress of his mind in an age of conflict.' When he could not attain decision, therefore, he was content to say 'perhaps,' nor was he ashamed to do so, as he remarks, 'unfashionable as that term has now-a-days become in matters of science.' This willing hesitancy, or contented suspension of opinion, on much that lies beyond the sphere of what he termed the *immediate Christian consciousness*, was, in truth, as we have already more than once implied, one of the strongest characteristics of Neander's religious tendency, as it is of the whole scientific school of German theology. Logical dogmatism of every kind, is its abhorrence; and there can be no doubt that Neander owned too much what we must consider to be its somewhat one-sided influence in this respect. With him, however, this voluntary ignorance on some points, was evidently a cherished peculiarity; and, according to his latest convictions, a feature in his theology which, upon the whole, he thought highly worthy of being prized. For he has emphatically said, in the preface to the third edition of his 'Leben Jesu,' 'my dogmatic system may, and indeed must, appear hesitating and unsatisfactory' to those *who have learned to count the Socratic ignorance for folly, and who have settled beforehand the highest questions*; 'questions,' he adds, 'for whose sure and clear solution, the great Melancthon, as he expressed shortly before his death, was content to wait to the intuition of a higher life, among whose beatitudes he reckoned such satisfying knowledge.'

We must now turn to a brief review of Neander's labours in that department of theological science in which he was above all distinguished, and in which, above all, his name is destined to be perpetuated. We have seen how early, and with what a pecu-

liar freshness and zeal he gave himself to researches into the history of the Church. As, still earlier, his days and nights had been given to Plato, so in the yet spring energy of his powerful faculties, his days and nights were given to the great fathers of the church, St. Clement, St. Origen, St. Chrysostom, and St. Bernard. And there can be no doubt, that as he felt a special call to this peculiar department of study, so he saw that in it there was special need for reviving and healthful labour. Many labourers in his own country had indeed preceded him in this field; for Germany has, above all, been the land of ecclesiastical historiography, dating from the Magdeburg Centuriators downwards. The general revival of theology at the Reformation necessarily called forth researches into the early Christian history, in order that the resuscitated truth preached by Luther might be identified with the truth taught by the early Fathers; and Flacius and his friends, in their immensely laborious and voluminous undertaking, earned well of the Protestant Church in this direction; and deficient as their work inevitably was in scientific arrangement and digested narrative, it must ever remain a noble monument of painstaking zeal, and a valuable repository for future historians. Mosheim, after an interval of nearly two centuries, may be said to have originated church history as a distinct and genuine part of theological science in modern times; and immediately following him, the extended labours of Shróekh, and Walch, and Planck, connect his period with that of Neander. Of the works of the two former of these, who, especially the first, were direct disciples of Mosheim, we know almost nothing. Valuable, we understand, from the copious store of information which they contain, and manifesting in many respects a most laudable industry of research, we have yet the best proof of their deficiency in other important qualities, in the fact of Mosheim's work having ever maintained its pre-eminence over them. As to the more recent labours of Planck, which, as we have seen, were not without a stimulating influence on Neander, they relate chiefly to separate periods and distinct sections of church history,—as for example, his most important work on the 'Origin, Changes, and Formation of our Protestant Theology, from the Commencement of the Reformation to the Introduction of the Formula of Concord,' with its continuation to the middle of the eighteenth century; and marked, as these and all Planck's works are, by a truly scientific spirit and noble tolerance, yet they cannot be reckoned—limited as they thus are—to have constituted any marked advance in this branch of theological study.

Mosheim's work, therefore, may be truly said to have formed the highest point to which Christian Science had attained in this

direction before the time of Neander,* and to his fresh, original view of Christian history there must have appeared many imperfections in such a work as Mosheim's. He could not fail, indeed, to do justice to its characteristic excellences in that fine spirit of appreciation which ever marked his review of the theological products of a past age; but no less could he fail, as none can, who have attained a right and adequate conception of church history, to find it in important respects quite deficient. If its arrangement be clear and readily intelligible, presenting numerous marked points for facile reference,—the advantage, we believe, above all which has so long given it, and still to some extent enables it to maintain, its pre-eminent position as a text-book—if its impartiality be upon the whole conspicuous and its learning be truly original and extensive, and, at the same time, thoroughly under mastery, and subordinated to the fitting purpose of elucidating the narration, instead of merely cumbering it with ponderous citations, still it cannot be denied that it is almost wholly wanting in other qualities no less essential. If so precise and definite in its proportions, so direct in outline, so clear and accessible in its materials, it yet to a great extent only possesses these advantages because its general structure is so artificial and self-disposed. The field of church history is distinctly enough marked out by Mosheim, but his lines are often quite arbitrary, separating points which should have been together, and confounding others which ought to have been more definitely indicated, especially the former—as, for example, in his treatment under different chapters of the *prosperous* and *adverse* circumstances of the church, and again of its doctrines and heresies; thus, it may be, giving prominence to details, but at the same time destroying all true historic connexion and essential union. His work has, in fact, altogether too much of the character of those of the mere annalists who preceded him,—forming rather only an aggregate of materials, though consistently laid together, than a unique and harmonious composition fused by a living spirit and speaking a living lesson. In this latter respect—in the marked want of a pervading Christian interest—the history of Mosheim, if far more perfect in other respects, must still ever be found essentially imperfect. The true character of the church as a living witness to the divine power of Christianity,

* We have omitted mention of the labours of Henke and Spittler on the anti-Christian or ultra-rationalizing side, and Count Stolberg on the catholic side, in the field of church history, not merely because we only know of the *fact* of their labours, and of the very different spirit animating them, but chiefly because we believe that the highest opinion which may be formed of them will not affect the statement in the text.

even in the darkest phase of its career, is by no means to be traced in it. The path of divine light, which was never entirely obscured, but may still be seen gleaming, though in faint and blurred reflection, along the whole course even of the dark ages, ever and anon disappears in total darkness in his pages.

It was the very strong sense of this deficiency in the work of Mosheim which led, as we know, the elder Milner to engage in his history. If Mosheim, however, be so deficient in a pervading Christian interest, Milner may be said to have sacrificed every other quality, and even often the cause of truth itself, to an exaggerated estimate of this interest. With every admiration, therefore, of the pious industry and zeal of this writer and his brother, and fully appreciating the lively and attractive manner in which they have presented some points of the Christian history, and the glowing and animating portraits even they have sometimes drawn of its illustrious heroes, we cannot admit their work to be, in any adequate sense, a 'History of the Church,' based, as it is in fact confessedly, on a principle which excludes such a supposition, and deficient as it is generally in all scientific spirit, and especially, as we must hold, in that impartiality of sentiment and liberal comprehensiveness of view, without which, even with the most sincere intentions, historical representation becomes falsified and distorted.

The field of church history, therefore, as it had been hitherto only cultivated, must have appeared to Neander to be peculiarly open to improving and fruitful application. And here, in the general spirit of his theological tendency, the union of science with piety suggested itself to him as the great task to be accomplished, as in other departments of theology. Most heartily he felt, as the good Milner had done, though with a very different grasp of comprehension, that there could be no such thing truly as church history apart from a leading reference to the spirit and kingdom of God, of which the church was in all its relations but the earthly symbol and representative. Otherwise its history he perceived, with Herder, could be nothing more than the 'huge body of Polyphemus from which the eye is thrust out.' It was the fundamental conception, therefore, of his great work, that the church, through all its career, is to be viewed as the living embodiment of the divinity of the Gospel. To exhibit it as such,—in his own words 'as a living witness of the divine power of Christianity; as a school of Christian experience; a voice sounding through the ages, of instruction, of doctrine, and of reproof for all who are disposed to listen'—this he confessed to have been from the earliest period the great aim of his life

and studies. But while thus clearly apprehending the essential nature of his task on this side, he no less fully felt its claims on the other—in relation to science; and its peculiar difficulty he saw just to consist in the combination of the two—in the execution of it so as to answer at once ‘the demands of science and the great practical want’ indicated above. ‘For both of them,’ he said, ‘are in the present case closely connected;’ adding immediately the emphatic declaration in behalf of a genuine science which we have already quoted.

How worthily Neander has fulfilled, so far, in his ‘General Church History,’ the great task which he thus set before himself it is by no means easy in so many words, to tell the reader. Corresponding with the magnitude of the undertaking are the combination of qualities which it presents and the various lights in which it might be exhibited. How far he has advanced beyond the labours of his predecessors, will be at once felt by those who have given his history their thoughtful perusal—for such a perusal alone will it repay. How different a picture the church presents in his pages to those of Mosheim; how animate and shaping a creation it appears in humanity—gradually transforming it with a new sanctifying energy; refining only into a higher beauty and strength under the raging fires of persecution; then gradually obscuring, and losing its divine comeliness in the days of worldly prosperity and exaltation; again reappearing, although in a much corrupted form, as an element of life and peaceful power amid the darkening ferment and savage discords which ushered in a new European world—how, through all its sharpest oppositions, and even very corruptions, which present in Mosheim only so miserably saddening an aspect, some shade of the truth is still seen elicited, or some side of good still found—these are the most obvious points of advantage which must strike at first every student, and make him feel what a different historical intuition and nobler talent has been employed in the work of Neander. And if thus superior to all previous church histories, it is, though perhaps surpassed by them in some special qualities, no less eminently apart from all contemporary efforts in his own country or in our own. If Gieseler manifest equal learning, and, as some think, a more clear and comprehensive classification of facts; if Hase, amid all his enigmatical brevity, displays sometimes more force and originality of conception and greater liveliness of narrative, the fact that the works of these authors are still at the best only compendiums of the history of the church—hand-books for the use of the student, rather than histories in the right sense of the term—leaves no proper point of comparison between them and the work of Neander. And as for the popular work of Guericke—if animated by a

truly religious spirit, and breathing a lively interest in the fortunes of the church, which it exhibits in a rapidly distinct and impressive manner, it is yet disfigured by the most marked partialities and old Lutheran prejudices, and in these respects, therefore, as well as in mere compass and general scientific pretensions, can lay no claim to be ranked by the side of that of Neander. And if we look homewards, we have, indeed, the able and judicious summary of Waddington among the volumes of the 'Library of Useful Knowledge;' the history of the first three centuries by Milman, in some respects a truly splendid production, exhibiting still more, perhaps, than even his History of the Jews, the stores of a rich and varied culture, a copious felicity of diction, and a most benign and widely-embracing tolerance; but, alas, signally deficient in other indispensable qualities, and at best only a commencement; and we have, lastly, the mere fragment of a commencement by Welch, which is not, in our estimation, as we humbly think with deference to many whose judgment is entitled to respect, of such a stamp as to leave any special regret that it is no more than a fragment.

The church history of Neander must, therefore, for the present, rank quite alone in the assemblage of fitting qualities which it presents, and in the extent of its conception and execution; in its union of vast learning and profound philosophic penetration; its varied comprehensiveness and abundant store of materials; its insight into the living connexion of historic events, but especially into the still more living and subtle nexus which binds together the growth and development of human opinion; in its union of these rarer qualities with the most simple-hearted Christian piety, the most lively, appreciative interest in the ever-varying fortunes of the Church—the finest, rarest discernment of all the manifold phases of the Christian life—the most genuine liberality, and the most catholic sympathy.

So variously noble are the qualifications which must thus unite in a church historian, with others still in which, as we shall immediately shew, Neander must be judged deficient, that we almost despair of seeing them combined, even so far, in any other. We may have the well-meaning piety on the one hand, and the power of intellect on the other; but to see an intellect at once of the noblest temper and the largest range, all humbled and laid low at the foot of the cross as Neander's was; all-imbued by a Christian spirit, and therefore thoroughly candid and just and loving towards the most various tendencies of religious opinion and practice: and, moreover, to see a mind like this give itself to the most persevering and consuming industry, to days of unwearying thought, and nights of ceaseless research—all uncon-

scious the while of aught but of doing its appointed work in the service of God—this is a sight, we fear, the Church will not very soon behold again—a blessing she cannot expect at every turn of her course; and still less therefore may we hope soon to see one possessing, besides these, other qualities of great importance, which Neander cannot be said to have had—such as a compact and vivid style, combining an easy expressiveness, with dignity and force,—a lively and graphic skill of narration—of what the French significantly express by the term *couleur*—generally a thoroughly graceful and harmonious power of composition. In such artistic respects, in all, in short, which imparts that nameless finish, that sculptural form, so imperishable in its pure beauty, which we are accustomed to denominate by the term ‘classical,’ Neander’s work, like so many German works, must be pronounced greatly deficient. His style is in his history, as in all his writings, a thoroughly teutonic style, labouring in many involved turns and parenthetical gasps after the full expression of his teeming thoughts. There is no lightness in its step, no music in its march, even in the mere ordinary narrative, although to one more intent upon the thought than the form, there is often a ripe, rich phrase, conveying a whole world of meaning into the mind, which has been for some time only dimly struggling through the page, while there is also sometimes in his descriptions a quaint gothic picturesqueness, which is to us, we own, wonderfully charming. We would not conceal, however, that his style is characteristically one which must to some extent repel the mere English student, whose tastes have been formed on the old classic models; and that it requires some patience and love to tolerate it, still more to find it agreeable. The most general fault of Neander’s history, in addition to this mere matter of style, is one yet somewhat connected with it—viz. its pervading subjectivity. The whole course of the Church, both in its doctrinal and practical development, is represented by him too much in the light of his own transforming conception of it—principles and traits of character are exhibited too little in a concrete form. There is, in short, too little of outward form and symmetry in his narrative. Some have complained, too, of his want of striking individual portraiture—a feature in history to which we are now so much accustomed; but while this is certainly not a very marked characteristic of his work, it is impossible, we think, to read his portraits of the British and German Missionaries in the fifth volume without acknowledging that it is by no means deficient in impressive, and sometimes even glowing, pictures of individual activity and zeal. Tholuck has instanced what must also to some extent be

considered an imperfection in Neander's history—viz., the inadequate manner in which it connects itself with the whole course of human history—the progress and improvement of general society in its different stages. The Church is seen in it too much merely in its exclusive development; the parallel and related influences of ordinary civilization, common civil and political usages, and the mere succession of worldly dynasties are too little revealed. But, with whatever imperfection an impartial criticism must thus find in it, it remains, as we have said, quite single in its collective exhibition of great qualities, and a wide and unequalled influence awaits it, we are assured, for many generations in the Church of Christ.

We could have wished to bring this great work in some more minute form before our readers; but we have already so far exhausted our space, that we cannot dwell on its more special features. We will therefore bring our remarks to a close by adverting for a very little to what, as to some extent already indicated, we deem its crowning excellence, and the peculiar service which it has rendered and continues to render to the Church in Germany, and which we doubt not it is destined no less to render to the Church in our own country: we mean the singularly successful manner in which it has exhibited, consistently with its original aim, the Christian Church as *the one great living element of progress in humanity*, 'a voice of instruction,' and divine power of education, for all ages. To accomplish this noble task consistently with the demands of science, as it was, we have seen, among the earliest, continued to be the dearest ambition of Neander's life, and very powerfully and completely, upon the whole, has he accomplished it, to the perpetual refutation of all philosophic sciolism on the one side or the other.

Of the 'progress of humanity' there is much talk now-a-days that would lead us to suppose we must abandon altogether the 'old paths' in which we have hitherto found 'rest for our souls.' We must leave and demolish the ancient temple, the dwelling-place of so many generations, and out of its ruins build up a new one suited to the times. The native powers of the human mind are said to be quite adequate to such a work. Having, in a previous comparatively dark age given birth to Christianity, now that they have naturally outgrown it, they are winging themselves for a yet higher flight into the region of spiritual truth. Such views, it is known, have long been prevalent in Germany, and have been even there specially put forth as the only philosophic principles on which church history, as all history, can be written. The whole course of human development, it is maintained, is alike,

the history of the church, the growth of the divine faculties inherent in man, which have been ever self-evolving themselves from the beginning of time until now, just in some such way as *may* be conceived expressed in the fine lines of Tennyson, when he says—

———That through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns.

All diverse religions are just thus, in some sort, the product of the ‘structural’ operation of the same spiritual powers in man, ever necessarily seeking expression in new and more adequate theologies—in ever advancing forms of faith.

Now, in opposition pre-eminently to views such as these is the great and ever-speaking lesson of Neander’s history. Its greatest merit we conceive—and it is the merit, more or less, of all his labours—is the effectual refutation which it furnishes of all such pseudo-philosophy. In his pages we perceive, on the contrary, in the clearest, most indubitable manner, how *essentially* Christianity is exalted, both in its origin and perpetuity, above all the natural powers of the human mind, and the ordinary forms of human culture. While uniting itself in the most intimate, concrete mode with human science, in its various products, it is yet some thing far above it—not a philosophy reached in the necessary course of human progress, but a higher wisdom and life, once for all imparted to humanity in Christ Jesus, and evermore revealed in Him. While at its origin completely coinciding with, and, in fact, appropriating to itself the ordinary development of nature and reason in history, it was yet something which sprung out of a superior source than either—‘a new power, not born in the hidden depths of man’s being, but communicated from above, because Heaven opened itself for the rescue of revolted humanity;—a power which, as it is exalted above all that human nature can create out of its own resources, must impart to that nature a new creation, and change it from its inmost nature.’

This conclusion with which Neander sets out in his history it is impossible we think not to own that he has completely substantiated, in his review of the different existent religions and philosophies in his introduction. There has, indeed, ever seemed to us a rare and most felicitous power of insight displayed in this preliminary review,—in the manner in which the relation of Christianity, in its peculiar essence, is everywhere recognised to previous modes of thought and faith: in the way in which he exhibits it connecting itself with these,—as well with the sporadic rays of a glimmering Divine life in Heathenism, as with the more definitely revealed light of Judaism, and at the same time as infi-

nitely exalted above them, not merely supplementing them, but transforming them with a new heavenly energy. In all the commingling elements of Jewish and Hellenic culture then fermenting in the minds of men, it everywhere found points of attachment; for thus in the wisdom of God was the 'fulness of time' prepared for its introduction; but in no possible combination of these elements was there the capability of originating it. There was no magic of eclecticism which, from the mere conflict and dissolution of the old decaying systems, could have educed such a living force as Christianity. It is impossible for any to doubt this whose historical intuition is not wholly blinded by a preconceived philosophy. And the most happily satisfactory manner in which Neander has shown this—not by any attempted argument, indeed—but by the simple exhibition of the true state of things at the time, we reckon one of his highest merits.

And equally throughout the whole course of his work has he apprehended with a peculiar satisfactoriness the distinguishing essence of Christianity in relation to the ever-revolving course of human speculation. While everywhere clearly recognising the necessary inter-action of the purely Christian with the general mental consciousness of the age, he at the same time everywhere shows the essential independence and super-eminence of Christianity over all modes of mere human science. It remains for ever the same divine wisdom and life as at the beginning; and no 'progress of the intellect,' however it may mould anew some of its conceptions, can ever affect it in its essence. In Christ and in Him alone there is revealed, once for all, the sum of that *truth* which man needs to educate him to the highest pitch of his moral nature, to which he has only evermore, with every advancing stage of his history, to rise in fuller love and self-appropriation, and the full measure of which he will scarcely be able to reach with the farthest point of his advancement. This ever young and ever adapting power of Christianity to all the emergencies of human history, as of individual life, whereby it appropriates such crises, and by their very means leads itself on to new victory, just when they seemed to threaten its destruction—this was one of the most profoundly and dearly cherished convictions of Neander, in the light of which he lived, and whose bright hopefulness beams through all his works. This was the 'progress of the Church,'—the continued process of its development, of which he everywhere speaks so much, and upon the broad pregnant recognition of which his history is based. He could conceive of no progress which should yet leave Christianity behind; of no 'Church of the future' which should pass beyond the 'truth as it is in Jesus.'

As with him Christ is so clearly and solely the Alpha of the Church, so is He no less its Omega, and every progression of the human race he conceived to be still only a retrogression to the God-man—the Eternal Wisdom revealed in humanity. The *new* must thus ever return into the *old*; and the ball of human progress, thrown backwards and forwards, must still cling fast to Him; for from this point of attachment alone can the divine education of the race draw those living and healthful influences which, amid all its oscillations, shall still bear it onwards to a higher goal.

Such is the one pervading truth in the light of which Neander's History shines, and in the light of which, as we have already said, he moreover lived and laboured. And this latter fact it was, let us now say in conclusion, which gave in Germany, and must continue to give everywhere, such a peculiar influence to all his teaching. It was felt and seen on all hands, and it will no less be known hereafter, that the man who spoke so much of the divine might and enduring influence of Christianity, was one who in his daily life, and in the whole circle of his labours, verified in the most signal manner the truth of what he taught. His whole being was seen to be completely moved and governed by that divine power which he proclaimed. Even the opponents of his views—those who could not admit his lessons—have yet seen and acknowledged this. 'It would be difficult to find,' one of them has written, with an admirable frankness, 'among the prominent characters of our time, any one whose outward life is so fully the mirror of the divine principle surrounding it: so fully conformed thereto in all its relations, as Neander's is. What he is, he is entirely. There is in him no ostentation, no catching after false glitter and effect; no trace of the hypocrisy, so wide-spread among us. Christianity is with him no mere family heirloom, no mere external habit; but the inmost, freest fact of his life; its unceasing end and aim.' One so thoroughly and graciously penetrated with the truths he taught, could not fail to exercise a wide impression, and to draw, as he did, many fine youthful minds under his happy sway. So true and lovely a character, united to so noble and exalted an intellect, could not fail of a rich harvest of influence: a harvest which long since begun to ripen in Germany, is yet by no means limited to the protestantism of the Fatherland, but may be seen, to some extent, in almost every Church and every Christian land. And could we venture to look into the future, we believe the name of Neander would be found a name of power, when perhaps some even more powerful in these days have perished; because then, as now, it will be a name not only drawing the *homage*, but alluring the *love* of man.

- ART. II.—(1.) *The Geographical Journal*. London. 1850.
 (2.) *A Hunter's Life in South Africa*. By R. G. CUMMING, Esq. London. 1850.
 (3.) *Excursions in Southern Africa*. By Colonel E. NAPIER. London. 1849.

ALTHOUGH the vast continent of Africa is easily accessible on all sides, though its northern shores have been from the earliest times the seats of mighty empires, and although every portion of the circumference of its immense mass of land has been circumnavigated, yet we know less of its interior than of any other region of the globe. Had half the expense and a moiety of the human toil, and we fear, of the sacrifice of human life, that have been expended in exploring the Arctic regions—those unprofitable ice-bound barriers of the Pole—been bestowed on the survey of Africa, we should not have been at the present time left almost solely to conjecture regarding the physical features of that continent. It is true, several enterprising travellers have toiled and died in this field, but unfortunately the explorations were made from the very worst quarter—from the deadly swamps and sultry plains of the west, whereas the easiest and safest accesses to the interior appear evidently to be either directly from the north, or from our southern possessions of the Cape of Good Hope.

Africa is remarkable as presenting a mass of land unbroken by any protrusions of the ocean, or diversified by any inland seas or great estuaries. With the exception of the Nile and the Niger, there are no rivers of imposing magnitude, and the lakes hitherto discovered to exist bear no proportion to the expanse of sandy deserts and arid plains. There is a greater surface of equatorial land in this continent than in any other portion of the torrid zone: hence the temperature is higher than in any other region of the globe. But were not the surface elevated in the centre of the continent, which we shall find there are strong grounds for concluding, the temperature would be considerably higher than it is, the elevation of the land thus tending to mitigate the solar influence. A glance at the Asiatic and American tropics will show that there is comparatively little land in those regions, while the African continent exhibits a breadth of from forty to fifty degrees. The most elevated table land of Asia is situated thirty degrees north of the equator, the highest peaks of South America are in latitude eighteen south: now, it has long been conjectured, and recent discoveries tend greatly to strengthen the supposition, that an extensive and

elevated table-land occupies the centre of the African continent. We have, in the first place, in the Abyssinian regions, the statements of the missionary Dr. Krapf, regarding an elevated snow-capped range of mountains extending southwards to an unknown distance. Then westward, as far as the expedition of Dr. Overwig had, from the latest accounts, penetrated, which was to the borders of Lake Tchad, in lat. 12° N., the accounts communicated to that traveller by the natives were, that elevated table-lands and snow-capped mountains extended to the southwards. • The Kong mountains to the west, which run parallel to the equator, in lat. 10° N., are reported to have an elevation of 14,000 feet; and a mountain range in Benin is said to be 13,000 feet high. In July, 1849, the Rev. David Livingstone and Mr. Oswell started from the missionary station of Kolesberg, South Africa, on an exploring expedition to the northward. Proceeding in a north-west direction along the eastern borders of the great Bakalihar desert, they came upon the river Zonga, which flowed in a south-east course; ascending this river to lat. 22° S. they arrived on the eastern shores of the lake Ngami, a piece of water which extended westward for about seventy miles. The river here at its source was 200 yards wide, but it narrowed as it flowed eastwards, to thirty yards. Its stream was clear, soft, and cold, and the water seemed as if formed from melted snow. From the reports of the natives, the river was subject to periodical floods, which occurred at the commencement of the warm season; they could not account for its periodical rise, but said that it was not caused by rains; it attained its greatest height in October and decrease in June. On the banks of the lake, water boiled at the temperature of $207\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, hence Mr. Livingstone concluded the elevation to be 2000 feet above the sea level. The travellers did not prosecute their inquiries farther on that occasion, but resolved on renewing their explorations next season. There are strong grounds for supposing, however, that snowy mountains exist to the north of Lake Ngami, and that the periodical melting of their snows supplies the lake with water, as other rivers flowing into the lake from the north are reported to exist.

We have also, from the flow of the various rivers of Africa, an indication of some extensive central table-land which constitutes the great watershed of this continent. Thus, the Nile deriving its source from the central regions, flows north through Abyssinia and Nubia, and discharges its waters into the Mediterranean. The Niger again takes a south-eastern course, and flows into the South Atlantic Ocean, while all the lesser rivers of South Africa have a bearing from the centre to the

coast. The climate of Africa is less modified by the ocean than any other portion of the globe, not even excepting central Asia. It is true that a cold current from the Antarctic seas sweeps along the Cape and the Agulhas bank, and immense Antarctic glaciers float onwards nearer the equator than they do in the northern hemisphere; yet, from the figure of the continent already alluded to, these ocean currents only influence the temperature of a small extent of coast, while the rest of the continent is surrounded by oceans of elevated temperature. A high central table land, then, with numerous snow-capped mountains extending across the greater part of the African tropics, seems requisite to modify the solar influence, which, were it exerted on such an immense extent of level and low-lying surface, would become excessive. Such an excessive elevation of temperature does, in fact, partially exist in the great Sahara, forming the north-west corner of the continent. From the greater breadth of Africa to the north, and its vicinity to the neighbouring continents, the temperature of the northern portion is considerably above that of the southern. Egypt and the Cape colony are in the same parallels of north and south latitude, but the southern colony has a much milder climate than that of lower Egypt. The rivers of both regions are subject to periodical overflows, but the flooding of the Nile prevails from June to September, while that of the Orange river flowing through the Namaqua country, and the Fish River and others, which flow eastward into the Indian Ocean, have their risings and floods in November and December, both being respectively influenced by the summer solstices of the northern and southern hemispheres.

Little was known of South Africa till Van Riebeck, the Dutch surgeon, a man of intelligence, of observation, and experience as a traveller and navigator, formed the first settlement at the Cape, in the year 1652. Since that period, portions of the country have been explored by scientific travellers, and zealous and intelligent missionaries, but still much remains to be ascertained of the natural features of this highly interesting part of the globe. We can only profess, in the present instance, to collect a few stray remarks from occasional visitors.

South Africa may be generally characterized as an arid region. Over a considerable portion of the interior no surface water, and little moisture, is permanently found. Streams and rivers often lose their waters in the soil as they flow onwards from their source, and in summer totally dry up. Water, in many places, is only to be found by digging into the porous soil, and even then is to be procured, by suction with reeds, in small quantities.

Towards the coasts there are many fertile valleys, through which rivers flow to the ocean, and even into the interior extensive and rich valleys extend in certain directions; but about lat. 26° S., the Great Bakalihar desert commences, and extends in a northerly direction into the interior. In the well-watered plains and valleys, forest trees abound in beautiful luxuriance, but stunted brushwood generally prevails, and a scanty vegetation. Thunder storms during the rainy season are frequent and severe, and Mr. Moffat describes a peculiar phenomenon of thunder occurring in serene states of the atmosphere, without a cloud being visible in the sky. Cold, dry, withering winds prevail during winter, from the south. In early spring the north winds commence, bringing along with them clouds of extremely minute dust from the arid desert, which appear like dense fogs in the atmosphere and produce a peculiar desiccatory effect on the skin, while languor and febrile symptoms are caused by these sandy monsoons. After some time, those winds are accompanied by the long-wished-for and refreshing rains, the hope and stay of the starving natives; and these humid gales, odorous with the scent of springing verdure, when just caught by the thirsty cattle, excite a wonderful commotion in the herds, and impel them to start forwards, in immense numbers, to meet the coming moisture.

The Gariep or Orange River is the most considerable in South Africa. It takes its rise by two main branches in the eastern part of the continent; one branch in the Vilbergen mountains, a little to the northward of the latitude of Port Natal, and another branch called the Vaal, which rises some hundred miles to the northward, and flows west to the Atlantic Ocean, thus traversing about a thousand miles of country. It is fed by numerous streams in the course of its progress, but many of them dry up in summer, and even remain dry for whole years together. The Orange River itself is not navigable for vessels of any size. To the north of this river the country is mostly desert, and even the Namaquas districts, extending on its north and south banks, are little better than arid wastes, interspersed with occasional valleys of some fertility. The country east of the sources of the Gariep appears to be more mountainous along the south-eastern coasts. There are no rivers of any great magnitude; but numerous streams flow from the higher grounds into the ocean, and impart fertility and beauty to the valleys.

South-Africa presents one of those centres of vegetation which are, in some respects, peculiar and distinct from other regions of the earth. Leguminous and euphorbiaceous plants abound.

Every one is familiar with the splendid Cape heaths. They flourish more particularly in the coast districts, and become rarer

in the interior. Numerous species of cacti suit the aridity of the soil, and here the aloe plant flourishes.

Cumming takes notice of a tree by the native name of Nwana: from his description we conclude it to be the baobob :—

‘It is chiefly remarkable,’ he says, ‘on account of its extraordinary size, resembling a castle or tower more than a forest tree. Throughout the country of Bamangwato (lat. 22° S.) the average circumference of these trees was from thirty to forty feet; but on extending my researches in a north-easterly direction throughout the more fertile forests which clothe the boundless tracts through which the river Limpopo winds, I daily met with specimens of this extraordinary tree, averaging from sixty to a hundred feet in circumference, and maintaining this thickness to a height from twenty to thirty feet, when they diverge into numerous goodly branches, whose general character is abrupt and horizontal, and which seem to terminate with a peculiar suddenness. The wood is soft, and useless, the leaf is similar to the sycamore, the fruit is a nut of the size of a swan’s egg. A remarkable fact (he adds) in connexion with these trees, is the manner in which they are disposed throughout the forest. They are found standing singly or in rows, invariably at considerable distances from one another, as if planted by the hand of man; and from their wondrous size and unusual height (for they always tower high above their surrounding compeers), they convey the idea of being strangers or interlopers on the ground they occupy.’

On the borders of Lake Nǃgami, Mr. Livingstone found the wide-spreading baobob tree, with trunks from seventy to seventy-six feet in circumference, Palmyra palms, the banyan tree, and fruit trees with fruit resembling the orange and plum. In the dry plains of the interior, a succulent root is found which is of the utmost importance to the thirsty native. The stem appears above ground from three to four inches high, with small narrow leaves, and is in appearance somewhat like the dandelion. The bulbous root is about the size of a child’s head, and is porous throughout, and full of pure limpid water. The bulb grows from eight to nine inches from the surface, and is eagerly searched out and dug up by the natives when, in their hunting expeditions, they are overcome with thirst. Several other succulent plants, with thick juicy leaves, are also found springing up from the dry, baked soil of the desert, and a species of bitter water melon abounds in the Kalabari desert, which also affords a cooling food for the native. Most of these plants and roots also form the food of the numerous herds of antelopes, and even the elephant digs them up with his tusks and pliant trunk. The fertile valleys of the country are very favourable to the production of the cultivated cerealia, to the vine, and other domestic vegetables; but

in the interior, the natives content themselves with their scanty fields of maize and millet. Seasons of excessive drought are not unfrequent, and occasional visitations of the locust carry utter devastation over the fields. These insects may be seen passing along like an immense cloud, extending from the earth's surface up to a considerable height in the atmosphere. They proceed in the direction of the wind; those in advance descending to feed on the herbage, and again rising up, to be followed by those in the rear. They devour not only the green leaves, but even the bark of plants and shrubs. Passing over a field of green maize, they will completely eat it up in a few hours. Wherever they alight, the spot is followed by utter desolation for the season. But these voracious visitors are also themselves eaten in their turn. Wherever they alight during the night, they are devoured by birds and beasts of prey, by lizards and serpents. When the cloud settles near the native towns, the whole population turn out with sacks, and pack-oxen, and return with burthens of this highly-prized food. Mr. Cumming thus describes the first flight of these insects which he witnessed in the colony:—

‘We were standing in the middle of a plain of unlimited length and about five miles across, when I observed them advancing. On they came like a snow storm, flying slow and steady, about a hundred yards from the ground. I stood looking at them until the air was darkened with their masses, while the plain on which we stood became densely covered with them. Far as my eye could reach, east, west, north, and south, they stretched in one unbroken cloud, and more than an hour elapsed before their devastating legions had swept by. I was particularly struck with this most wonderful and truly interesting sight.’

The solitudes of Southern Africa teem with animated beings. Vast herds of antelopes, of which there are not less than twenty different species, roam over the long-extended valleys. The majestic camelopard stalks among the groves;—troops of elephants traverse the deep and tangling foliage of the forests, and the zebra, quagga, gnu, and buffalo exist in myriads. ‘On one occasion,’ says Cumming, ‘there could not have been less than five or six thousand head of game in sight of me, as I sat at breakfast, consisting of zebra, wildebeest, blesbok, and springbok. Presently the whole of this game began to take alarm. Herd joined herd, and took away up the wind; and, in a few minutes, other vast herds came pouring on up-wind, covering the whole breadth of the plain with a living mass of noble game.’ These are the creatures that roam the pastures by day; but during the dusk, the grim lion stalks forth, prowling for his prey, or sits

watching, with glaring eye, by the pool of water, at night, where the panting antelope and huge elephant come to quench their thirst.

The vulture, falcon, eagle, and other birds of prey, also accompany these vast herds of graminivorous animals, ready, when any accident disables their fleetness, to pounce upon and devour them. The ostrich roams over the arid plains, and hollows out its simple nest in the sands. Twenty eggs and upwards are deposited in this nest, and the male and female take their seat on the eggs in their turn. These birds appear particularly sensitive to the touch of man. If part of the eggs are removed, the birds, on their return to the nest, smash and destroy the remainder, and then remove to some other place. Considerable discrepancies have occurred among naturalists regarding the habits of another African bird, the Indicator, moroc, or honey-bird, a species allied to the cuckoo. Sparrman asserts that he has frequently watched the habits of this bird, which, with a particular cry, attracts the attention of man, and guides him to the nests of bees. Le Vaillant doubts this altogether, while Barrow again, an accurate observer, confirms the statement of Sparrman. Of this bird Cumming says:—

‘I saw to-day, for the first time, the honey-bird. This extraordinary little bird, which is about the size of a chaffinch, and of a light grey colour, will invariably lead a person following it to a wild bees’ nest. Chattering and twittering, in a state of great excitement, it perches on a branch beside the traveller, endeavouring, by various wiles, to attract his attention; and having succeeded in doing so, it flies lightly forward, in a wavy course, in the direction of the bees’ nest, alighting every now and then and looking back to ascertain if the traveller is following it, all the time keeping up an incessant twitter. When at length it arrives at the hollow tree, or deserted white-ant’s hill, which contains the honey, it for a moment hovers over the nest, pointing to it with its bill, and then takes up its position on a neighbouring branch, anxiously waiting its share of the spoil. When the honey is taken, which is accomplished by first stupifying the bees by burning grass at the entrance of their domicile, the honey-bird will often lead to a second and even a third nest. The person thus following it ought to whistle. The savages in the interior, whilst in pursuit, have several charmed sentences which they use on the occasion.’

These minutiae, apparently drawn from actual observation, seem to be conclusive of the disputed fact, and furnish a singular instance of the wild animal adapting its instincts to man, and both co-operating for their mutual advantage. The questions also arise: Are these habits of the bird acquired since the inter-

course of the species with man? Are they modifications of some original instinct in relation to some other animal? or, are they instincts originally framed in relation to the honey-bird and the savage man, as contemporary inhabitants of the forest? But Mr. Cumming adds another circumstance regarding this bird which is equally inexplicable.

‘Interesting,’ says he, ‘as the honey-bird is, and though sweet be the stores to which it leads, I have often had cause to wish it far enough, as, when following the warm ‘spoor,’ or track of elephants, I have often seen the savages, at moments of the most importance, resign the spoor of the beasts to attend to the summons of the bird. Sometimes, however, they are ‘sold,’ it being a well-known fact, both among the Hottentots and tribes of the interior, that they often lead the unwary pursuer to danger, sometimes guiding him to the mid-day retreat of a grizzly lion, or bringing him suddenly upon the den of the crouching panther. I remember, upon one occasion, when weary with warring against the mighty elephants and hippopotami, I sought recreation in the humbler pursuits of quail-shooting. While thus employed, my attention was suddenly invited by a garrulous honey-bird, which pertinaciously adhered to me for a considerable time, heedless of the reports made by my gun. Having bagged as many quails and partridges as I cared about shooting, I whistled lustily to the honey-bird, and gave him chase. After following him to a distance of upwards of a mile through the open glades adjoining the Limpopo, he led me to an unusually vast crocodile, who was lying with his entire body concealed, nothing but his horrid head being visible above the surface of the water, his eyes anxiously watching the movements of eight or ten bull-buffaloes, which, in seeking to quench their thirst in the waters of the river, were crackling through the dry reeds, as they cautiously waded in the deep mud that a recent flood had deposited along the edge. Fortunately for the buffaloes, the depth of the mud prevented their reaching the stream, and thus the scaly monster of the river was disappointed of his prey.’

We are disappointed to find, however, that Mr. Cumming's journal affords so very few such facts, that are new or interesting to the naturalist. With a most untiring zeal as a sportsman, and a physical energy and resolution which led him to traverse lonely wilds and deserts, and into the very lairs of the fiercest wild beasts, he thus commanded opportunities of studying the habits of the tenants of those wilds which few naturalists have ever possessed; we obtain from him a most vivid idea of the myriads of game with which he came in contact, and of the hair-breadth dangers to which he who dares face the lion and the hyena, or the enraged strength of the wounded elephant, is exposed, yet

his journal is but too much the detail of successive butcheries, and his minute details of these butcheries but too often excite the shudder of pity. He indeed acknowledges and regrets that he was possessed of no scientific knowledge to enable him to make profitable observations, his boyish training having, perhaps, been like that of the great majority of British youth, too exclusively classical to admit of the attainment even of the simple elements of scientific lore. On many occasions, to be sure, he bursts forth into admiration of the majestic or beautiful forms of the 'bleeding victims' before him, but perhaps still more frequently he shews a greater solicitation regarding the mercantile value of their ivory tusks or spotted skins. He exults over the slaughter of at least fifty noble elephants, of about one-half this number of lions, and innumerable other game of lesser note. Yet, after all, the daily slaughters of this mighty Nimrod appear not to have been altogether made in vain. In the teeming domains of nature, the death of one animal ministers to the sustenance of another. Flocks of voracious vultures followed his bloody track, and became as familiar with the report of a rifle as with the satiated growl of the lion after he has left the half-picked carcass to retire to the sleepy jungle. Troops of hungry and savage Bechuanas also followed his footsteps; and no sooner had the majestic elephant fallen, pierced with many wounds, than these savages set to work, cut up his flesh into long narrow strips, which they hung out on the neighbouring trees for after-repasts, and cracking the huge hollow bones of the bared skeleton with their hatchets, sucked the delicious marrow from their cavities.

If the lion claims the title of the king of beasts, the giraffe may well be called the queen of South-African quadrupeds. Though gigantic in size, its exquisite beauty, and softness and gentleness of manners, may well entitle it to this feminine pre-eminence. In the forests not molested by man, they are found in herds of from twelve to sixteen, sometimes even thirty and forty, but sixteen is the average number. These herds are composed of individuals of various sizes, from the young of ten feet in height, to the dark-chestnut-coloured old bull, whose majestic head towers to the height of twenty feet. The females are of lower stature, and more delicately formed than the males, and average from sixteen to seventeen feet. Some writers have discovered ugliness and a want of grace in the giraffe, but Mr. Cumming considers it one of the most strikingly beautiful animals in the creation; and when, says he, a herd of them is seen scattered through a grove of the picturesque parasol-topped acacias which adorn their native plains, and on whose uppermost shoots they are enabled to browse

by the colossal height with which nature has so admirably endowed them, he must indeed be slow of conception who fails to discover both grace and dignity in all their movements. As is the case with many other defenceless animals, their colour, too, seems to be admirably in unison with the grounds over which they roam, for even the sharp-sighted natives often, at some distance, fail to discover their spotted chesnut forms amid the decayed trunks of trees and brown herbage.

Nothing can exceed the beauty or swiftness of the various kinds of antelopes which abound in all the forests, under the names chiefly imposed by the Dutch, of eland and Scrolomootloque, an undescribed species, springbok, gemsbok, hartbeest, oryx. The eland is the largest and finest of the whole, being equal in size to a large ox. It acquires the fatness, too, of a stalled ox, and its flesh is tender and highly palatable: like the gemsbok and other antelopes, it can live a long time without water, and it frequents the borders of the Kalahari desert, in herds varying from ten to a hundred. In Mr. Livingstone's late expedition to Lake Ngami, a new species of antelope called *Lecche* was discovered, the skin of which has been presented to the British Museum by Capt. Verdon.

'The spring-bok' says Cumming, 'is so termed by the colonists, on account of its peculiar habit of springing, or taking extraordinary bounds, rising to an incredible height in the air when pursued. The extraordinary manner in which spring-boks are capable of springing is best seen when they are chased by a dog. On these occasions, away start the herd with a succession of strange perpendicular bounds, rising with curved loins high into the air, and, at the same time, elevating the showy folds of long white hair on their haunches and along their back, which imparts to them a peculiar fairy-like appearance, different from any other animal. They bound to the height of ten or twelve feet with the elasticity of an India-rubber ball, clearing at each spring from twelve to fifteen feet of ground without, apparently, the slightest exertion. In performing the spring, they appear for an instant as if suspended in the air, when down come all four feet together, and, striking the plain, away they soar again as if about to take flight. The herd only adopt this motion for a few hundred yards, when they subside into a light elastic trot, arching their graceful necks, and lowering their noses to the ground, as if in sportive mood. Presently, pulling up, they face about and reconnoitre the object of their alarm. In passing any path or wagon-road, on which men have lately trod, the spring-bok invariably clears it by a single surprising bound; and when a herd of perhaps many thousands have to cross a track of the sort, it is extremely beautiful to see how each antelope performs this feat—so suspicious are they of the ground on which their enemy, man, has trodden. The accumulated masses of living creatures

which the spring-boks exhibit in the greatest migrations is utterly astounding, and scarcely on report to be believed, so marvellous is the scene. Like the locust, they consume every green thing in their course, laying waste vast districts in a few hours. The course they generally adopt is such as to bring them back to their own country by a route different from that by which they set out, their line of march thus forming a vast oval or square, some hundred miles in diameter. The oryx or gemsbok is about the most beautiful and remarkable of the antelope tribe. It possesses the erect mane, long sweeping black tail, and general appearance of the horse, with the head and hoofs of the antelope, and long projecting horns. Its height is about that of the ass, and colour nearly the same. The beautiful black bands which eccentrically adorn its head, giving it the appearance of wearing a stall-collar, together with the manner in which the rump and thighs are painted, impart to it a character peculiar to itself. It thrives in the most barren regions, and is perfectly independent of water, which, from my own observations, and that of the natives and Boers, I am convinced it never by any chance tastes. Its flesh is deservedly esteemed, and ranks next to that of the eland.'

There are four varieties of the rhinoceros in South Africa, distinguished by the Bechuanas by the names of the borèlé or black rhinoceros, the keitloa or two-horned black rhinoceros, the muchocho or common white rhinoceros, and the kobaoba or long-horned white rhinoceros. This latter is in all probability the 'reem' or unicorn of Scripture, the forehead being furnished with a long curved horn, which projects in front, with a small rudimentary horn behind. A head of this animal is figured in 'Cambell's Travels,' the only specimen of the animal then known. Cumming met with several of them in the interior, and his figures coincide with that given by Cambell. Both varieties of the black rhinoceros are extremely fierce and dangerous, and rush headlong and unprovoked at any object which attracts their attention. They never grow fat, and their flesh is tough, and not much esteemed by the Bechuanas. They feed almost entirely on the thorny branches of an acacia; their horns are short, seldom exceeding eighteen inches in length, while that of the kobaobo, or white rhinoceros, often exceeds four feet.

The horns are merely connected to the skin, not to the bone of the head; they are solid, hard, and capable of receiving a fine polish. During the heat of the day the rhinoceros will be found asleep, or standing indolently in some retired part of the forest; in the evening they commence their nightly rambles, and wander over a great extent of country, visiting the fountains and water-pools from nine to twelve o'clock at night. The black rhinoceros is subject to paroxysms of unprovoked fury, often

ploughing up the ground for several yards with its horn, and assaulting large bushes in the most violent manner, working for hours till they have broken them in pieces, and snorting and blowing loudly. Both kinds of the white rhinoceros are considerably larger than the black, nearly equalling in size the elephant. The white feed solely on grass, and carry much fat—they are less swift, but more gentle in their dispositions than the others, have longer heads and horns, and carry their heads low when running; they generally go in pairs, and never associate in herds like the elephant. The rhinoceros, as well as the hippopotamus, has a singular parasite, the rhinoceros-bird, of a greyish colour and nearly the size of a thrush, which perches on the backs of these huge animals and feeds on the ticks or insects attached to the skin. Whenever an enemy approaches, these watchful birds give the alarm, by ascending about six feet into the air, and, uttering a loud scream, wakening the leviathan from his soundest nap. Day and night these birds adhere to the back of their patron, and even when pursued, and scrambling through brush-wood, if a branch of a tree happen to jerk them off, they assiduously fly forwards and regain their position. The Limpopo river abounds in hippopotami and crocodiles.

The African elephant differs from the Asiatic in his rounder head and more convex forehead, his larger ears, and the lozenge-marked surface of his grinders; the tusks are also longer, while the female elephant of Africa is furnished with tusks as well as the male, though those of the former are smaller. The elephant is widely diffused over the forests of South Africa, but does not attain so large a size there as in the more tropical parts of that continent. The male is much larger than the female, and is furnished with tapering and beautifully arched tusks, from six to eight feet long. Old bull elephants are found singly or in pairs, or sometimes in herds of six to twenty. The younger bulls remain for many years in company with their mothers, and then form large herds of twenty to a hundred. The elephant feeds on the branches, leaves, and roots of trees, and also on various bulbous roots, which he finds out by his exquisite smell and digs up with his tusks—whole acres of ground may be seen thus ploughed up. The elephant passes the greater part of the day and night in feeding, and consumes an immense quantity of food; he roams over a vast extent of surface, and makes choice of the greenest spots of the forests. When a district becomes parched and barren he will forsake it for years, and wander to great distances in search of food and water. He in his wild state entertains a great horror of man, and a single human being, even a child, by passing between them and the wind will put a

hundred to flight, and when thus disturbed they go a long way before they halt. When a single troop has been attacked by the hunter, all the other elephants of the district become aware of the circumstance in a few days, and a general migration takes place to unfrequented grounds. They keep themselves more secluded than any other wild quadrupeds, with the exception of some rare species of antelope, choosing the most remote and lonely depths of the forest, generally at a great distance from the rivers and fountains to which they resort at night to drink. In dry warm weather they make nightly visits to the drinking fountains, but in cool and moist weather they drink only once every third or fourth day. They commence their march at sunset, and travel from twelve to twenty miles: they generally reach the water between the hours of nine and midnight, when, having satisfied their thirst, and cooled their bodies by spouting large quantities of water over their backs with their trunks, they resume their way back into the depths of the forest. When in places of perfect security, the old bulls lie down to sleep for a few hours on their sides, generally leaning against the large hill of the white ant; on inspecting their lairs, the mark of the large under-tusk is found deeply imprinted in the ground, proving that they lie upon their sides. The females rarely lie down, and both males and females, when liable to disturbance, always sleep standing, beneath some shady tree. Having rested themselves, they then proceed to feed. Spreading out from one another in a zigzag course, they smash and destroy all the forest trees which happen to lie in their way, and the devastation which a herd of bull elephants will produce in this manner is almost incredible. They are extremely capricious, breaking down whole groups of trees, and perhaps tasting only one or two small branches, leaving the trunks lying prostrate in all directions. During the night they will feed in open plains and thinly-wooded districts, but as day dawns they return to the dense coverts, and here they remain, drawn up in a compact herd, during the heat of the day. The pace of the elephant when undisturbed is a bold, free, sweeping step, and from the peculiar spongy formation of his foot, his tread is extremely light and inaudible, and all his movements are attended with a peculiar gentleness and grace. This, however, only applies to the elephant when roaming undisturbed in his jungle, for when roused by the hunter he proves the most dangerous enemy, and far more difficult to conquer than any other beast of chase. The tusk of an elephant weighs from 100 to 150 and 170 lbs., and the price of the ivory in the English market is from 28*l*. to 32*l*. per hundred-and-twelve pounds' weight. The native Bechuanas

devour the flesh of the elephant with great avidity, preferring as tid-bits the legs, cooked after a peculiar fashion; they also make water bags of its inner skin.

The lion is very generally diffused over the more secluded parts of South Africa. He is, however, nowhere met with in great abundance, it being very rare to find more than three, or even two, families of lions frequenting the same district and drinking at the same fountain, except when great droughts have dried up many of these—when all the animals of the surrounding districts will be found congregated around the only remaining fountains, and lions among the rest. It is a common thing to find a full-grown lion and lioness associating with three or four large young ones, nearly full-grown; at other times full-grown males will be found associating and hunting together in amicable alliance; two, three, and four full-grown male lions may thus be discovered consorting together. There is something so noble and imposing in the presence of the lion when seen walking with dignified self-possession, free and undaunted, on his native soil, that no description can convey an adequate idea of his striking appearance. The male lion is adorned with a long thick shaggy mane, which in some instances almost sweeps the ground. The colour of these manes varies—some being very dark, and others of a golden yellow. This appearance has given rise to the opinion that there are in this region two distinct varieties, and the Boers distinguish them by the respective names of 'Schwart fore life' and 'Chiel fore life.' This idea, however, says Cumming, is erroneous—the colour of the lion's mane is generally influenced by his age. He attains his mane in his third year; at first it is of a yellowish colour, in the prime of life it is blackish, and when he has numbered many years, but still is in the full enjoyment of his power, it assumes a yellowish-grey pepper-and-salt sort of colour. When old, lions are cunning and dangerous, and most to be dreaded. The females are entirely destitute of a mane, being covered with a short, thick, glossy coat of tawny hair. The manes and coats of lions frequenting open-lying districts entirely free from trees, such as the borders of the great Kalahari desert, are more rank and beautiful than those inhabiting forest districts. No one who has ever heard the deep-toned thunder of the lion's roar can ever mistake it—it is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low deep moaning, often repeated, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times, he strikes the forest with loud deep-toned solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfre-

quently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two or three or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. They roar loudest in cold frosty nights, but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties, and when one roars all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. As a general rule, lions roar during the night, their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelop the forest, and continuing at intervals during the night—occasionally, though rarely, as long as nine or ten o'clock in the morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that when two strange lions meet at a fountain, a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree or wide-spreading bush, either in the level forest or mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds, or fields of long rank yellow grass, such as occur in low lying valleys. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowling. When he is successful in his beat and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans. Lions are ever most active, daring, and presuming, in dark stormy nights, and, consequently, on such occasions the traveller ought more particularly to be on his guard. The lion, unlike other quadrupeds, seems unwilling to visit the fountains during moonlight. Thus, when the moon rises early in the night he defers his watering till late in the morning; and when the moon rises late they drink at an early hour in the night. From his tawny-coloured coat he is perfectly invisible in the dark. When a thirsty lion comes to water, he stretches out his massive fore legs, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking; he continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute, as if to take breath. In a dark night his eyes glow like two balls of fire. Though considerably under four feet in height, he has little difficulty in dashing to the ground and overcoming the lofty and apparently powerful giraffe, whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness. The lion is the constant attendant of vast herds of buffaloes; and a full-grown lion, so long as his teeth remain unbroken, generally proves a match for an old bull buffalo, which in size and strength greatly surpasses the most powerful

breed of our English cattle. The lion also preys on all the larger varieties of the antelope, and on both varieties of the gnu. The zebra is also a favourite object of his pursuit. Lions do not refuse, as has been asserted, to feast upon venison that they have not killed themselves. The female is more fierce and active than the male; and lionesses which have never had young are much more dangerous than those that have. At no time is the lion so much to be dreaded as when his partner has got small young ones. At that season he knows no fear, and in the coolest and most intrepid manner he will face a thousand men. The Bechuana tribes do not inter their dead, but leave their bodies exposed on the surface, to be devoured by lions and hyenas; hence it is supposed these animals have acquired a taste for human flesh. In general, however, the appearance of man and the shout of the human voice are sufficient to frighten and turn them back—though occasionally fatal attacks of these animals do take place. ‘To the hunter of these animals,’ says Cumming, ‘a recklessness of death, perfect coolness, and self-possession, an acquaintance with the disposition and manner of lions, and a tolerable knowledge of the use of the rifle, are indispensable.’ It was the practice of this hunter to ensconce himself in a pit or hole dug for the purpose, near to the pools where the animals came to drink; and here, during midnight, many strange visitors were accustomed to glare upon him, while the loud growls of lions, hyenas, wild-dogs, and buffaloes, assailed his ears.

The native human inhabitants of South Africa exhibit several varieties of the family of man. They are almost all in the lowest grade of civilization—naked and ignorant savages, roaming about their woods and deserts, depending for their precarious subsistence on the chase, and without arts or literature, or any kind of traditional lore to tell us from what centres of the human family they have originally proceeded. The general term Hottentot includes the Namaqua and Coranna nations on the west coasts—the tribes that originally inhabited the Cape district—the Bechuanas in the interior, and the Kaffirs on the eastern coast—the Bushmen or Bosjesmen, again, are a distinct people, that encroach upon the territories of the Bechuanas and others, yet do not intermingle with them, but are different in their physical aspect, habits, and language. The Hottentot in appearance more nearly resembles the Chinese than any other people*—they have the same breadth of face, angular skull, high cheek-bones, flat noses, and faces tapering to the chin, oblique-set eyes, scanty beard, and yellowish tint of skin, as the Mongolian nations, but they have at the same time the crisp curly hair on their heads, as the

* Barrow. Moffat.

negro, and their thick lips, though not projecting jaws, and not the long lank locks of the inhabitants of eastern Asia. The Damara and Coranna tribes to the north of Namaqua land partake more of the negro character than those tribes more centrally situated, while the Namaqua tribes are taller and handsomer, and of milder disposition, than the Kaffirs on the eastern shores, or than the Hottentots of the interior. The whole of these Hottentot tribes speak a language intelligible to each other. 'I have 'had in my presence,' says Moffat, 'genuine Hottentots, Corannas, and Namaquas, who had met, from their respective and 'distant tribes, for the first time, and they conversed with scarcely 'any difficulty. All use the same weapons—the quiver, bow, and 'poisoned arrows.' Their range of country extends from the 23rd parallel of latitude to the Cape. The Bechuana tribes to the north-east are a lively and intelligent people, and remarkable for their good humour. They are well formed generally, and possess pleasing features, with good eyes and teeth; their hair is short and woolly, and their complexion of a light copper colour. The various tribes live in kraals or villages, of various sizes, along with their respective chiefs. Their wigwams are built in a circular form, and thatched with long grass, the floor and wall, inside and out, are plastered with a compound of clay and cow-dung; the entrances are about three feet high and two feet broad. Each wigwam is surrounded with a hedge of wicker-work, while one large hedge of thorn acacias surrounds the entire kraal, protecting the inmates from lions and other wild beasts. The dress of the men consists of a kaross or skin cloak, which hangs gracefully from their shoulders, and another garment, termed *tsecha*, which encircles their loins, and is likewise made of skin. On the feet they wear a simple sandal, formed of the skin of the buffalo or camelopard. On their legs and arms they carry ornaments of brass and copper, of different patterns, which are manufactured by themselves: the men also wear a few ornaments of beads round their necks and on their arms. Around their necks, besides beads, they carry a variety of other appendages, the majority of which are believed to possess a powerful charm to preserve them from evil. One of these is a small hollow bone, through which they blow when in peril; another is a set of dice formed of ivory, which they rattle in their hands, and cast on the ground to ascertain if they are to be lucky in any enterprise in which they may be about to engage; also a number of bits of roots and bark which are medicinal. From their necks also depend gourd snuff-boxes, made of an extremely diminutive species of pumpkin trained to grow in a bottle-like shape. They never move without their arms, which consist of a shield, a bundle of assagais, a battle-axe,

and a knob-kerry. The shields are formed of the hide of the buffalo or camelopard: their shape among some tribes is oval, among others round. The assagai is a sort of light spear or javelin, having a wooden shaft about six feet in length attached to it. Some of these are formed solely for throwing, and a skilful warrior will send one through a man's body at one hundred yards. Another variety of assagai is formed solely for stabbing, and is found mostly among the tribes very far in the interior. Their battle-axes are elegantly formed, consisting of a triangular-shaped blade, fastened in a handle formed of the horn of the rhinoceros. The men employ their time in war and hunting, and in dressing the skins of wild animals. The dress of the women consists of a kaross depending from the shoulders, and a short kilt, formed of the skin of the pallah, or some other antelope. Around their necks, arms, waists, and ankles, they wear large and cumbrous coils of beads, of a variety of colours, tastefully arranged in different patterns. The women chiefly employ their time in cultivating their fields and gardens, in which they rear corn, pumpkins, and water-melons, and likewise in harvesting their crops and grinding their corn. Both men and women go bareheaded; they anoint their heads with *sibelo*, a shining composition formed of fat and a grey sparkling micaceous earth. Some of the tribes besmear their bodies with a mixture of fat and red clay, imparting to them the appearance of red Indians. Most of the tribes possess cattle, which are attended to and milked solely by the men, a woman never being allowed to set foot within the cattle-kraal. Polygamy is allowed, and any man may keep as many wives as he pleases; the wife, however, has, in the first instance, to be purchased; the price varies from two head of cattle to a few spades for cultivating the fields. These spades, manufactured by themselves, they use as a hoc, tying them to the end of a long shaft. Rows of women may be seen digging together in the fields, singing songs, to which they keep time with their spades.* The Bushmen or Bosjesman people, again, are distinct. They are of smaller stature, generally under five feet, altogether of more diminutive make, are restless, unstable, and fierce and untameable in their habits. Their features are small and unsymmetrical, their eyes small, dark, and wild-looking; their heads have not the Mongolian configuration; the skull is not so broad and flat, but is more elongated from the forehead to the occiput, and there is a peculiarity in the hair of the head, which exactly resembles the mopped hair of the Nubian Ababde, and the Papuan negro races of Australasia. The hair, which we had an opportunity of minutely examining in the Bosjesman individuals brought to this country some years ago,

* Cumming, vol. i.

did not grow all over the skin of the head, but arose in separate tufts, leaving the intervening skin quite bare. These tufts curled into separate ringlets, which hung down on each side, and imparted a mop-like appearance to their heads. The language of these Bushmen, too, is of a peculiar kind. It differs, according to Moffat, essentially, from that of the Hottentot Bechuanas, and possesses more of that clicking sound made by the tongue against the cheeks and lips, which imparts to it a singularity that no other dialect, however savage and rude, possesses. Like the Arab of the desert, the hand of the Bushman is against every one; he is ever ready to plunder and cruelly to destroy all that comes within his reach. His residence is among inaccessible mountains, and he makes his temporary abode in some rude cave or cleft of the rock, or in a shallow burrow scooped out with his staff, and sheltered with a mat or skin. With a diminutive and inartificial bow he shoots with precision and energy his small poisoned arrow.* Disdaining labour of any kind, he makes predatory incursions on neighbouring tribes, or industrious settlers, seizing herds and flocks, and recklessly destroying what he cannot himself use; wallowing for days together among the slain victims, disputing with the jackalls and vultures for the half-putrid carcass, gorging himself with flesh, and then lying in lethargic stupor like a wild beast, till hunger again rouses him to fresh efforts. When he cannot procure cattle or other game, he feasts indifferently on the coarsest reptiles; and failing such prey, contents himself with roots, bulbs, locusts, ants, and pieces of old skin steeped in water. Or, half-starving for want of all these, as a last resource, he tightens his 'girdle of famine,'

' And lays him down to sleep away,
In languid trance, the weary day.'

Tribes of this peculiar people are interspersed among all the Bechuana nations as far northward as lat. 20° S. Of the inhabitants of central Africa, within latitude 20° north and south of the equator, there is nothing known. From the latest intelligence received of Dr. Overwig's journey in the direction of Lake Tchad, we find that the doctor received accounts from the natives in the vicinity of that lake, that a people resided in the mountainous regions towards the south, who wore cotton dresses and used arms made of metal, implying that a people in a state of considerable civilization inhabited those regions. Mr.

* For this purpose they use the poison found in the bag of serpents. For poisoning the water of springs, in order to destroy wild beasts coming there to drink, they use the bulbous roots of the *Amuryllis toxicaria*, as also the juice of some species of euphorbiaceous plants.

Livingstone in his Expedition to Lake Ngami, about 22° to the south of the equator, also received accounts from the natives living in that neighbourhood, that a people wearing clothes resided towards the north. These are interesting coincidences, and furnish strong grounds for believing, that a people possessing a considerable degree of civilization actually inhabit those extensive regions, and that future discoverers may yet make us acquainted with this hitherto unknown portion of the human family.

As no African people have ever shown the least predilection for navigating the ocean, and as we have already stated that the continent itself presents few or no opportunities of marine communication between one part of it and the other, we are left to infer that the scattered tribes of Southern Africa have come from the interior. Their inartificial condition, and their extreme ignorance even of all traditionary lore, would also lead us to suppose that they are the offspring of races who have degenerated from the parent stock, and who, in the long series of ages in which they have wandered southward, have gradually lost all the civilization of the original centre, and become what they now are, detached and scattered tribes of utter savages. The Hottentots, we have said, present much of the Mongolian element in their physical configuration. Was this the case with the ancient Coptic race, from whom they have, by some, been conjectured to be descended? Or, were the Coptic, as well as the Hottentot races, modifications of the primary, and as yet unknown, central race? These are interesting questions to the ethnologist; for the solution of which we anxiously await the result of further discoveries. The probability is, also, that most, if not all, the Hottentot tribes are admixtures with the negro races of Western Africa; and that, in this respect, they are somewhat similar to the Galla tribes, and to the Nubians and Abyssinians of north-eastern Africa. We have already stated, on the authority of Moffat, that the Damara tribes of south-western Africa lying contiguous to the true negro nations, are of a blacker colour, and approximate more nearly to the Congo negroes than any of the other Hottentot tribes; while the Bushmen again partake more of the Arab character, with a configuration of head approaching to that of the negro. The Matabiles on the south-eastern coasts appeared to Moffat to possess a somewhat higher degree of civilization than the Bechuanas in the interior—they have towns and villages, manufactures, metal ornaments and weapons; and the ruins of towns which he saw implied the existence of a population formerly more numerous, and displayed a superior skill and industry, to what he had witnessed anywhere else. The country watered by the Limpopo river is also rich and

beautiful, and contains iron ore, which the natives smelt and work in a simple manner, as well as rich ores of copper and tin. To these various tribes of Southern Africa, apparently made up of admixtures of different races, were also, in process of time, to be added a Saxon element. After the Dutch obtained a footing at the Cape, and in their process of colonization had driven the Hottentots from the maritime regions into the interior, a mixed race sprung up by the intermarriages of the Dutch Boers with the Hottentot females, as well as with the Negro Malay and Hindoo women, whom the Dutch settlers had imported into the colony in the character of slaves. This mixed race, denominated at first Bastards, were, about the beginning of last century, consolidated into one people, under a leader of their own caste, called Adam Kok, and, increasing rapidly, they left the boundaries of the original colony of the Cape and migrated northward into the territory of the Cheroiquas Hottentots, and from thence are said to have derived the name of 'Griquas,' which they now bear. For nearly a century they wandered over the country on the banks of the Gariep, or Great Orange River, an unsettled nomadic tribe, till the humanizing labours of the missionaries taught them to lay aside their karosses and rude sheepskin clothing, and their almost incessant predatory wars, and to commence the tillage of the soil, to build towns and villages, and, in short, to enter upon the career of civilized men. The Griquas are now spread along the banks of the Gariep for 700 miles, and number from 15,000 to 20,000 souls, of whom about 5000 are armed with musketry. They also possess numerous flocks and herds, and abundance of excellent horses. Besides villages, they have a town called Griqua.

According to Arbrusset and Dumas, the Griqua is of middle stature, rather thin in person: he is of a tawny complexion; his hair is less crisp than that of the Negro: he has a flattened nose, sunken cheek, high cheek-bone, small eyes deeply set, and a flat forehead: he has no beard—a little down grows on the upper lip; but seldom on the cheek or the chin. In moral character, he inherits the phlegmatic temperament of the Dutch colonist and the idleness of the Hottentot. Anger alone can rouse him from his habitual sluggishness; but when that passion animates him, he is a true Hottentot—treacherous, malicious, and passionate, giving himself up to unrestrained rage and revenge.

Since the time when the work of the amiable and philanthropic missionary, Cambell, first called the attention of the Christian world to South Africa, numerous missionary stations have been established there, and though for a time, as is the case with all savages sunk in the lowest state of ignorance, little progress was

made; yet the unremitting perseverance of the faithful will at last obtain its reward. The light which gleamed upon the profoundly ignorant and apparently remorseless Africaner, has also lighted up many of the souls of the equally savage Bechuanas. Our lion-hunter, Cumming, bears testimony to the success of the missionaries Moffat, Hamilton, and Livingstone: when at Litakoo he was hospitably entertained by them.

The following testimony to the merits of a well-known and zealous missionary may not be unacceptable to our readers —

‘At Kuruman, or New Litakoo,’ says Mr. Cumming, ‘I was kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained by Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton, both missionaries of the London Society, and also by Mr. Hume, an old trader, long resident at Kuruman. The gardens here are extensive and extremely fertile. Besides corn and vegetables, they contained a great variety of fruits, among which were vines, peach-trees, nectarines, apple, orange, and lemon-trees, all of which, in their seasons, bear a profusion of the most delicious fruit. These gardens are irrigated with the most liberal supply of water from a powerful fountain, which gushes forth, at once forming a little river, from a subterraneous cave, which has several low narrow mouths, but within is lofty and extensive. This cave is stated by the natives to extend to a very great distance under ground. The natives about Kuruman, and the surrounding districts, generally embrace the Christian religion. Mr. Moffat kindly showed me through his printing establishment, church and school rooms, which were lofty and well-built, and altogether on a scale which would not have disgraced one of the towns of the more enlightened colony. It was Mr. Moffat who reduced the Bechuana language to writing and printing, since which, he has printed thousands of Sichuana testaments, as also tracts and hymns, which are now eagerly purchased by the converted natives. Mr. M. is a person admirably calculated to excel in his important calling. Together with a noble and athletic frame, he possesses a face, on which forbearance and Christian charity are very plainly written, and his mental and bodily attainments are great. Minister, gardener, blacksmith, gunsmith, mason, carpenter, glazier,—every hour of the day finds this worthy pastor engaged in some useful employment, setting, by his own exemplary piety and industrious habits, a good example to others to go and do likewise.’

He also, on another occasion, when worn out with fatigue, and deprived of all his oxen by disease, and most of his men by desertion, bears testimony to the prompt and Christian sympathy with which Mr. Livingstone sent a relay of oxen to extricate his wagons off the lonely wilderness, and conduct him to his hospitable missionary station at Kolesberg.

We trust that the time is not far distant, when the exploration of Central Africa will be accomplished. We have seen that, by

the exertions of two private individuals, the discoveries in South Africa have been traced as far north as the 22nd parallel of latitude, and that no impediments, either from climate or the nature of the country, stand in the way of travellers. Thanks to the peaceful and humanizing exertions of the missionaries, the natives, too, would offer no obstruction; but, on the contrary, might be found serviceable for any such expedition.

A few expert hunters to furnish food, and one or more of the intelligent missionaries who know the language and the dispositions of the aborigines, aided by sufficient pecuniary means, might in one season, by starting from the nearest missionary station, penetrate northward so as to reach the country situated around the equator.

ART. III.—*A Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge.* By ADAM SEDGWICK, M.A., F.R.S. The Fifth Edition, with Additions, and a Preliminary Dissertation. John W. Parker. 1850.

PROFESSOR SEDGWICK is one of the Cambridge dons. His geological studies, his easy good-nature, his conversational sparkle, his mind well-stored with facts and generalizations, and his position in the university, all combine to single him out from his fellows, and elevate him upon a pedestal of renown. Cambridge is proud of him, and holds him as one of the master-minds of the age. We can therefore readily anticipate the scorn which will wreath the lips of university-men when they hear that we—undazzled by all this effulgence of greatness—calmly propose to measure the height, breadth, and depth of this master-mind—and, careless of provincial verdicts, presume to estimate this philosopher by a cosmopolitan standard. For it is worth noting at the outset, that Cambridge and Oxford, in spite of their assumption of superiority, are intensely provincial; and nothing is more amusing than to see the great men of their small coteries jostled in a metropolitan crowd, where they sink into insignificance, and instead of being venerated as great ones are recognised at once as provincials. Captain Samuel Gulliver was a Brobdignag at Lilliput, but at Rotherhithe he was a quite ordinary man.

In the bulky volume before us, Professor Sedgwick has given the measure of his intellectual claims. The discourse is no hasty product for the occasion, calling upon us to make allowances. It has been thirteen years before the world, has passed

five times under his revision, has been subject to criticism from friend and foe, and may reasonably be accepted as the careful and matured production of a man who has a reputation to lose. The Preface, which extends over upwards of four hundred pages, enables him to display his varied knowledge of natural history, as well as his powers of dialectics in refuting the *Vestiges*, and in treating of several philosophical speculations. Let us hasten to declare that we owe the Professor no grudge. On the contrary, we esteem him highly in his proper department. But it may be a healthy thing for independent folk, such as we are, to call the attention of that less fettered and conventional portion of the public to which we address ourselves, to a scrutiny, from time to time, of the pretensions put forth from some of our high places. The work before us is, in many respects, lucid, is enriched with a vast array of facts, and written with unflinching spirit. We could, indeed, point out inelegancies and inaccuracies of style, scarcely to be excused in a scholar; but, apart from these, the work is agreeably written, whenever the temperament of the author does not interfere to mar it.

And this leads us to consider the characteristics of his mind, which are in no respect those of a philosopher. He argues like an *irritable woman*. Our fair readers may be assured that we mean nothing disrespectful to them by the phrase: philosophy no less than gallantry would forbid such an intention; but, (as they will themselves readily admit) their tendency being to argue with the feelings rather than with the pure intellect, such argument, however admirable on social and moral questions, wherein the feelings form the subject matter, is necessarily imperfect in scientific questions, wherein the feelings do not enter at all. Professor Sedgwick always reminds us of an amiable and respected aunt who *would* settle knotty points by the test of her likes and dislikes. The opinion he opposes, he vituperates; and naively imagines that his indignation is a syllogism. He has a knack of affixing certain epithets which assume the whole point at issue. Indeed, if there is one peculiarity in him more noticeable than another, it is the singularly feminine habit of *assumption* which accompanies him in his arguments; sometimes this is done boldly, at others quietly and unconsciously; sometimes it lies in the whole tenour of his argument, at others it creeps into an epithet. But at all times and in all places, the style of argument betrays a mind naturally unfitted for the severe processes of ratiocination in any lengthened series. 'Without this supposition,' to use the language applied by him to his *bête noire*, the author of the *Vestiges*, 'it would hardly be possible to acquit him of insincerity. No moral

'accusation is however, brought against him. He writes in 'good faith, and has imposed upon himself before he unconsciously attempted to deceive others.'

Another characteristic of his mind, in which he reminds us strongly of the amiable aunt before alluded to, is the tendency to *aphoristic platitude*, which betrays the domination mere words, when solemnly gathered into oracular form, exercise over him. A bouquet of these flowers of wisdom we will cull, and bind together with a wisp of straw in the way of comment.

Aphorism I.

'A hypothetical spirit may do good service, provided it urge us on to make new experiments; but if we rest content with it, and above all, if it lead us, as it has too often done, to shut our eyes against facts, and to take from nature no repose but such as suits our fantastical belief of what nature ought to be, it must do deadly mischief to the cause of inductive truth.'

Comment on Aphorism I.

The common knife is an instrument which may be found of service if it be applied to purposes of cutting bread, beef, &c.; but if, as it has too often done, it slip along the loaf and cut your finger, the blood will flow and mischief ensue.

Aphorism II.

'Ignorance has ever been the parent of much mischief, and there seems no safer way of putting down the father of lies, than by setting up the empire of truth and reason. But how is this to be brought about? By the diffusion of sound knowledge. On this point there seems to be little difference of opinion in the world.'

Comment on Aphorism II.

All things considered, the above aphorism deserves the highest rank in the category of platitude. The only parallel we can at this moment recal, is the elaborate chapter in which the author's friend, Dr. Whewell, undertakes to explain the cause why Greek philosophy failed to discover the truth, and with exquisite gravity demonstrates that it failed because the Greeks had not true ideas! Do, reader, examine the aphorism. It appears that there seems no *safer* way of getting rid of ignorance than by setting up the empire of truth. The question then naturally arises, 'Ay, but how to do this?' Nothing can be simpler. You must diffuse sound (*i. e.* true) knowledge! Professor Sedgwick, with a gravity worthy of Liston, adds, that on this point there seems to be little difference of opinion.' Very little. We could furnish other truths of similar lucidity. *E. g.*, Cholera is the cause of many deaths, and there seems no *safer* way of putting down this patron of graveyards than by setting up the empire of Health. But how is this to be brought about? By healthy measures!

Cambridge studies, we suppose, could furnish us with many truths as novel and pregnant as the preceding.

Aphorism III.

‘When all men are taught, many must be smatterers in learning; and these smatterers will often turn out the rashest theorists and the boldest teachers. Our voyage cannot be safe and prosperous if we spread our sails before we have waited to take in our ballast.’

Aphorism IV.

‘Because advancing philosophy is fruitful in rash and foolish theories, is knowledge, therefore, to stand still? Because tares may spring up with the wheat, are we therefore to leave the ground unturned, and the seed unsown? To questions such as these *no man in his senses will now dare to give an affirmative reply.* But he will affirm with sober confidence *that popularity is no test of right and wrong*—that in many parts of teaching evil is far more powerful than good—and that a *flattering philosophy is not necessarily true*:—and he will conclude that *unmixed good is not to be looked for in any general scheme of national training*—and that a *one-sided training must produce narrow-mindedness and bigotry*, and other consequences of deadly mischief. In any good scheme of national teaching, the material, moral, and religious parts of nature must all have their proper nutriment, or the body politic will fall into deadly disease, or imbecility.’

Comment on Aphorisms III & IV.

These are two profound aphorisms; the latter is quite a gem, from its culmination of platitude, wherein it would seem as if twaddle followed the same law as eloquence, fed by its own movement, ‘*sicut flamma, materia alitur et motibus excitatur, et urendo clarescit.*’ The sentences in italics may be recommended by the ‘Faculty’ as sedatives for the weak in intellect. It appears that no one in his senses *now* dares affirm that we are not to sow seed because tares will also spring up;—did men in their senses ever affirm that? That ‘popularity is no test of right or wrong’ is an observation, we believe, we have met with before; nor can we plead guilty to entire ignorance of the remark—that ‘unmixed good is scarcely to be looked for in any general scheme of training?’ Even these are, however, surpassed in daring and brilliant felicity by the next aphorism, which the Professor uses as a crushing argument:—

Aphorism V.

WHATEVER IS CONTRARY TO NATURE MUST BE FALSE.*

* We fear our readers will suspect us of a hoax, unless we give the whole passage from which the above colossal fragment of Orphic wisdom is separated. Here it is: ‘But there is an opposite philosophical creed which has been called *ideal*. It denies the very existence of external material nature, and, in a certain sense, may be said to spiritualize the universe. This strange form of metaphysical belief has indeed been adopted by some good religious men. But whatever is contrary to Nature must be false.’—(*Preface*, p. clxxv.)

Comment on Aphorism V.

The commentator, hushed and breathless, cannot bring himself to disturb the oracular symmetry of such an utterance; there are the words,

Non ragionam di lor
Ma guarda e passa.

Aphorism VI.

‘To analyze and separate our ideas is one of the indications of an advanced knowledge. To confound things essentially separated, is a mark of uninstructed ignorance, of stupid indifference, or of audacious folly.’

Comment on Aphorism VI.

Besides the sagacity of this remark, we admire the wording of it—the substantives and adjectives couple so nicely, bring up the rear in the full swell with which a coach-and-six stops at your door. Your man of taste and power is known by few things so readily as by his use of epithets, and, in this case, we comfort ourselves with the thought that henceforth we shall know what is the sign of ‘uninstructed ignorance.’ A dissertation on ignorance might be useful, setting forth the characteristics of ignorance, of ignorance uninstructed, and of ignorance instructed. One so versed in the separation and analysis of ideas as the Professor might profitably undertake such a task.

Aphorism VII.

‘However paradoxical the remark may at first seem, the world would be far worse than it is were not men oftentimes inconsistent.’

Comment on Aphorism VII.

‘This is an ingenious method of furbishing up an old remark by pretending that it will seem ‘paradoxical.’ But our readers are, doubtless, getting weary of this wisdom, so we will quote but one more, and quit the subject.

Aphorism VIII.

‘If it be demanded, what is the office of the imagination? we may reply, that its office consists in its appropriate exercise conjointly with every other faculty of the soul.’

We may reply: certainly, we may, if the fancy seizes us, but whether our reply would be accepted as a philosophic solution is another question.

We pass now to specimens of our author’s logic. It may already have been surmised by the least sagacious reader, that a man who could deliberately write, and correct the proofs of pages containing such philosophy as we have just quoted, is scarcely the man from whom to expect much severe, accurate thinking. The

wisest of men have uttered truisms with gravity; but the second aphorism quoted by us is more than a platitude; it is a sample of circular reasoning which implies a certain flaccidity of brain to fall into. Let us now see how the Professor manages in more deliberate attacks.

We begin with the following onslaught upon the *Vestiges*—a work that has found little commendation in our own pages.

‘What proof, then, have we of the doctrine of spontaneous generation in the living world? In replying that we are utterly without proof, I only state my firm conviction. All the Author’s instances are drawn from the dark corners of nature’s kingdom, where it is almost physically impossible to trace the progress of her workmanship. Sober philosophy would tell him, in such cases, to be guided by analogy; and all analogy is against him. We may presume that he has selected such instances as are best suited to fortify his argument. And what are they?—The *Hydatid*, which sometimes affects the domestic pig, and is supposed not to attack the wild animal; the *Larva* of the *Cenopota cellaris*, which lives nowhere but in wine and beer; an insect which feeds only on chocolate; a *Tinea*, which only attacks dressed wool; and the *Pimelodes cyclopus*, which are only found in subterranean lakes in the old craters of the Andes. How are the negations implied in the three first instances to be proved? How, for example, is it possible to prove that no wild boar is ever attacked by the *Hydatid*? The domestic animals are constantly before us, the wild animals are not. The *Tinea* attacks the fleece, as well as the prepared and manufactured wool. And were the Author’s statement true to the letter it would start no new difficulty; for sheep in the wild state must cast their wool, which, when scoured by the elements, might become a proper nidus for the *Tinea*. The case of the *Pimelodes cyclopus* is only one example, out of many, of animals with a confined habitat: neither is it fairly stated; for those who have described these fishes tell us that they are found in the streams on the mountain-sides as well as in the old craters of the Andes. They are not more difficult to account for than the trout and other fishes so commonly found in the high mountain-lakes of Europe.

‘The *Entozoa* are, beyond comparison, the cases most difficult to account for: but the whole history of many species has been well explained in conformity with the common laws of generation: and, speaking generally, we may ask, if these creatures spring spontaneously without ova, how comes it to pass that nature has provided a means for the continuance of their species, and that some of them are almost incredibly prolific?’—pp. xxii-xxiv.

On the first of these paragraphs we have only to observe, how it is suggested that the facts are incorrectly stated because they may be incorrect. But in the second portion, that, namely, relating to the *Entozoa*, (which in truth furnish the analogy by which ‘sober philosophy should be guided,’) our author rises into his favourite

altitude of wholesale assumption. He admits that there is a difficulty with regard to Entozoa, and gets over the difficulty by assuming the very point at issue—by asking, how it is that nature has provided them with the means of continuing their species if they spring spontaneously without ova? Did it never occur to him, that inasmuch as all organic beings have the means of continuing their species, the question of spontaneous generation never could have been asked if such a fact in the least affected it? The question is not one of continuance but of origination. The tendency of like to produce like was never doubted; the doubt was—can organic matter, under certain conditions, assume a new development otherwise than through generation from ova? This doubt the Professor answers by saying—No, it could not, because we find the Entozoa themselves produce ova. They are *perpetuated* by means of ova, *ergo*, they could not have *originated* without ova. The conclusion here may be sound, but the logic is not.

The next example, on the great argument of design, is amusing from the simplicity which it implies:—

‘When, with admirable skill, our countryman Layard laid bare the ancient palaces of Nineveh, and saw its sculptured stones and monuments, he doubted not that they were the works of a designing hand, though he neither knew the letters of the stone-graven legends, nor the events recorded in the sculptures. Among these stones were some which had been broken by what we commonly regard as accidents—others, which by long exposure during ancient and unknown times, had undergone decay from the corrosive action of the elements—many that were in the very places where they had been first fixed by the builder’s hands. All the phenomena had their natural place and meaning, whether they were the results of accident, of material law, or of intelligent design. *In every instance the philosophical observer referred each phenomenon to its appropriate cause; nor could his mind rest satisfied without drawing this inevitable conclusion.*’—p. clxxix.

Who on earth ever denied that the presence of such effects must suppose the presence of such causes? The question to be settled by our author, as against the author of the ‘Vestiges,’ was—whether there be not effects different from these which suppose the presence of a different causation? And as regards the traces of design, if appealed to at all, they must be appealed to as a whole; and while they prove much, is there no room for the question—do they prove enough? In short, we prize Professor Sedgwick’s facts, but we have no faith in his power to make the best use of them. His logic often fails him in the world of physics, but he never passes from physiology to psychology without going wofully wrong.

We will now glance at our author’s metaphysics. He is very angry with ‘Materialism,’ which he always calls ‘rank,’ though

wherefore he does not show. In our animadversions we must not be supposed to be defending materialism because we take exception to a particular method of opposing it. From the necessary ignorance of all essences—whether material or moral—which is inevitable in this our mundane condition, we hold the discussions respecting materialism to be as vexatiously frivolous as a discussion on the politics of the moon. One thing is quite clear, viz., that the phenomena of thought and sensation are as distinct from the ordinary physical phenomena as the phenomena of organic life are from those of mere mechanism; and, consequently, whatever may be the unknown *prima materia*, all sound philosophy will recognise their necessary separation. But the Professor will never crush materialism by such arguments as this:—

‘Now let us admit (and it is, I think, a very large admission) that the first knowledge of external nature is conveyed to the mind by nothing more than a galvanic action running along the nerves of sense to the central nervous battery or brain; and let us further suppose, that the intentions of the will are conveyed outwards by a kind of reversed action of this battery, through a distinct series of diverging nervous chords, conducting a galvanic fluid from the brain to those organic implements whereby we communicate with the external world. In this view of material nature (if it be real) we may have made a new step in physiology; but, as to the philosophy of the mind, we leave it exactly where it was before; and we have not taken one step towards its comprehension, or thrown out one spark of light for its illumination. Mechanism is not sensation—understanding—thought. Material action, however subtle, is not Will. In that kind of muscular action we are now considering, we find not the *essence* of the Will; we find but the *manifestation* of the Will, acting on us and on the outer world, through the intervention of material organs, and in subordination to material laws.’—pp. clxxxiv-clxxxv.

Where are we to find the *essence* of Will? Has the Professor found it? Has he found the *essence* of anything? If so, let him promulgate his discovery, and immortalize himself, in spite of this Discourse!

Professor Sedgwick belongs to a school characterized by a horror of clearness, which to them is the invariable synonym of shallowness. Unless you consent to see some deep mystery in the very simplest matters, unless you penetrate beyond the plain region of fact and inference into the formless region of transcendental metaphysics, you must put up with the reproach of being ‘shallow, base, and degrading.’ If they find a small stream running clear, they poke into the mud at the bottom, and having made the water turbid, fancy it is profound. At the same time, with a timidity of intellect strangely allied to the arrogance

of their language, they refuse to follow the transcendental school in the bolder flights of deductive logic. If they think Locke 'shallow' they also turn away from Hegel as 'insane.' Not that they understand either one system or the other. To speak plainly, they do not seem possessed of sufficient grasp of intellect really to understand any system. Dr. Whewell, the great Don of the school, is a man of extraordinary capacity in respect of mere retentiveness; but for independent thinking—the power of walking without leading-strings—the faculty of assimilating and reproducing in new forms the material supplied by others, it would be difficult, we believe, to name a writer of any eminence who is not a giant in comparison. Professor Sedgwick is similarly endowed. To hear these men speak disparagingly of Locke raises a smile; to see them bringing forward their 'profundities' in opposition, leads one to curious speculations on the infirmities of intellect which make philosophy the theatre of display. Locke has been far too ably defended in this Review, by another hand, for us to waste much time in rescuing him from the misrepresentations of Professor Sedgwick;* but some remarks are necessary to enable us to set before our readers a fair sample of the school to which we allude.

The fundamental question of Psychology is this: have we any Ideas *not* derived from Experience? That is to say, are we sent into the world furnished with a certain stock of general Ideas which Experience is to call forth; or are we sent into the world furnished only with certain faculties which can fashion Ideas from Experience? Under some modification or other, solutions of these two questions have occupied psychologists, and filled libraries with disputes. Locke had to combat the hypothesis of his day, which plainly stated that we *have* Innate Ideas. He crushed the hypothesis. It has never risen in that shape since. But another shape of it has arisen, which declares, that although Experience must *precede* the formation of Ideas in the mind, yet it only precedes the formation in the way of *stimulus*—it does not furnish the Ideas, it only calls them forth. Thus we have within us certain fundamental Ideas of cause, space, time, number, moral right, &c., which belong to *us*, which are the forms of our own mind, and which are only called into action by Experience. This is ingenious. It has been accepted by men for whom we avow the highest respect—among them Immanuel Kant—but when pushed to its extremes, as by Whewell and Sedgwick, it becomes a mere juggle of language, where it is not a gross fallacy. We shall touch on it presently; meanwhile, let us remark on the strange ignorance displayed by

* Vol. x. pp. 289—337.

Professor Sedgwick in first assenting to the proposition that we have 'no innate knowledge,' and then accusing Locke of almost overlooking 'the distinction between innate ideas and innate capacities,' when the merest tyro could inform him that *this* hypothesis of innate capacities, as *he* understands it, was not thought of in Locke's time! Locke did *not* overlook that we had intellectual *faculties*, i. e. powers of forming ideas; but the hypothesis which *identifies these faculties with ideas* he crushed when he crushed the hypothesis of innate ideas. As a sample of the jugglery by which words are made to do the office of thoughts, read this:—

'Returning then to the point from which we started; if the 'mind be without innate knowledge, is it also to be considered as without innate feelings and capacities—a piece of blank paper, the mere passive recipient of impressions from without? The whole history of man shows this hypothesis to be an outrage on his moral nature. Naked he comes from his mother's womb; endowed with limbs and senses indeed, well fitted to the material world, yet powerless from want of use: and as for knowledge, his soul is one unvaried blank; yet has this blank been already touched by a celestial hand, and when plunged in the colours which surround it, it takes not its tinge from accident but design, and comes forth covered with a glorious pattern.'—p. 53.

If he means to say that—in spite of the comparison of a sheet of blank paper—Locke denied the mind to have innate feelings and capacities, and thought it *passive* as a mirror—and this is what he does mean, if he mean anything,—we beg respectfully to reply, that he has profoundly misunderstood the work he criticises. And if there are innate capacities, what is the value of the distinction set forth in the paper, 'touched by a celestial hand, which, when plunged in the colours that surround it, (experience), comes out covered with a glorious pattern?' How does it differ from Locke's theory, except in the assumption insinuated that the pattern already existed, *i. e.*, that the ideas were *already* there? The very point Locke had crushed, and which the Professor had given up.

We will now discuss the theory of Fundamental Ideas, as employed by the Professor, in regard to causation.

'There is a *principle of causality* within us without which we could never ascend to any conception of general truth, or of law and order, whether material or immaterial. By what means we rise to the abstract conception of *Cause* is perhaps of little moment to my present inquiry. I pretend not to discuss the theories of Hume or Brown, of Kant or Cousin, or of any school of psychology that professes to analyse the steps by which we rise to a general conception of *Cause*. The idea of cause

may be in part suggested by the sequence of material phenomena; and it may be more emphatically suggested by the immediate acts and consequences of our own volition. But the succession of material phenomena, and the acts of his own volition, would never lead a man to the highest form of truth, were there not a principle within himself, a part of his very being, whereby he is led to something far above what he knows and learns by his own experience.'—pp. clxxvii-clxxviii.

With the greater part of this we have no quarrel, further than to protest against the excessive vagueness of its wording. What is meant by a 'principle of causality,' other than the power which the mind possesses of conceiving antecedents as causes, we are puzzled to say. So stated, every Lockist would accept it. But by means of the equivocal lying in the word 'principle,' the Professor is able to slide imperceptibly into the doctrine of innate ideas, and to maintain that we have within us not only the power of perceiving a connexion between antecedents and sequents, but also an innate conception of cause in the abstract; that is to say, we have certain Fundamental Ideas, of which Cause is one, given us, independent of all experience, and belonging to us by a right divine. In the paragraph following that just cited, he says,—

'It may indeed be said that we observe an undeviating sequence of material phenomena, and thence derive our first ideas of some connecting *material Cause*: but if we examine the origin and progress of our knowledge, it will, I think, be found that we have an earlier and firmer conception (however imperfect it may be) of a personal, intelligent, and *designing cause*. For in childhood, when we first begin to reason, we often endow the material things around us with life and volition. And in advancing age, after we have learnt to modify our first impressions, whenever we describe the order of material organic nature, we almost of necessity clothe our meaning in words expressive of the acts of a prescient and designing power.'—pp. clxxviii-clxxix.

In another, such reasoning might astonish us, but we are hardened against astonishment at anything our author may say. It is quite true, that in childhood we do endow material things with life and volition; but that fact has usually been attributable to our ignorance of material things, rather than to our possession of eternal and necessary truths. Dr. Whewell, thinking to settle the question of necessary truths, says, 'that the two sides of a triangle are greater than the third, is true in such a way that the contrary cannot be conceived, and that experience could not prove such a proposition.' The same may be said of this truth: 'Fire burns paper.' The contrary cannot be conceived. Why? Because our experience of fire is precisely this, that it

will burn paper, just as our experience of the two sides of a triangle is, that they *are* greater than the third. In fact, to attempt to seek the idea of cause, otherwise than through our actual experience, or the suggestions of experience, is to transcend all human nature; and Professor Sedgwick himself, with an amiable disregard of self-contradiction, has forcibly stated this in his attack upon idealism.

‘Our conception of a law of gravitation is, no doubt, so far ideal that it is gained by an ideal act of the mind. But how is it gained? Not by a flash of ideal inspiration, unguided and unsuggested by experience; but by observation upon observation, and by experiment upon experiment, gradually suggesting to the mind one of the forms of general truth. It is by an inductive effort of the mind that our knowledge which is experimental and particular, is made to pass into the form of knowledge which is ideal and general. But this ideal and general form of truth never could have had any being without a previous knowledge that is sensual and experimental. Neither can this ideal knowledge ever become independent of the experimental. For after we have evolved from the mind what we suppose an ideal truth, (expressed in a formal proposition that defines a supposed material law,) we are bound to test, again and again, by new experiments: and should these new experiments fail in their aim, then our ideal truth breaks down, and either loses its very being as a natural truth, or must be so modified in form as to comprehend within itself all the facts of our last experiments. To assume that we can evolve from the mind the general truths of material science without experiment, is to desert the plain beaten road of inductive truth, and to seek our way in an impenetrable wilderness.’—pp. cc—cci.

In fact, the Professor will not side with the Lockists, because Locke is ‘shallow, base, and degrading;’ nor will he side with the idealists, because idealism is Germanism, and Germanism is his abhorrence. His knowledge of physical science, and his English training, have preserved him from transcendental absurdities, (and let us add, in passing, that his onslaught upon Oken is one of the best parts of his book), but he has dabbled a little in metaphysics, and his mind, never very clear, has been fuddled by Coleridge and Whewell, till he has grown ashamed of Locke, whom he will not accept, even while accepting Locke’s main positions: for, in giving up innate ideas, he is forced to accept the position that we are dependent upon experience for our knowledge; and although he tries to make a grand distinction respecting our innate *capacities*, we have seen that, in as far as we can legitimately allow for those capacities, without falling into the doctrine of innate ideas, Locke himself distinctly admitted them. To place this matter in its clearest light, we

will only refer to the aphorism of Leibnitz, so constantly insisted on by Dr. Whewell and his school: '*Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu, nisi ipse intellectus.*' This is thought a crushing answer to Locke; yet Dr. Whewell may be informed, that Leibnitz himself, when making the distinction, said, '*Cela s'accorde assez avec votre auteur de l'essai (Locke) qui cherche une bonne partie des idées dans la réflexion de l'esprit sur sa propre nature.*'* Locke himself explicitly says, 'When the understanding is once stored with these simple ideas, it has the power to repeat, compare, and unite them, even to an almost infinite variety, and so can make, at pleasure, new complex ideas.' Thus, whenever you track this Whewellian school through the bewildering maze of its verbiage to the central positions, you always find them either in the old positions entertained by the Lockist, but disguised by ambiguous rhetoric, or else in some new morass of error.

Professor Sedgwick is somewhat difficult to grapple with; he always slips through by means of an ambiguity or a contradiction. He is fond of legerdemain, as, where he quietly speaks of Locke's 'Essay on the Understanding' as a 'system of psychology'(!) and then rails at him for 'excluding the *imagination*, thus mutilating the faculties of the soul.' Suppose we were to speak of this 'Discourse' as a 'system of Pedagogy,' and take the Professor to task for omitting all mention of aesthetics; would he be gratified by our fairness? But this omitted imagination, which enables the Professor to pour forth so much tawdry eloquence, is an unfortunate topic in his hands. He first accuses Locke of *discarding* it from his system, of *depriving* man of its lofty power; and afterwards he accuses Locke of *denouncing* imagination as a fraud upon the reason. Nor is this all. As a specimen of his substitution of rhetoric for reason, hear this:—

'Of the imaginative powers he hardly says one word, or speaks of them only to condemn them. Yet are they so woven into our nature that they mingle themselves with almost every word and deed—aid us in the interchange of thought—ever give delight, in their exercise, both to savage and civilized man—nor can they for a moment be put off, except by an effort of the mind, in the severe abstractions of exact science. For a metaphysician to discard these powers from his system, is to shut his eyes to the loftiest qualities of the soul, and is as unaccountable as it would be for a physiologist to overlook the very integuments of our animal frame.

'It is by imagination, more perhaps than by any other faculty of the soul, that man is raised above the condition of a beast. Beasts have senses in common with ourselves, and often in higher perfection:

* Leibnitz: *Nouveaux Essais*, II., ch. i.

to a certain extent also they possess, I think, the powers of abstraction, though this is denied by Locke; but of the imaginative powers they offer perhaps no single trace. These high attributes of the soul confer on it a creative energy—aid it even in its generalizations from pure reason—bring before it vivid images of the past and glowing anticipations of the future—teach it to link together material and immaterial things, and to mount up from earth to heaven. All that is refined is civilized life, all that is lofty in poetry or ennobling in art, flows chiefly from this one fountain.

‘As a matter of fact men do possess imaginative powers, and ever have delighted, and ever will delight in their exercise: and to exclude them from a system of psychology is to mutilate, and not to analyse, the faculties of the soul. They may have been abused; but what of that? every faculty has been abused and turned to evil. Shall we, then, not merely overlook the powers of imagination; but, with Locke, regard men who appeal to them in their proofs and mingle them in their exhortations, as no better than downright cheats? If this be our conclusion, then must the sublime morality of Job—the inspired song of David—the rapturous anticipations of deliverance in the prophecies of Isaiah, stamped in the loftiest forms of poetic imagery, and falling on the ear as if proclaimed by an angel’s voice from the gates of heaven—and the fervent testimony of thousands of holy men in every age declaring and enforcing the oracles of God—all and every one of these heart-stirring appeals must fall under our cold and senseless condemnation.’—pp. 48—50.

‘That strain I heard was of a higher mood,’ and vividly recalls the respected, but not very philosophical, aunt, formerly mentioned. Locke says, that imagination is not proof. Whereupon the Professor, without boldly saying imagination *is* proof, flies off at a tangent, and declaims upon the wonders of imagination, the sublime morality of Job,—the rapturous eloquence of David and Isaiah,—the absolute connexion of which with the matter in hand, is by no means clear to us. But who would expect, after such a tirade against Locke, in favour of the absolute right of imagination, to find the Professor as stoutly *opposed* to the dominion of imagination as the shallow Locke himself? Such is the case. Writing against the Tractarians, he thus unequivocally eats his own words:—

‘Another fruitful cause of error, nearly allied to the former, and often making a part of it, is the energy, and, sometimes, the despotism of the imagination. We may well believe that the imagination was intended, by the Providence who gave it to us and made it a part of our inner nature, to have a mighty influence over the belief and conduct of mankind: but it was never meant to triumph at the cost of better knowledge, or to rule over the actions of men without the sanction of enlightened reason. Its best office is to co-operate with

reason by influencing the heart and affections ; so that reason may not be a mere cold and inoperative assent to truth (whatsoever the form of truth may be); but may be carried out, and shine before men, in the acts of daily life.

‘Men are often driven mad through their senses: and it is imagination that mainly helps on this madness. We are all acted on more powerfully by a public speaker than by a didactic essay, though it convey the very sentiments of the speaker. In one case, we have the lively sympathy of the senses acting on the imagination, and the contagious influence of association with a crowd of fellow-listeners. In the other, we have the mere cold acquiescence of reason. But the former is not necessarily better than the latter; nay, it may be ten times worse; for, in cases where truth and falsehood are mixed together, and can only be separated by the calm decisions of unembarrassed reason, it may become a mere theatrical emotion that leads us from the truth.’—pp. ccccxix—ccccxii.

In the one passage, a man who trusts to his reason in the search after truth, is pronounced cold, senseless, narrow; in the other, a man who is guided otherwise than by the calm decisions of unembarrassed reason, is a madman, or an actor. This contradiction is the more remarkable, because it is precisely in the case where the introduction of imagination would be absurd, that he rails at its omission; and precisely in the place where its introduction is indispensable, that he is indignant at its presence! In questions of science, such as those mooted by Locke, imagination has no legitimate action; but in religion, the question mooted by professor Sedgwick in the above passage, all the faculties of the soul are properly called into play.

Locke is also guilty of another crime, viz., the denial of an *innate moral sense*, which distinguishes between right and wrong, virtue and vice, as the eye distinguishes between black and white, green and red. This crime he shares with Paley, against whom, and the Utilitarians, the Professor thunders relentless rhetoric. We have no space, on the present occasion, to enter fully into this much-debated question. Let us admit, however, that the Professor's attack on Paley is not altogether undeserved; and let us also say, that the Utilitarian theory of morals, though we believe it has its truth, when properly understood, does, nevertheless, labour under enormous disadvantages from the very loose, inaccurate, and revolting terms which have unfortunately been chosen for it. Our generous instincts and disinterested feelings, our lofty sentiments and noblest aspirations, are fully recognised by the Utilitarian as actively operating; but these feelings are in such antagonism to any idea that can be formed of utility, that the word becomes ludicrous when applied to them. In the observations which follow, we have only the

subordinate object of exposing Professor Sedgwick's reasoning, not of settling a controverted point in psychology.

The dispute is really nothing more than a corollary from the dispute respecting innate ideas. The *facts* no one denies. That we have conscience is as true as that we have reason. That we have moral feelings and moral judgments, approving some actions and condemning others, both parties are agreed. The dispute is a psychological one, whether these feelings draw their existence from a central faculty, set apart in the soul, and devoted exclusively to the perception of absolute right; or whether they depend upon the same laws as those which regulate *all* our complex ideas and feelings. In other words, the question may be put thus:—Is there an immutable morality—a property inherent in certain acts, which can be perceived by us with the same uniformity as the property of colour is perceived by the eye? Have we an innate idea of what is right? Professor Sedgwick would of course evade the statement of our possessing any innate ideas, but he returns to his old modification of faculties:—

‘Another great fault in the Essay of Locke (involved, I think, in his very system, which, looking only to the functions of the soul, forgets its innate capacities), is its omission of the faculties of moral judgment. That such faculties exist, is proved by the sense of shame in a child, by the natural feelings of manhood, by the language of every country, and the code of every nation: and lastly, by the word of God, which speaks of conscience not as a word of convention—a mere creation of the social system; but as something implanted in our bosoms by the hand of our Maker, to preside there and pass judgment on our actions. We read of men *convicted in their own conscience—living in all good conscience*—we are told of *the law written in the hearts (of the Gentiles)*, and of *their conscience also bearing witness*—we read of *a conscience void of offence—of the answer of a good conscience towards God—of holding forth and a good conscience—and of a conscience seared with a hot iron* through long familiarity with sin. What meaning have words like these, if we may at our own will strip conscience of its sanction, and think of it no longer as a heaven-born rule of action?”—p. 51.

We must pause to take breath after such a passage; every sentence of it would furnish us with a text, did we need specimens of his vicious logic. But we cannot afford to luxuriate in refutation, and must restrict our criticism to two points.

First: that Locke denied the faculties of moral judgment, is simply an egregious blunder. He did nothing of the kind. What he denied was, that we have any innate idea of what actions are in themselves virtuous—any idea which could *direct*

the moral judgment. He never denied the feelings of remorse, the promptings and the approbation of conscience; how could he deny them? But his denial amounted precisely to what his denial of innate truths amounted to, viz., not that man was destitute of the faculties for ascertaining truth, but that he was endowed at birth with truth ready-made. Secondly: the faculties are 'proved to exist.' No one has denied their existence; but the Professor insists on proving it, and proves it by—what? By the sense of shame in children! A more unfortunate example could not have been chosen: the Professor is always unfortunate when he touches upon children. We confidently appeal to any person who has observed children, whether the sense of shame is not quite a slow growth, always depending upon their fear of disapprobation or punishment, and never manifesting itself respecting actions it has not previously been blamed for. The murderous love of power, which makes children cruel, becomes checked in after life by their shame, and sympathy with suffering creatures, but *only* when the cruel acts have been frequently blamed by parents. Besides, the sense of shame, even if spontaneous, affords no evidence of the existence of an innate idea of right and wrong, for shame is often felt when disapprobation or ridicule is thrown upon a child, even if it know that its actions have not been wrong. The Professor continues:—

'Let it not be said that our moral sentiments are superinduced by seeing and tracing the consequences of crime. The assertion is not true. The early sense of shame comes before such trains of thought, and is not, therefore, caused by them; and millions, in all ages of the world, have grown up as social beings and moral agents, amenable to the laws of God and man, who never traced or thought of tracing the consequences of their actions, nor ever referred them to any standard of utility. Nor let it be said that the moral sense comes of mere teaching—that right and wrong pass as mere words, first from the lips of the mother to the child, and then from man to man; and that we grow up with moral judgments gradually ingrafted in us from without, by the long-heard lessons of praise and blame, by the experience of fitness, or the sanction of the law. I repeat that the statement is not true—that our moral perceptions show themselves not in such order as this. The question is one of feeling: and *the moral feelings are often strongest in very early life, before moral rules or legal sanctions have once been thought of.* Again; what are we to understand by teaching? Teaching implies capacity: one can be of no use without the other. A faculty of the soul may be called forth, brought to light, and matured; but cannot be created, any more than we can create a new particle of matter, or invent a new law of nature.'—p. 52.

Let it not be said that our moral sentiments are superinduced by seeing and tracing the consequences of crime—this is either a truism, or else so diametrically opposed to all our experience, that we hesitate to affix a meaning to it. When our author talks about men ‘who never thought of tracing the consequences of their actions,’ he talks of a race with whom we profess complete unacquaintance. Generally it will be admitted, that the consequences of a crime are what lead men to reflect upon and abhor it. No, says the Professor, the moral indignation precedes any contemplation of consequences, and recognises the crime as a crime by the light of its moral sense. How, then, account for the enormous *variation* in the estimates of actions which we see in various ages and in various nations? How does the virtue of one age, or of one country, become the vice of another?

Again the Professor recurs to his astonishing blunder about children, and tells us, that the moral feelings are strongest before sanctions have been thought of. We refer him to any nursery in the kingdom! Nay, more, if the moral sense is so acute and unerring in childhood, wherefore the elaborate and incessant injunctions which beset the waking hours of the young rioters, telling them to avoid pulling off the legs of flies and squashing spiders, bidding them not kick their infant brothers, scratch their nurses, and appropriate the property of others? Why is Master Jackey so impressively warned against being ‘naughty?’ Why is he taught that some actions are ‘wicked,’ and that those who do wrong are sent to prison and hung? If the innate idea of virtue lies in his soul, why does not his moral sense discern it just as his visual sense discerns the glowing richness of the peach’s cheek? Oh! but teaching implies capacity, you say. Who ever doubted it? Who ever said that man had not a *capacity* for the formation of moral judgments and moral feelings? No one ever said it. But because I deny that a cat thrown down where five ways cross, must of necessity run up the way going due east, and up *no* other, I do not deny the faculty of running possessed by the cat. The question in dispute is not one of capacity, but one of a moral sense, distinct from the rest of our faculties. The Professor, in the following passage, assaults Paley.

‘He commences by denying the sanction and authority of the moral sense; and brings the matter to a point, by putting forth an instance, which, like an *experimentum crucis*, is at once to be decisive of the question. Having detailed a case of cold-blooded parricide, he asks whether ‘a savage, cut off in his infancy from all intercourse with his species, would, when told of this, feel any sentiment of disapprobation.’ We may reply, (as Paley seems to do,) that he certainly

would not : for neither could he possibly comprehend the meaning of the tale ; nor, if he did, could he find a word to express his natural abhorrence of the crime. If this reply be thought too technical, and only a shifting of the difficulty, we may meet the case in a different way, and combat one ideal instance by another. Suppose a solitary being placed from childhood in the recesses of a dungeon and shut out from the light of day, then must he grow up without one idea from the sense of light. But should we thence conclude that the sense was wanting ? Let him be brought into the light ; and by laws of vision, over which he has no control, he will, like other beings, gain knowledge from the sense of sight. Let the solitary savage, in like manner, come from the recesses of the forest into commerce with his fellow-beings ; and he will also, by the law of his moral nature, as inevitably gain a sense of right and wrong ; and he will then pass a natural judgment on the crime of parricide, like that of any other rational and responsible man. No one now speaks of an innate knowledge of morality ; an innate moral sense or faculty, defining and determining the quality of our moral judgments, is all for which we contend ; and Paley's instance is quite worthless for his argument.'—pp. 57, 58.

Observe this argument, especially its illustration. A man confined in the recesses of a dungeon, will, when brought into the light, *see* ; so a man shut out from the light of civilization will, when brought into *commerce with his fellow men*, inevitably distinguish right from wrong. That is the Professor's case. We reply, that the man brought into the light must see what *all* eyes see ; but the man brought into commerce with his fellow-men will only see what these men see, and their restricted and peculiar notions of what is right and what is wrong will be adopted by him because they will teach him these notions. In proof whereof we refer to the diversities of moral judgment in different nations. Parricide and infanticide, so shocking to our moral sense, find among some nations a hearty approval or an indifferent toleration. The cannibal may feed upon a civilized man with infinite relish, and may be astonished at any well-constituted mind refusing to partake of 'a slice of cold clergyman.' Some glimmer of such things seems to have opened upon the Professor in the last sentence of the above extract, for he says that no one now speaks of an innate *knowledge* of morality. What then is it that you contend for as innate ? Why, 'the moral sense or faculty defining and determining the quality of our moral judgments.' But observation with that 'extensive view,' in which it 'surveys mankind, from China to Peru,' tells us unequivocally, that the defining and determining of our judgments depend upon the general state of opinion in our community, much more than upon any unerring monitor

within. As a Christian minister, we respectfully submit, the Professor should long ago have felt this as a truth. The great moral teachings of the Gospel were revelations to man, which his 'moral sense' knew not, or at best dimly perceived.

We conclude our observations on this subject with some extracts from a little work published some years ago by Pickering, and to which we earnestly recommend the attention of Professor Sedgwick, if he sincerely wishes to understand the theory he so vehemently opposes. It is entitled a *Discourse on the Ethics of the School of Paley*. By William Smith, Esq. He distinguishes between

'The spontaneous approval or disapproval which arises in each individual on contemplating actions and affections productive of pleasure and pain to themselves or others,—and the feeling of obligation which is superadded to the spontaneous sentiment, and which is imposed on each by the general voice of society. The moral approbation we actually feel is a combination of the two. This distinction between a spontaneous and a moral approbation is quite overlooked by those eager reasoners who first detail some act of parricide, or other deed of mingled horror and agony, and then triumphantly ask, whether any mortal would need a reference to the opinion of others before he disapproved and resented the outrage. Certainly not. He would instantly recoil from and denounce the deed; and it is precisely because he, and all others, feel and express this instantaneous abhorrence, that any one who henceforward contemplates such a transaction views it clad, not only in its native horrors, but invested also with the gathered execration of mankind. The opinion of society (with the social influences included under that expression) does not constitute actions to be good or bad, amiable or detestable, which they must previously have been in order that such an opinion should exist, but it superinduces a new feeling of obligation to perform or restrain from those actions; it makes *good* and *bad* to be also *right* and *wrong*.'

And elsewhere:—

'The difficulty and indeed the necessity of a mental analysis arises from this, that the order of time in which certain feelings were originally developed is no longer apparent. Each man, when he comes to look abroad upon society, or to reflect upon his own mind, finds himself in a scene of extreme complexity, surrounded by a mechanism the most intricate and in unceasing operation. All is now complex both in the scene and the observer; and feelings which are the result of long social communion, or curious associations of thought, stand out as prominently to view as the most simple emotions. With respect to the moral feelings, we were introduced to these as they exist in their last and mature stage. He who taught us of *right* and *wrong*, taught us not as from himself, but as the representative of some other power

which he never disclosed; he had forgotten, or had not traced, or would not think of describing the source of that feeling of reverence he was communicating, and which he was pressing on us by the mandate of parents, friends, and society, as something which parents, friends, and society enforced, saying nothing of their being the sole sustainers and authors of it. Such being the manner of our instruction, what wonder if, when we come to reflect upon our own minds, we should discover there a vague sentiment of duty, but not detect so readily the power to which obedience is due?"

Enough, we fancy, has been said already to enable the reader to form a tolerable estimate of the extraordinary incapacity for philosophic thinking, which Professor Sedgwick displays in this volume; and now we must say something more directly in favour of the work. For, as may be expected from the high scientific attainments of the author, there is much that is really valuable in it, so long as he confines himself to natural history, and does not pass into questions of philosophy, for which neither his intellect nor his training seem to have fitted him.

Two-thirds of the work are directed against the *Vestiges*. Our opinion of that theory has already been recorded at length (vide *British Quarterly*, No. V.), and we cannot re-open the question; but this we must say, that, as an array of hostile facts, there has been no such answer as the one given in this *Discourse*, though the same looseness of argument, upon which we have already commented, follows the Professor even here, and weakens the force of his reply. The sections on spontaneous generation, transmutation of species, foetal transformations, and on the organic phenomena of geology, are enriched from the opulence of a well-stored mind.

Here is some hard hitting in answer to the *Explanations, a Sequel to the Vestiges*, in which the author replies to the Edinburgh reviewer—known to be Professor Sedgwick himself:—

'(1) Has he answered the Reviewer's statement—that, in the very beginning of foetal life there are phenomena that seem of themselves to imply definite and specific differences? He has not, I believe, even made the attempt.

'(2) Has he answered the objection of the Reviewer—that, during the early progress of foetal life, in animals of the higher grade, three great Divisions of the animal kingdom are passed over without any corresponding foetal type? He has made the attempt, and failed. We learn, he tells us, from the *Bridgewater Treatise* of Dr. Roget, that animals of a high grade exhibit, during their early foetal progress, 'a marked resemblance to the lowest animals of the same series.' This may be true in a popular sense; but it is not anatomically true that these resemblances produce any confusion of species. The quotation

proves nothing to the Author's purpose, and I know that Dr. Roget repudiates its application.

'Again, he tells us, 'the Reviewer states what is not true, if any faith is to be placed on the first authorities of the age . . . for have we not seen Mr. Owen affirming that the human embryo is first *vermiform*? In the sentence from which this word is taken Professor Owen wrote in figurative language, and never meant to be anatomically exact. The first 'organic streak' (or rudiment of a back-bone) may well be called vermiform: but it has not the structure of a worm; and it has appendages, that are as true a part of the nascent fœtus as the 'streak,' and involve a development of the higher grades of animal life. I have consulted Professor Owen, more than once, on the very point in question, and he confirmed every atom of the Reviewer's statement: nay, so exactly did his language agree with that of the Reviewer, that one seemed almost the echo of the other. With the interpolation of one single word (to prevent a quibble) I can, with the utmost confidence, repeat the assertion of the Reviewer—that among the vertebrata during the early foetal progress, 'no physiologist has observed the shadow of any change assimilating (anatomically) the nascent *embryo* to any of the *Radiata*, *Articulata*, or *Mollusca*.'

'(3) Has the Author replied to the statement of the Reviewer—that the fœtus of a mammal never breathes by gills, and is never, for an instant, in the true anatomical condition of a fish? He has done no such thing. He has contented himself with repeating his early blunder.

'(4) Has he replied to the argument of Dr. Clark; and especially to his statement respecting the foetal changes in the heart of a mammal? He has not, so far as I know, even made the attempt; and in his sixth edition (*Vestiges*, p. 207) he has gravely repeated his old blunder, forgetting the labours of the great anatomists formally quoted against him by Dr. Clark!

'(5) Has he replied to the concluding remarks of Dr. Clark on the apparatus supplied by nature for the full maturity of the foetal form? They are all passed over. But he informs us (*Explanations*, p. 108) that his theory has been misrepresented. He only meant to state that 'there is a resemblance in general character between the particular embryotic state of being and the mature condition and form of the appropriate inferior animal,' &c. He is, undoubtedly, the best interpreter of his own words: but they sounded differently in the ears of all who read them; and by himself they were applied, again and again, as if they were used in the very sense given to them by the Reviewer. While speaking of the foetal changes of a man, the Author tells us, in his last edition, 'that the organic structures pass through conditions generally resembling a worm, a fish, a reptile, a bird, and the lower mammalia,' &c. But he has not always expressed his meaning with like caution; and I may remark that 'general resemblances' will not serve his purpose. His scheme of development supposes that the fœtus passes through the ascending organic scale—

that it may be thrown off by abortion, and live and propagate its likeness on an inferior grade, that a Reptile, in this way, may produce a Fish, or a Mammal may produce a Reptile. On the other hand—that by improved incubation or gestation the offspring may rise on the organic scale above the parent's grade—that a goose's egg (for example) may produce a rat. This theory (if it deserve the name of theory) has no meaning, unless we take for granted that the foetal changes of a mammal do produce something more than *general resemblances*. They must produce foetal conditions *identical* with the several grades of animal life, which they are, by the hypothesis, assumed capable of generating. It was against this view that Dr. Clark's argument was directed; and, so far as I know, not the shadow of a reply has been given to it.—pp. xxxvi—xxxix.

See also pp. xxix—xxxv for something equally effective on foetal transformation.

Besides these reiterated thrusts at the *Vestiges*, there are sections full of interest on the Nebular Hypothesis, on Oken's *Physiophilosophy*, roughly enough handled, on the modern Atheistic and Pantheistic tendencies, and on the Evidences of Christianity; all these gathered together into an *olla podrida*, cooked at a fire that lacks not fuel, make up a 'stimulating' dish, which, if it does not reflect great credit on the University of Cambridge may nevertheless be tasted with advantage by the curious.

ART. IV. (1.) *The Phantom World; or, the Philosophy of Spirits, Apparitions, &c.* By AUGUSTINE CALMET. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. 2 vols. Small 8vo. London. Bentley. 1850.

(2.) *Letters on the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions.* By HERBERT MAYO, M.D. Small 8vo. Edinburgh. Blackwood. 1849.

(3.) *The Night Side of Nature; or, Ghosts and Ghost Seers.* By CATHERINE CROWE. 2 vols. Small 8vo. London. Newby. 1848.

It is a remark, we think of Coleridge, that all opinions which gain an extensive and popular acceptance, and which retain a permanent hold upon the minds of a people, must possess some element of truthfulness. For what is entirely false will either never secure a general approval, or must soon cease to interest, and will terminate by a natural decay. '*On suppose difficilement,*' (says Sainte Croix, in his Critical Examination of the Historians of Alexander,) '*une chose pleine d'in vraisemblance; et, osons le dire, un fait de cette nature est rarement controuvé.*'

There is a limit to the invention of the fabulist, as well as to the credulity of the public; and this limit consists in that truth-loving tendency of our nature which will accept, and even heighten, the narration that approves itself as probable to our instinctive perceptions, but rejects with aversion the monstrous inconsistency against which this instinct entirely rebels.

A careful examination of many of the traditions, mythologies, and vulgar errors of past and present times, will serve only to establish the truth of these observations. The classical mythology is, throughout, a system of fables founded on historic facts, or inculcating obscurely the fundamental truths of science and morality. Even the common superstitions of our own times, and which attach themselves to our own population, when subjected to philosophical inquiry, may often prove to be founded upon some truthful observation of nature, though now accepted as a tradition from the wisdom of former ages, with an unintelligent and superstitious belief. Thus, a late well-known philosopher, eminent in science and literature,* explains upon scientific grounds the rural auguries as to the state of the weather;—

‘ Evening red and morning grey
Are the sure signs of a fine day.’

and,

‘ A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd’s warning;
A rainbow at night is the shepherd’s delight.’

Also the belief that it is unlucky for anglers in the spring to see a single magpie; but two may be always regarded as a favourable omen. The simple explanation of this last superstition we may be permitted to quote. ‘The reason is that, in cold and stormy weather, one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones; but when two go out together, the weather is warm and mild, and thus favourable for fishing.’ So, the spilling of salt ‘may arise, as I have known it, from a disposition to apoplexy, shown by an incipient numbness in the hand, and may be a fatal symptom.’ Again, ‘the vulture follows armies, and I have no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instincts of birds.’

Many of the superstitions of our ancestors are the accredited facts of modern science; only what was heretofore attributed, with a credulous and easy faith, to supernatural agency, may now, in many cases, be proved to admit of rational explanation, subject to known laws, like other natural phenomena. The rigorous exactitude of scientific observation may deprive the

* Vide Sir H. Davy’s ‘*Salmonia : or Days of Fly-Fishing.*’

wonder of much poetical or fanciful exaggeration and improvement, though it detects and confirms the substratum of fact. Thus, our forefathers regarded the appearance of a fiery meteor in the air as a portent dire of pestilence or war; it was believed to be a miraculous interference for warning or correction; and terror, or credulity, or pious fraud, heightened the description, and spoke of a fiery sword or a winged angel depicted in the sky. The improbability so given to the narration led to its entire discredit in the minds of many; but the fact of the occasional, and not unfrequent, appearance of comets, or other meteors, whose natural forms might, to a fanciful or heated imagination, present some resemblance to the forms described, is now established, and the orbits and times of re-appearance of many of these comets are calculated with accuracy; and many facts in the natural history of aerolites and other meteors are examined and ascertained. So lately as the commencement of the present century, the *élite* of the French *savans* repelled, with some severity, the relation of a shower of aerolites; though within a few days they were obliged to acknowledge the reality and not unfrequent recurrence of the phenomenon.

The pert philosopher, whose wisdom is established at little cost by gravely disbelieving and denying all that his limited reason cannot comprehend, will fall into as many grievous errors and contradictions as the easy credulist who receives each statement with unquestioning belief. Profound minds are those most likely to question the sufficiency of their own reason, and may believe, on competent evidence, even what their own intelligence is unable to explain. It is but a philosophic caution to question the correctness of some marvellous narration standing alone and opposed to all former experience;—to suppose either error of judgment, or intentional deception on the part of the observer; but when parallel instances are brought forward occurring at various and unconnected periods of time, and in different and remote places, the statement assumes a scientific importance, and the supposed fact becomes worthy of investigation; the mystery may now perhaps be found susceptible of a rational solution; or, should it still remain obscure, though all *a priori* reasonings be opposed to its reality, still, upon sufficient evidence it must be admitted as a curious fact, to wait the illumination of a deeper acquaintance with the recondite operations of nature. Mrs. Crowe, in her introductory chapter, quotes La Place in his *Essay on Probabilities*, who says that ‘any case, however apparently incredible, if it be a recurrent case, is as much entitled, under the laws of induction, to a fair valuation, as if it had been more probable beforehand.’

This philosophic spirit of cautious investigation is not more opposed to the arrogant scepticism of superficial learning, than it is to the vulgar superstition and love of wonder which delights in the horrible and the marvellous, and finds a ready solution for each event, obscure to its own narrow intelligence, in the intervention of some demoniacal, or other supernatural agency. Of how many of the most striking appearances of external nature has the devil the undisputed credit by popular acclamation! We have devil's bridges, and the devil's backbone, and his punch-bowl, and his island, and his nose, &c.* In estimating the value of any hearsay statement likewise, we must not forget the tendency to fresh exaggeration at each repetition, which this large development of the organ of wonder in the uncultivated mind so much encourages. Really the well-known fable of the three black crows is no great over-statement of the possible exaggeration which a curious tale may undergo in the course of several repetitions.

'Fama, malum, quo non aliud velocius ullum,
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.
Parva metu primò; mox sese attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.'

The age previous to the last century was one of credulity and superstition; men were in all things too superstitious. Witchcraft was universally believed; and so much did this popular belief influence the imagination, that many persons languished and pined merely from the conceit that they were under the influence of some evil spell. We know how cruel was the persecution against aged crones and others charged with this odious crime; but there were some who *volunteered* the confession of their practice of the art, and attested, by their death, their belief in their own demoniacal possession. Ghosts and apparitions, with all their trumpery, of every form and hue, were customary visitations; there were fairies and familiar spirits; there were sorcerers and magicians who told fortunes and discovered stolen goods and hidden treasures; astrologers who cast nativities, and necromancers who raised the dead; and occult philosophers who sought to elaborate the philosopher's stone and

*When John Faustus sold, as manuscripts, the first printed books produced by his newly discovered art, the faculty of Paris, finding the exact agreement of each line, each blemish, and each defect in spelling, concluded at once that this was the work of the devil, to whom Faustus must have bartered his soul. 'The devil,' says Calmet, 'has a thousand things imparted to him in which he has no share. They give him the honour of predictions, revelations, secrets, and discoveries, which are by no means the effect of his power, or penetration; as in the same manner he is accused of having caused all sorts of evils, tempests, and maladies, which are purely the effect of natural but unknown causes.' Calmet, vol. i. p. 51.

the elixir vitæ. By degrees men became alive to the folly and the cruelty of many of these pretended wonders; a reactionary tendency appeared and rapidly gained ground; mankind were becoming so wise and rational that everything which seemed beyond the ordinary course of nature was now ridiculed and disbelieved; till the Age of Reason and of the French Encyclopædia, at the close of the last century, constituted, as it were, a culminating point, in which scepticism in every form reached a climax, and whatever could not be understood and explained upon rationalistic principles was at once summarily contradicted. Since then, reaction has again shown itself, as we believe, with a more hopeful tendency. There is, perhaps, too great a liking for mysticism; but there is a philosophical spirit of research likewise widely diffused, to correct this tendency, and there is abroad a spirit of earnest, reverent inquiry constituting the best antagonism to the scoffing incredulity by which it was preceded.

The many books which have recently appeared upon the subject of supernatural phenomena show that there is a rising inclination in the minds of some to believe in the possibility of these mysterious visitations; and that on this point the popular mind likewise is becoming less rigidly sceptical than heretofore. The great interest, moreover, which the pretensions of animal magnetism and clairvoyance have, during the present century, aroused in the minds of the public, and the many startling facts which the disciples and professors of this newly invented science recount, upon evidence and authority which, if relating to any matter less opposed to our ordinary experience, would be considered unimpeachable and convincing, prove, we think, and encourage some general leaning to the same belief. With reference to this latter subject of animal magnetism, although there has been doubtless a very great amount of fraud and delusion practised under this name, yet we venture to affirm, upon our own responsibility, that most convincing evidence exists to show that there is something in it which lies far beyond the reach of our philosophy; and that as yet we are only upon the very threshold of psychological science; and the manner in which many of the observations and facts elicited by animal magnetism coincide with, and serve to illustrate, curious phenomena, such as are usually called supernatural, which have presented themselves, casually and unsought, to persons least expecting such occurrences, is very striking.

Nevertheless, it is unquestionably true that, at the present day, the generally accepted and most approved doctrine is to deny entirely the possibility of any such mysterious, or supernatural presentations under the existing economy of the world;

and to feel a virtuous indignation at the weakness, or ill-breeding, or wicked superstition, which should acknowledge any credulity or actual belief as to the possible communication with, or between, the minds of the living occupants of this lower sphere, save through the recognised and orthodox medium of the physical senses. Some, indeed, who cannot entirely overcome the weight of evidence, attribute all to diabolic agency, or to the miraculous intervention of a benignant Deity.

Now, we have to confess that we feel disposed, (with the authors of the works named above,) to dispute, as to both particulars, the entire correctness of what we have here represented to be the general feeling of the present generation. We find it impossible to discredit the multitude of unexceptionable evidence as to the fact of these so-called supernatural agencies,—these mysterious communications with an unseen world; but, nevertheless, we are by no means prepared to acknowledge that there is in them anything really supernatural, or miraculous; that is, any departure from the established course of natural events. Whatever is rare and of unfrequent occurrence presents, to our limited experience and short-sighted views, the appearance of miracle; but when the combined experience of many individuals, or of many generations, has established its repeated occurrence, and under similar circumstances, we may acknowledge it to be in the course of nature; perhaps, by a diligent application of the inductive process, we may recognise the laws of its manifestation. It was long before the nature of eclipses, or of comets, was sufficiently understood to secure their recognised admission amongst the phenomena arising from natural causes. The commencement of a geological era, or the creation of a world, are events which can never come within the scope of an experience limited as is that of our brief existence; and yet, to the infinite Mind, with whom a thousand years are as one day, these greater changes likewise occupy their appointed station in the vast economy of the universe.* But, with regard to these psychological phenomena, of much less unfrequent occurrence, it is not unreasonable, we think, to anticipate the time when, (notwithstanding the difficulty which naturally attaches to inquiries so metaphysical and beyond the reach of the ordinary course of

* Babbage tells us, in his *Ninth Bridgewater Treatise*, that his calculating machine will produce a series of numbers in the same arithmetical progression from one to one hundred millions; and then numbers would succeed belonging to a different series. One would be most apt to think this an infraction of the law which all previous observation seemed to have established; and yet what seems the exception is in conformity with one comprehensive law requiring a still more vast induction, and according to which this change might have been calculated from the beginning.

investigation and experiment, and notwithstanding the obscurity cast over them by misrepresentation and imposture,) their nature shall be better understood, perhaps the laws of their appearing laid down, and they themselves shall take their proper place in the recognised order of natural phenomena. It is true, the difficulty and obscurity which attach to all metaphysical investigations must especially present themselves here; the necessary connexion of the spiritual nature with its corporal exponent, limits and dims its perceptions; the causes and influences to which it is subject would seem almost too subtle to be traced and exactly calculated. If the physician finds in every deviation from the normal condition of the material frame much that he is unable fully to explain and trace through its various stages to its primary cause,—if the effects of the same medicinal agents upon different individuals vary unaccountably, owing to variations in the circumstances or conditions under which they act, which he is unable to detect or calculate,—much more must the metaphysical inquirer find himself often bewildered in observing the more subtle operations of the spiritual essence. Unquestionably the inquiry is one of peculiar difficulty, and the problems it involves may long remain unsolved. We make no profession even of attempting their solution; but an important step will be effected when the proposition is fairly stated, and if the degree of credibility belonging to the assumed data can be clearly made out.

In proceeding to this investigation, there may be a preliminary inquiry as to the *antecedent probability* of occasional communications with the unseen world. We think that an argument in favour of this doctrine may be drawn from the prevalent belief of all nations. Perhaps there is no people, either barbarous or civilized, without some popular belief of this kind. Calmet shows, in several chapters, how all the nations of antiquity believed in the apparitions of good and bad spirits, and in the practice of witchcraft, or magical arts. The classical writings abound in notices of this kind, which serve to illustrate the popular belief. And although unquestionably these were, for the most part, the delusive artifices of an interested priesthood, yet many apparitions of genii are there stated as historic facts.

When we refer to the sacred writings, we find numerous instances of spiritual appearances; but we do not lay stress upon these, as they may be referred to a strictly miraculous agency, which it is not at present our object to enforce. There are, however, many allusions to the existence of spiritual agencies constantly around us, though usually invisible, a few of which, as applicable to our subject, we shall here adduce. When the servant of

Elisha bewailed the great danger of their situation, surrounded by the hosts of the king of Syria, who sought to take him captive, the prophet prayed unto the Lord, and the eyes of the young man were opened, and he beheld the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. (2 Kings, chap. vi.) In the history of Balaam, the angel was visible to the ass before he was rendered perceptible to the senses of the false prophet. 'When David, in a spirit of vanity, caused his people to be numbered, God showed him an angel hovering over Jerusalem, ready to smite and destroy it. I do not say decidedly whether it was a good or bad angel, since it is certain that sometimes the Lord employs good angels to execute his vengeance against the wicked. But it is thought that it was the devil who slew eighty-five thousand men of the army of Sennacherib.' (Calmet, vol. i. p. 39.) At the solemn hour when Christ yielded up the ghost upon the cross, when the veil of the temple was rent, the earth did quake and the rocks clave, then also the graves were opened; and, after Christ's resurrection, many *bodies* of the saints which slept arose out of their graves, and came into the holy city, and '*appeared unto many.*' Matt., chap. xxvii. We refer also to the following quotations:—Psalm xxxiv. 7: 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him.' Psalm xci. 11: 'He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.' Matt. xviii. 10: 'The angels of these little ones do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.' Hebrews i. 14: 'Are they not all ministering spirits? &c.' 1 Corinth. xv. 44: 'There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.' 1 Corinth. xii. 10: 'To another (is given) the discerning of spirits.' 2 Corinth. xii. 2: 'I knew a man, whether in the body, I cannot tell, or out of the body, I cannot tell.' These, and many other texts which might be quoted, sufficiently prove, as we conceive, that there is nothing unscriptural in the belief in the existence of spiritual beings watching over our actions, and influencing, though not controlling, our conduct in life; that these spiritual beings, ordinarily invisible, may occasionally become perceptible to our senses; and that there are some persons who are peculiarly gifted with the perception of spiritual existences: also that the spirit may occasionally, even during life, separate itself for a time, from its tenement of clay, roam through space, and acquire new faculties and new perceptions; and after death the 'spiritual body' may still frequent the scenes of its former existence; and sometimes even make itself perceptible to the senses of the living.

'Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.'

Perhaps our readers may be startled at these views, opposed as they are to the opinions imbibed by education, and to what is still the prevalent doctrine in polite society. The prejudice arising from this source, however, a candid mind will readily overcome. But another difficulty which has likewise to be surmounted by the majority of thoughtful minds, is that any such belief is entirely at variance with their own personal experience. We can readily believe any new wonder in physical science when the statement is first made to us, upon competent authority; such, for instance, as the instantaneous communication of intelligible signs to great distances by electric agency; or that an exact portrait may be taken by the sun's rays in less than a minute, upon a plate of metal; or that diamagnetic properties are found in all bodies, even such as have been supposed least susceptible of the magnetic influence; because our own consciousness, though hitherto unaware of these facts, does not contradict their possibility. But should we be told of a man who can see through a stone wall, or who can, at will, change himself into the likeness of an animal, we know these feats to be impossible to ourselves, and we disbelieve them in any other sharing our common nature. For the same reason, though in a less degree, we find it difficult to believe in presentiments, or clairvoyance, or the vision of spirits, which are opposed to our own proper experience of the capabilities of humanity. It must, however, be considered that such experiences appertain confessedly only to a small minority; and although we are unable to explain why some minds are more susceptible of these impressions than others, or why they occur only to a few and not to many, yet there seems nothing improbable in this when we consider how many curious mental or bodily idiosyncrasies appertain to particular individuals.

Thus, for instance, there have been persons, as George Bidder, and Zerah Colburn, endowed with most astonishing powers of mental calculation, who could speedily excogitate complex arithmetical problems without any mechanical assistance. Men have been known, otherwise of strong minds, who faint at the sight of a cat, and who are conscious, by certain disagreeable sensations, of the presence of this animal, though unseen. The smell of ipecacuanha will occasion a deadly faintness in some persons. There are some to whose sight the colours red and green are undistinguishable. Dugald Stewart was subject to this infirmity, his companions at school discovered the defect by his unskilfulness in gathering cherries, when they made an inroad upon the neighbouring orchards; and, at college, his fellow-students would steal his scarlet gown, and effectually conceal it from his observation, by spreading it out upon the green sward. We

are acquainted with a lady whose hair gently crepitates, and, in the dark, exhibits sparks and flashes of electric light, when combed or stroked. The fearful catastrophe of spontaneous combustion, by which some habitual drunkards have been destroyed, is of most rare occurrence, though the proper class of subjects seems but too numerous. The fact is fully established, but its nature, and the circumstances necessary to the result, are as little ascertained as are those of ghostly apparitions. Lastly, should we not be chargeable with begging the question at issue, we might adduce the experience of all animal magnetists, who find comparatively few of those upon whom they experiment, susceptible of the magnetic influence. We are all familiar with the condition of sleep; about this there can be no question in the minds of any; but were this suspension of the senses, and of volition—whilst the imagination remains active, and presents its strange vagaries to the mind as actual realities,—of very rare occurrence, many might be inclined to question its possibility. To those who still find it impossible to believe what has never come within their own experience, we shall only quote the words of Oberlin, the good pastor of Ban de la Roche. Mrs. Crowe tells us that ‘his wife came to him frequently after death; was seen by the rest of the household as well as himself; and warned him beforehand of many events that occurred.’—‘He spoke of his intercourse with the spiritual world as familiarly as of the daily visits of his parishioners. He said to his visitor, that he might as well attempt to persuade him that that was not a table before them, as that he did not hold communication with the other world. ‘I give you credit for being honest, when you assure me that you never saw anything of the kind; give me the same credit when I assure you that I do.’’

If these remarks should have at all propitiated our readers as to the *a priori* probability of occasional communications with the unseen world, we may now consider the *a posteriori* argument, and investigate some of the evidence which is actually brought forward in support of this doctrine. In what a variety of forms do the operations of these mysterious agencies present themselves to our notice and claim our belief. Apparitions, presentiments, premonitions by dreams, mesmerism, witchcraft, oracular responses—these are but a few of the items in the catalogue of marvels. We at once acknowledge that a large proportion of the illustrations in common circulation are entirely fallacious. Many are the effect of artifice and intentional imposture, either as a foolish joke, or to compass some selfish end. A large proportion are merely imaginary, and have no existence whatever, but in the weak brains of the fanciful, ignorant, or superstitious narrator.

A large allowance must be made for such as are in fact the work of ordinary causes, but imperfectly observed, or misunderstood, or much exaggerated. Many spectral appearances are purely subjective, and are the result of a derangement of the sensorium, either from actual disease, or from the too close and continued intention of the mind upon some one absorbing train of thought. What there is wonderful in other cases may be fairly explained, as merely remarkable coincidences, such as must sometimes occur.

Those who deny that there is any truth whatever in any of these narrations may readily adduce any required amount of such-like fallacies; and thus, showing in how many cases it has happened that what appeared surprising has, upon further investigation, turned out common-place, they most illogically conclude that all other instances may be explained away in like manner, and that none will bear the test of minute inquiry.

It is thus that Sir Walter Scott, in his entertaining Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, throws doubt over the entire doctrine of Ghosts and Apparitions, by a selection of some well-chosen instances, sufficiently striking and apparently real, but which have not stood the test of investigation, or which admit of some plausible rationalistic explanation. He assumes that the belief in all such marvels is now a worn-out superstition, and that any instances which appear inexplicable on the above *hypothesis*, can never be traced to an authentic witness, but are matters of mere hearsay; and he quotes the poet Crabbe, who calls the belief in these wonders 'the last lingering fiction of the brain.' It is evident, however, that any amount of merely negative evidence is presumptive only, and would be entirely powerless against a single instance that could be proved unquestionably true. And now, having conceded so many classes of fictitious marvels, we are prepared to maintain that, when all these have been excluded, there remains still a large residuum, forming one other class, viz. of cases as well authenticated as are other historic facts, which have never been explained away, and which seem to admit of no conceivable explanation, save that which refers them to some spiritual agency, or to some mysterious and impalpable influence, more subtle and recondite than any which come within the scope of our observation in the material world.

But before we proceed to extract a few illustrations of these various classes of marvels, fictitious or real, it may be well, in the first place, to furnish some brief notice of the works at the head of this article, and from which, chiefly, our illustrations will be drawn.

Augustine Calmet, the author of the first of these works, a Frenchman, a Roman Catholic, and a priest, is well known as a voluminous and a learned writer of the early part of the last century. For many years he presided, most successfully, over a society of monks, whose occupation was the investigation of the scriptures; and for the remainder of his life, in the dignities and learned leisure of two successive abbacies, first that of St. Leopold, in Nancy, and afterwards that of Sénones, he had ample opportunity for the indulgence of his literary tastes and studious habits. In these seclusions, he accumulated a vast store of learning, which, however, he seems to have wanted the discernment and comprehensiveness to apply most profitably. His works are full of curious information, collected without discrimination and arrangement.* His theological writings are well known and are still admired; and as the work of a dignitary of an exclusive sect, and considering likewise the period when he wrote, they are remarkable for their liberal and catholic spirit. The work of which Mr. Christmas has given us a translation, under the title of 'The Phantom World,' but whose original title is '*Dissertations sur les Apparitions des Anges, des Démones, et des Esprits et des Revenans et Vampires de Hongrie*,' has always been popular on account of the collection of curious narrations, probable and improbable, which it contains, and which are naively related, with a simple, easy faith, which is not a little edifying. To him, as a good Romanist, whatever is set forth under ecclesiastical authority requires no further evidence; and such is his loyalty to the temporal government under which he is placed, that he admits a decree of the parliament as an equally competent authority. That which has received an *imprimatur* from either of these tribunals is at once admitted by him as unquestionably true; there can be no necessity for further investigation. His conclusions are most oracular and inconclusive; he is most forcibly feeble; he cannot disallow that there may be true apparitions, and that there may be also a great number very disputable;—he sees insurmountable difficulties, but lays this down as a principle—that in order to explain the philosophy of apparitions we must perfectly know their nature. Amongst the very numerous cases recorded in this work, we could select few but such as would serve for illustrations of imposture or of superstition. The translator, in his Introduction, is compelled to acknowledge that

* Voltaire says of Calmet that he did not think himself, but he collected the materials by which other persons were enabled to think. The Aristotelian philosophy can scarcely have produced anything more inane and unsatisfactory than the explanations which he sometimes suggests as natural solutions of the marvels which he records.

he believes not one of them. The age in which Calmet wrote was, as yet, one of superstition and of implicit belief in prescriptive authority. It seems strange that so much of folly, and deceit, and cruelty, such profane tampering with holy things as are here related, should have ever been practised by the ministers of the religion of Christ, or should ever have secured a popular acceptance with its votaries; the reaction which produced a general scepticism, and disbelief of everything incapable of exact demonstration, was its natural consequence. 'The Phantom World' is the title given to the work by the translator; the advertisement by which the public are made acquainted with its publication gives this title only, and as no name is appended but that of the Rev. H. Christmas, as its author—this must have led to the expectation of an entirely new work by Mr. Christmas.

Very different to this book of Calmet's are Dr. Mayo's 'Letters on Superstition,' which are the work of an accomplished and scientific physician of the present day.* The object of these letters is to bring the light of modern science to the elucidation of some of those wonders which the author accepts as real, but concerning which the popular belief is merely superstitious. This little work is as lively and entertaining as the long succession of improbable narrations, with little variety, and unconnected by any chain of argument, frequently renders that of Calmet dull and wearisome. But the writings of Dr. Mayo generally evince a somewhat sanguine and one-sided habitude of mind; and something of this disposition displays itself in the work before us. We do not consider that Dr. Mayo's applications of some recent supposed discoveries to the explanation of old superstitions, are, in all his instances, very convincing. We are sometimes inclined to doubt the truthfulness, both of the fact and of the explanation. For instance, we confess our doubts as to the mystical properties of the divining rod, set forth in the first chapter; neither do we find any sufficient evidence in favour of the supposed principle, called by its inventor Von Reichenbach, the Od, or Od force, to which Dr. Mayo refers the phenomena of the divining rod. Nor, indeed, were the truth of this principle satisfactorily established, do we see its applicability to the

* Dr. Mayo, better known as Mr. Mayo, late senior surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital, is the author of several physiological works, chiefly relating to the nervous system, of acknowledged originality and value. His sufferings from the gout led him to try the efficacy of the Spas, where he seems to have become mixed up with magnetisers and hydropathists. He wrote a work on Hydropathy, and has connected himself with a water establishment at Boppard on the Rhine. This brief notice will explain some of the allusions in the work, its foreign origin, and the somewhat foreign appearance of the typography.

case in question. Again, if Dr. Mayo finds the explanation of church-yard lights, said to be visible to some, over recent graves, in the effect of the chemical decomposition of the buried remains, how would he explain the instances, recorded on just as good authority, of such lights being seen to move from place to place, sometimes at a distance from the body, or even before the death of the individual to whom they are supposed to appertain?

Mrs. Crowe writes with an enthusiasm and an easy belief proper to her sex. The lover of the marvellous may here find his taste fully gratified. Many of the tales which these volumes contain are evidently of no weight, being either apparent delusions, or quite incapable of authentication. A large proportion are taken from the works of German writers, whose national taste for transcendentalism gives them large experience in supernatural wonders.

Nothing can better illustrate the loose and indiscriminate method upon which Mrs. Crowe has formed her collection, than her having inserted, with all gravity, a detailed account of the wonderful doings of the Stockwell ghost, which in 1772 frightened an old lady of the name of Golding, by breaking her crockery and bringing her furniture down about her ears. The artifice was so shallow that it is most apparent even in the account which Mrs. Crowe has given. And if she had referred to the first volume of 'Hone's Every Day Book,' she would have found a full solution; the servant girl having herself confessed, subsequently, that she was the cause of all the mischief; in the first place, to further some love affair which she had in hand; and afterwards, finding how terribly frightened her mistress was, and that those who professed to investigate the matter, kept at an awful distance, and hardly dared to look, lest they might face some fresh horror, and that their terror magnified what they actually saw, she took advantage of these tempting opportunities, and kept the game up for her own amusement. There are many other instances, however, capable of authentication, and apparently as worthy of belief as any other statement made on credible authority, which it seems quite impossible to explain away, and which admit of no conclusion save that which regards them as manifestations of spiritual and superhuman agencies. Several of our most striking illustrations will be furnished by this work.

But we must now, without further preface, produce for the amusement, if not for the edification, of our readers, a few illustrations of the views which we have expressed. Of the first class of apparent marvels, those, namely, which are the result of

intentional imposture, we need scarcely instance any examples. A white sheet and a hollow turnip have frightened many a school-boy, or simple rustic, and even men of stronger minds and better information, out of all propriety; the art of ventriloquism has often made the exanimate body seem to speak the words of caution, or direction, to the awe-stricken survivors. The Cock-lane ghost, which in 1760, a few years before that of Stockwell, not merely afforded matter of speculation to idle quid-nuncs, but brought clergymen and men of education to defend or deny its claims to general credit, is a notorious example of imposture. A man of the name of Parsons asserted that the ghost of the sister-in-law of a gentleman of the name of Kent, who had been his lodger two years before, and against whom he had some spite, haunted his house and disturbed his family. The ghost was made to charge Kent with having compassed the death of his relation, that he might come into the possession of her property; a Rev. Mr. Moore took the part of Parsons, as did several respectable tradesmen. The matter went so far that Mr. Kent, and the Rev. Mr. Aldritch the clergyman of the parish, and other gentlemen, were induced to descend into the vaults of St. John's Church, Clerkenwell, there to question the disturbed spirit. But, now that the family of Parsons were away, the ghost gave no sign. The imposture was detected; Parsons and others were indicted for conspiracy. Parsons, as the chief actor, was sentenced to the pillory, and two years' imprisonment; others had smaller punishment; and the Rev. Mr. Moore was severely reprimanded in open court, and sentenced to costs.

One of the most amusing stories of an unreal ghost is that which is told at length by Sir Walter Scott, in the 'Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft,' of the disturbances to which the commissioners were subjected who were sent to the royal palace of Woodstock, in 1649, to efface all the emblems of royalty therefrom. It was ascertained, at the Restoration, that the whole was the work of the trusty clerk of the commissioners, who had passed his early life at Woodstock, and knew the intricacies of the building, and who was in fact a concealed royalist.

Calmet gives the following case from the 'Causes Célèbres,' which he candidly allows may serve to undeceive those who too lightly give credit to stories of this kind.

'At the Château d'Arsillier, in Picardy, on certain days of the year, towards November, they saw flames and a horrible smoke proceeding thence. Cries and frightful howlings were heard. The bailiff, or farmer of the château, had got accustomed to this uproar, because he himself caused it. All the village talked of it, and everybody told his own story thereupon. The gentleman to whom the château be-

longed, mistrusting some contrivance, came there near All-saints' day, with two gentlemen his friends, resolved to pursue the spirit, and fire upon it with a brace of good pistols. A few days after they arrived they heard a great noise above the room where the owner of the château slept; his two friends went up thither, holding a pistol in one hand, and a candle in the other; and a sort of black phantom with horns and a tail presented itself, and began to gambol about before them.

'One of them fired off his pistol; the spectre, instead of falling, turns and skips before him: the gentleman tries to seize it, but the spirit escapes by the back staircase; the gentleman follows it, but loses sight of it, and after several turnings, the spectre throws itself into a granary, and disappears at the moment its pursuer reckoned on seizing and stopping it. A light was brought, and it was remarked that where the spectre had disappeared there was a trap-door, which had been bolted after it entered; they forced open the trap, and found the pretended spirit. He owned all his artifices, and that what had rendered him proof against the pistol-shot was a buffalo's hide tightly fitted to his body.'

Had these gentlemen lacked the courage and perseverance necessary for the thorough investigation of this occurrence, it would have resolved itself into a most effective ghost story. Had the investigation stopped short of the last stage, in which the ghost was detected, the previous observation would but have confirmed and heightened the marvel. Its being proof against a pistol-shot, and its sudden disappearance, when apparently driven to bay, would have been unexceptionable evidence that the ghost was genuine, and fully equipped with all ghostly attributes.

Many instances are recorded in the 'Night Side of Nature,' in which the spirit does not become visible, but addresses itself to the sense of hearing; showing its presence by knocking the floors or walls of adjacent apartments, and producing other strange sounds, or occasionally, as in the case of the Stockwell ghost, throwing down pots, or upsetting articles of furniture. These are narrated as authentic facts; but the Stockwell fable makes us suspicious of the rest. Knocking seems to be a frequent mode of demonstration with unreal ghosts; the Cock-lane ghost knocked; so did that which persecuted the Wesley family, which Mrs. Crowe believes to have been a real spirit, but which we think to have been an imposition practised upon Wesley by some of his servants or parishioners. We are inclined to suspect all narratives in which the ghost enacts its part by knocking.

'Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.'

No trick can be more easily played off upon a credulous person;

and an unintelligible knocking seems to have been always popularly accepted as evidence of the presence of a spirit or demon. Thus the porter in *Macbeth* :—‘ Here’s a knocking, indeed ! If a ‘ man were a porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the ‘ key. Knock, knock, knock : Who’s there i’the name of Belzebub ? Knock, knock : who’s there, i’the other devil’s name ? ‘ Knock, knock : Never at quiet ! What are you ? But this ‘ place is too cold for hell. I’ll devil-porter it no longer.’

This knocking on walls or floors, and clattering of windows, and throwing of stones, are not unlike the pranks and vagaries attributed to mischievous elves and sprites, which have, for the most part, disappeared with the general belief in their existence ; but such a mode of demonstration seems hardly becoming the solemnity of a visitation from the unseen world.

‘ Quis latet hic superum ?’

Neither does the purpose of the visit, in many cases, seem worthy of such a manifestation. There seems a palpable neglect of the Horatian maxim :—

‘ Nec Deus interit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.’

We take the following from the ‘ Night Side of Nature :’—

‘ When the German poet Collin died at Vienna, a person named Hartmann, who was his friend, found himself very much distressed by the loss of a hundred and twenty florins, which he had paid for the poet, under a promise of reimbursement. As this sum formed a large portion of his whole possessions, the circumstance was occasioning him considerable anxiety, when he dreamt, one night, that his deceased friend appeared to him, and bade him immediately set two florins on No. 11, on the first calling of the little lottery, or *loto*, then about to be drawn. He was bade to confine his venture to two florins, neither less nor more ; and to communicate this information to nobody. Hartmann availed himself of the hint, and obtained a prize of a hundred and thirty florins.’

Such a purpose as pointing out a lucky number in a lottery would seem too trifling to demand the return of a spirit to the world that it had already left. If the question were concerning a miraculous interference with the established order of nature, certainly we should arrive at such a conclusion ; but allowing these to be natural events, though of unusual occurrence, we shall be told that we know too little of the circumstances and causes of spiritual appearances, to justify these *à priori* objections.

‘ In illustration of those pretended marvels, which take their

origin in some real fact, strange, perhaps, and unusual, but capable of rational explanation when divested of the additional wonders which terror, credulity, or the love of wonder has supplied, we cannot do better than refer to Dr. Mayo's explanation of the belief in vampires. But as some of our readers may be unaware of any application of this term, save to a large kind of Eastern bat 'which is said to suck blood from a person while sleeping, insinuating its tongue into a vein, without occasioning so much pain as to awaken him, fanning him all the time with his wings,' we will quote the definition which Dr. Mayo extracts from the pages of Horst.

'A Vampyr is a dead body, which continues to live in the grave, which it leaves, however, by night, for the purpose of sucking the blood of the living, whereby it is nourished, and preserved in good condition, instead of becoming decomposed like other bodies.

'Fischer informs us that the bite of a Vampyr leaves in general no mark upon the person, but is nevertheless speedily fatal, unless the bitten person protect himself by eating some of the earth from the grave of the Vampyr, and smearing himself with his blood. If through these precautions the life of the victim be prolonged for a period, sooner or later he ends with becoming a Vampyr himself.'

'This is no romancer's dream. It is a succinct account of a superstition, which to this day survives in the east of Europe, where, little more than a century ago, it was frightfully prevalent. At that period, Vampirism spread like a pestilence through Servia and Wallachia, causing numerous deaths, and disturbing all the land with fear of the mysterious visitation, against which no one felt himself secure.'*

We quote the following narration also from Dr. Mayo:—

'Erasmus Francisci speaks of a man of the name of Grando, in the district of Kring, who died, was buried, and became a Vampyr, and as such was exhumed for the purpose of having a stake thrust through him. 'When they opened his grave, after he had been long buried, his face was found with a colour, and his features made natural sorts of movements, as if the dead man smiled. He even opened his mouth as if he would inhale fresh air. They held the crucifix before him, and called in a loud voice, 'See, this is Jesus Christ who redeemed your soul from hell, and died for you.' After the sound had acted on his organs of hearing, and he had connected perhaps some ideas with it, tears began to flow from the dead man's eyes. Finally, when, after a short prayer for his poor soul, they proceeded to hack off his head, the corpse uttered a screech, and turned and rolled just as if it had been alive, and the grave was full of blood.'

* King George the Second, no more addicted than his father to too much religious credulity, had yet implicit faith in the German notion of vampires, and has been more than once angry with Sir Robert Walpole for speaking irreverently of these imaginary beings.—*Walpole's Reminiscences.*

‘We have thus succeeded,’ says Dr. Mayo, ‘in interpreting one of the unknown terms in the Vampyr-theorem. The suspicious character, who had some dark way of nourishing himself in the grave, turns out to be an unfortunate gentleman whom his friends had, in ignorance, buried while he was still alive ; and who, if they afterwards mercifully let him alone, died sooner or later, either naturally, or of the premature interment.’

Instances of the burial of persons in a state of insensibility, while yet alive, are numerous and well recorded. They are chiefly derived from continental authorities ; for the custom of allowing several days to elapse between death and burial in this country, leaves small chance of this horrible catastrophe. When decomposition begins to show itself by change of colour in the surface, and the cadaverous odour, there can be no longer any suspicion of the apparent death being merely suspended animation. The rigidity which usually affects the whole body after death is likewise an infallible sign ; and this usually occurs before the commencement of decomposition ; but it is not so inviolable and necessary a consequent upon the cessation of vitality. A state of trance, in which there is a complete arrest of all the animal functions may simulate death for a time, and then pass away and the patient revive : it is unquestionable that too many have returned to consciousness when in their graves. Fontenelle, in his work on the uncertainty of the signs of death, gives many curious examples, probable and improbable, of this catastrophe.

The occurrence of this tremendous accident, and its discovery, when too late, by ignorant people capable of but one idea, and who, believing the body to have been actually dead when buried, chose rather to suppose the corpse to be animated by some evil spirit, than to suspect the correctness of their first conclusion, is thought by Dr. Mayo to be the foundation of the belief in vampirism.

But there is another method of explaining this strange belief, which Calmet, who seems to have views that are very reasonable, and not far from the truth on this matter, suggests in several chapters as hints, rather than a decided opinion. The bodies exhumed are really dead ; but, from some cause or other, have been remarkably preserved from decomposition. This is known to occur sometimes, from frequent observation. Some soils possess remarkable antiseptic properties. Visitors at Bonn, on the Rhine, are shown in a vault under the conventual church, on the Kreutzberg, near that town, the bodies of several of the monks, clothed in cowl and cassock, lying in open coffins, still undecayed, though some have been so buried for several hundreds of years.

The bodies of those who have been poisoned by arsenic, when exhumed for the purposes of judicial investigation, have frequently been found in a state of remarkable preservation. In those who have died by the stroke of lightning the blood remains fluid, with little disposition to coagulate; and the same may be the case after death from other causes. If, then, a body has been found presenting a remarkably fresh and life-like appearance, whether from these or other natural causes, this would be enough to lead to the suspicion that it is a real vampire, and point out the necessity of cutting off its head; and should then liquid blood flow from the veins, its character is fully established. 'As to the cry uttered by the vampires when the stake is driven through their heart, nothing is more natural; the air which is there confined, and thus expelled with violence, necessarily produces that noise in passing through the throat.'

But where are we to seek for the germ of that part of this tradition, which represents the vampire as visiting its victims to suck their blood, and thus causing their speedy death? There appears historic evidence that deaths have occurred in great numbers, and in rapid succession, in some districts, which have been attributed to this cause. Calmet quotes the authority of an officer who had served twenty years in Hungary, who states that—

'The people of that country are more credulous and more superstitious than other nations, and that they attribute the maladies which happen to them to spells. That as soon as they suspect a dead person of having sent them this illness, they inform the magistrate of it, who, on the deposition of some witnesses, causes the dead body to be exhumed,' &c.

When once such a belief has arisen among such a people, we can easily understand how it should spread, and furnish, as it spread, fresh instances in confirmation. It is very easy for such people—

'To fancy themselves sucked by vampires, and that the fear caused by that fancy should make a revolution in their frame sufficiently violent to deprive them of life. Being occupied all day with the terror inspired by these pretended ghosts or *revenans*, is it very extraordinary that, during their sleep, the idea of these phantoms should present itself to the imagination, and cause them such violent terror, that some of them die of it instantaneously, and others a short time afterwards? How many instances have we not seen of people who expired with fright in a moment; and has not joy itself sometimes produced an equally fatal effect?'

Of course, a single death occurring in this way might prove the fruitful parent of many more.

We have now perhaps a sufficient explanation, from natural causes, of the continuance and spread of this belief; but how did it first take possession of the minds of the people? We will give Dr. Mayo's answer to this inquiry. From the consideration of facts such as we shall subsequently have to notice, he concludes that—

‘The mind, or soul, of one human being can be brought, in the natural course of things, *and under physiological laws hereafter to be determined*, into immediate relation with the mind of another living person.

‘I will suppose that the death of a human being throws a sort of gleam through the spiritual world, which may now and then touch with light some fittingly disposed object, or even two simultaneously, if chance have placed them in the right relation; as the twin spires of a cathedral may be momentarily illuminated by some far-off flash, which does not break the gloom upon the roofs below.

‘The same principle is applicable to the explanation of the Vampir visit. The soul of the buried man is to be supposed to be brought into communication with his friend's mind. Thence follows, as a sensorial illusion, the apparition of the buried man. Perhaps the visit may have been an instinctive effort to draw the attention of his friend to the living grave. I beg to suggest that it would not be an act of superstition *now*, but of ordinary humane precaution, if one dreamed pertinaciously of a recently buried acquaintance, or saw his ghost, to take immediate steps to have the state of the body ascertained.’

We doubt not many of our readers will be startled at this explanation, and consider that we leave the mystery as great as, or somewhat greater than, we found it. It is similar to that which Mrs. Crowe sets forth throughout her volumes as the true theory of all ghosts, presentiments and prophetic dreams. If our readers will suspend their judgment till the conclusion of this article, they may be better able to judge how far observed facts justify the construction of such a theory.

But we must leave these illustrations of the remark of the learned and eloquent Bossuet, that ‘every error is a truth abused,’ to make a very brief notice of those other mistaken instances in which the imaginary spectres are the result merely of some derangement of the sensorium of the observer. Sir Walter Scott, in the work to which we have before alluded, gives several examples of spectral appearances occurring to persons suffering from some bodily disorder, from which they were absolved by the curative treatment of the physician. Whilst Luther was detained, by a friendly imprisonment, in the castle of Warteburgh, by the Elector of Saxony, he is reported to have been visited by the devil, and to have discharged his inkstand at the

fiend. The black spot upon the stones of the wall of the apartment in which he studied is still shown to curious tourists, in confirmation of this visitation and defence.

The close confinement, the sedentary habits and the laborious studies of the reformer, whilst in this seclusion, (for from these walls issued many of his controversial and theological writings,) were means most likely to derange the health and affect the brain with thick-spreading fancies. The derangement of his health indeed, was sufficiently apparent; and the captive was advised by the physicians, whom he consulted through his friend Melancthon, to practise regular exercise in aid of their prescriptions, for the relief of a distressing indigestion under which he suffered. Not unlike to this is the case of Nicolai, the learned bookseller of Berlin, which is quoted at large by all writers who would explain every ghostly visitation upon physical principles. Dr. Mayo introduces this curious narrative in his chapter upon Unreal Ghosts. After suffering much mental disturbance from family troubles, Nicolai first saw the vision of his eldest son, which reappeared afterwards; then he saw the apparitions of several persons—some dead, others living—some known to him, others unknown. They appeared mostly after dinner, at the commencement of digestion. Whether alone or in society, whether in darkness or day-light, these visions appeared to Nicolai; when he closed his eyes they did not always vanish. After a week they became more numerous, and began to converse. The illusion continued two months, so that Nicolai not only became accustomed to these phantom visits, but found amusement in them. At length the doctors applied leeches to his temples, when the apparitions became pale and took their final departure.

When the mind forms the idea of any external object, through the medium of the senses, it is only the impression made upon the sensory nerve which is communicated to the brain, and which the mind perceives. In sight, the image formed upon the retina impresses the optic nerve, which conveys the influence to the brain, where sensation is completed by the intelligent perception of the mind. In hearing, the acoustic apparatus of the inner ear is thrown into vibrations, which act upon the terminal filaments of the auditory nerve, and the brain is thereby thrown into that condition which, when perceived by the mind, constitutes hearing. The function of the apparatus of the senses is to receive impressions from without, and produce in the brain such a change as can be perceived and interpreted by the mind. The perfection of the sense necessarily depends upon the correct interpretation of the mind. It is by experience only that the

mind acquires this power of interpreting aright the telegraphic signals of the senses. In the celebrated case of the young gentleman to whom Cheselden first gave sight by the removal of a congenital cataract, it was long before the patient could form any correct judgment of what he saw. If the brain could be thrown into the same condition as is naturally produced by the presentation of some material object before the eye by any other means, as by some morbid change taking place in itself, the idea of that object would equally be formed in the practised mind. Or, even were the physical change of condition in the brain not exactly imitated, the interpreting power of the mind, in fact the imagination, might supply the deficiency. It is a matter of familiar experience that the mind may perceive objects which are not actually presented to the senses. A gentle pressure on the ball of the eye, when closed, occasions the sensation of a circle of light, or a smart blow on the eye may cause the sensation of a flash of fire. And changes in the brain, without any change in the external organ of sense, may produce similar results.

Thus an apoplectic tendency is said to be often forewarned by the appearance of sparks or flashes, or other spectra, before the eyes, and by various sounds ringing in the ears. An eminent physiologist of the present day believes the physical cause of sleep to consist in a temporary congestion of the blood in the vessels of the brain. We know that in this condition of sleep, when the imagination remains active, but the attention and controlling will are in abeyance, external impressions are shaped and fashioned into imaginary objects which assume the semblance of reality. Sir Walter Scott mentions the case of a late nobleman who had 'fallen asleep with some uneasy feelings arising from indigestion. They operated in their usual course of visionary terrors. At length they were all summed up in the apprehension that the phantom of a dead man held the sleeper by the wrist, and endeavoured to drag him out of bed. He awaked in horror, and still felt the cold dead grasp of a corpse's hand on his right wrist. It was a minute before he discovered that his own left hand was in a state of numbness, and with it he had accidentally encircled his right arm.' Night-mare approaches still more nearly to that morbid condition in which spectra are seen, even whilst reason and consciousness are awake. Under an attack of night-mare, a person suffering, perhaps, from the uneasy digestion of some unwholesome dainty, fancies a frightful spectre wandering over his body, or perched upon his chest; his loaded stomach supplies the conscious weight, the rest is, of course, the work of his imagination. Meanwhile the senses are so far aroused, that he sees the objects in the room

around, and this gives additional reality to his imaginary distress; but volition still sleeps,—he can move no limb to free himself from his tormentor. Still he feels that could he but move, he would wake from the hideous dream; he makes one more violent effort, he starts up in bed, and the incubus has left him. The morbid condition in which spectres are visible when awake seems not far removed from this. In all these cases there is a physical cause for these delusions of the senses, in the derangement of the health; and the removal of this exorcises the spectre. Should it happen, as an accidental coincidence, that the death of some friend occurred contemporaneously with the spectral appearance, the conclusion would probably be arrived at that the ghost of the deceased had really been seen. Sir Walter Scott mentions the case of an officer, a Roman Catholic, who, having visited his father confessor, and found him dangerously ill, was painfully impressed with the misfortune. On returning to bed, to his great astonishment he saw the figure of the sick priest, which seemed to sink into an elbow chair. The soldier, convinced that it was merely a phantom of the brain, himself sat down in the same chair, and the illusion vanished. Yet he owned that had his friend died about the same time, he would not well have known what name to give to the vision. The confessor, however, recovered, and so nothing came of it.

Those who disbelieve entirely that spiritual appearances do present themselves perceptibly to our senses would assert that all supposed instances of such phenomena are merely the effect of imagination, heightened perhaps by some such remarkable coincidence as *might* have occurred in this case. And no doubt, when the mind of the seer is intently fixed upon the condition of a dying friend, the imagination is then most likely to picture his image to the mental eye. It is not improbable that thus many narrations of the appearance of angels or devils to hermits and recluses, or to monks in their lonely cells,—now matters of religious faith in the Romish church,—may have taken their origin. Such men, secluded from the world, and having the mind fervently occupied in devotional contemplations, have seen ecstasitic visions of saints or angels affording them spiritual consolation, or have fancied themselves visibly tempted by a malignant fiend. They have narrated these fancies as realities; and subsequent canonization has perhaps attested their exalted sanctity, and confirmed the miracle. But these are rather instances of the powerful effects of imagination, than of hallucinations from bodily disorder. Instances of the power which this faculty displays, under intense excitement, of giving an apparent reality to the empty fancies of the mind, must have

occurred to all. We once chanced to visit one of the wards of a large London hospital, where we saw an aged man, of whose previous history we knew nothing, evidently in a dying state, but whose intellect seemed undisturbed, save that he groaned with horror at a demon which he saw seated at the foot of his bed, and begged it might be driven off.

But it is high time that we now turn to the consideration of instances which cannot, as it seems, admit of explanation either* as mere coincidences, or the effects of an heightened imagination, which seem, in fact, the work of spiritual agencies. In selecting examples of this class, our only difficulty seems the *embarras de la richesse*. 'In every family circle, in every party 'of men accidentally brought together,' says Dr. Mayo, 'you 'will be sure to hear, if the conversation fall on ghosts and 'dreams, one or more instances, which the narrators represent as 'well-authenticated, of intimations of the deaths of absent 'persons conveyed to friends, either through an apparition, or a 'dream, or an equivalent unaccountable presentiment.' Mrs. Crowe makes a similar remark; and our own experience leads us to believe that it is very generally true.

Propos to coincidences, we will first quote an instance from Dr. Mayo:—

'A late General Wynyard, and the late General Sir John Sherbroke, when young men, were serving in Canada. One day—it was day-light—Mr. Wynyard and Mr. Sherbroke both saw pass through the room where they sat a figure which Mr. Wynyard recognised as a brother, then far away. One of the two walked to the door and looked out upon the landing place, but the stranger was not there, and a servant who was on the stairs had seen nobody pass out. In time, news arrived that Mr. Wynyard's brother had died about the time of the visit of the apparition.'

Dr. Mayo has proofs that both the gentlemen named above related the incident as it is here stated.

'One does not feel as comfortably satisfied that the complicated coincidences in this tale admit of being referred to chance. The odds are enormous against two persons, young men in perfect health, neither of whom, before or after this event, experienced a sensorial illusion, being the subjects, at the same moment, of one, their common and only one, which concurred in point of time with an event that it foreshadowed, unless there were some real connexion between the event and the double apparition.'

We will next select an instance from Mrs. Crowe—

'A regiment, not very long since, stationed at New Orleans, had a temporary mess-room erected, at one end of which was a door for the

officers ; and, at the other, a door and a space railed off for the messman. One day two of the officers were playing at chess, one sitting with his face towards the centre of the room, the other with his back to it. 'Bless me ! why surely that is your brother !' exclaimed the former to the latter, who looked eagerly round, his brother being then, as he believed, in England. By this time, the figure having passed the spot where the officers were sitting, presented only his back to them. 'No,' replied the second, 'that is not my brother's regiment ; that's the uniform of the Rifle Brigade.—By heavens ! it *is* my brother, though," he added, starting up and eagerly pursuing the stranger, who at that moment turned his head and looked at him, and then, somehow, strangely disappeared amongst the people standing at the messman's end of the room. Supposing he had gone out that way, the brother pursued him, but he was not to be found ; neither had the messman, nor any body there, observed him. The young man died at that time in England, having just exchanged into the Rifle Brigade.'

'Lord M., being from home, saw Lady M., whom he had left two days before perfectly well, standing at the foot of his bed ; aware of the nature of the appearance, but wishing to satisfy himself that it was not a mere spectral illusion, he called his servant, who slept in the dressing-room, and said to him, 'John, who's that ?' 'It's my lady !' replied the man. Lady M. had been seized with inflammation, and died after a few hours' illness. This circumstance awakened so much interest at the time, that, I am informed by a member of the family, George the Third was not satisfied without hearing the particulars, both from Lord M. and the servant also.'

'Mr. P., the American manager, in one of his voyages to England, being in bed one night, between sleeping and waking was disturbed by some one coming into his room dripping with water. Mr. P. perceived that it was his own brother. This roused him completely, and feeling quite certain that somebody had been there, he got out of bed to feel if the carpet were wet on the spot where his brother stood. It was not, however ; and when he questioned his shipmates, the following morning, they assured him that nobody had been overboard ; nor had any one been in his cabin. Upon this he noted down the date and the particulars of the event, and, on his arrival at Liverpool, sent the paper sealed to a friend in London, desiring it might not be opened till he wrote again. The Indian post, in due time, brought the intelligence that on that night Mr. P.'s brother was drowned.'

'A very frightful instance of this kind of phenomenon is related by Dr. H. Werner, of Baron Emilius von O——. This young man had been sent to prosecute his studies in Paris ; but, forming some bad connexions, he became dissipated, and neglected them. His father's counsels were unheeded, and his letters remained unanswered. One day, the young baron was sitting alone on a seat in the Bois de Boulogne, and had fallen somewhat into a reverie, when, on raising his eyes, he saw his father's form before him. Believing it to be a

mere spectral illusion, he struck at the shadow with his riding whip, upon which it disappeared. The next day brought him a letter urging his return home instantly, if he wished to see his parent alive. He went, but found the old man already in his grave. The persons who had been about him said that he had been quite conscious, and had a great longing to see his son; he had indeed exhibited one symptom of delirium, which was that, after expressing this desire, he had suddenly exclaimed, 'My God! he is striking at me with his riding whip!' and immediately expired.'

Mrs. Crowe's chapter on wraiths contains upwards of thirty instances, more or less similar to these which we have quoted. Our selection, however, includes such as appear most authentic, and least susceptible of any explanation save that which admits the occasional visitation of the spirit when separated from the body. It might be fairly supposed of any one of these cases, standing alone, that the narration is incorrect or mistaken; but can we thus set aside so many cases, derived from various sources, and presenting, nevertheless, so much general resemblance? Can all the cases on record be so falsified? And, allowing them to be true, the hypothesis of accidental coincidence cannot be made to serve, nor that of imaginary appearances occurring to persons whose minds are previously intent upon the individuals they represent, from their already known sickness or danger. It seems difficult, indeed, to avoid the conclusion that, in such instances as these, the vision must have some objective reality, perhaps presenting that 'spiritual body' spoken of by St. Paul. The strong family likeness which is apparent in all these cases shows that they must be subject to some common law; and that either thus, through the organ of sense, or else by acting more immediately on the sensorium, or on the mind of the seer, one individual spirit may be occasionally capable, for a time, of establishing a conscious relationship with the spirit of another.

The last instance that we have quoted from Mrs. Crowe differs from the preceding ones in that the circumstances show, (conceding the correctness of the explanation,) that the appearance of the spirit took place previously to the death of the body. The animal magnetists would regard this as an instance of an intimate *rapport* existing between the spirits of the father and son; which, however, is little more than a statement of the fact in another form. Several instances are quoted in a subsequent chapter, of the appearance of living persons to their friends when, bodily, at a distance; and this occurrence seems generally to be a premonition of the death of one or both the parties.

‘Professor Stilling relates that he heard from the son of a Madame M., that his mother, having sent her maid up stairs, on an errand, the woman came running down in a great fright, saying that her mistress was sitting above in her arm-chair, looking precisely as she had left her below. The lady went up stairs, and *saw herself* as described by the woman, very shortly after which she died.’

Mrs. Crowe relates many cases in which persons have thus seen their *double*; such an appearance to a person *not out of his mind*, nor *beside himself*, can only be subjective and an hallucination. Perhaps the representation of the servant made the superstitious mistress believe she saw the same; for we know how infectious credulity often proves; and the fright this occasioned to her may have hastened her death. Stilling is a very superstitious writer.

Many instances are given in which the apparition of a living person is seen in the place to which his thoughts have been strongly directed at the time:

‘Edward Stern, author of some German works, had a friend who was frequently seen out of the body, as the Germans term it; and the father of that person was so much the subject of this phenomenon, that he was frequently observed to enter his house whilst he was yet working in the fields. His wife used to say to him, ‘Why, papa, you came home before.’ And he would answer, ‘I dare say; I was so anxious to get away earlier, but it was impossible.’

‘Dr. Werner mentions a Danish physician who is said to have been frequently seen entering a patient’s room, and on being spoken to, the figure would disappear with a sigh. This used to occur when he had made an appointment which he was prevented keeping, and was rendered uneasy by his failure.’

Several instances are recorded in which the apparition has been vouchsafed apparently for the purpose of guardianship, or protection. In other cases, the suggestion has been made, not by any visible appearance, but in a dream, or by some strong, but unaccountable, impression on the mind.

Jung Stilling, in his ‘Theory of Pneumatology,’ relates the following occurrence, quoted by Mrs. Crowe:—‘Professor Böhn, of Marburg, was seized one evening, when in company, with ‘an unaccountable conviction that he must go home. He was ‘obliged to yield to this impulse. He then felt constrained, he ‘knew not why, to remove his bed from its usual corner to the ‘other side of the room; when he had done this he felt at ease ‘and returned to his companions. When the party broke up, ‘he returned home to bed. In the middle of the night, he was ‘awakened by a loud crash, and found that a large beam had

‘fallen, bringing part of the ceiling with it, and was lying exactly ‘on the spot which his bed had occupied.’

We have heard the following:—An officer, after the battle of Corunna, was taking a short repose with his soldiers on the field, upon which the French were still firing; something in his dream made him start up, which he had no sooner done, than a cannon ball struck the place on which his head had just before rested; but his change of position had saved him. The followers of Swedenborg, and many who place no reliance on his supposed revelations, would attribute such occurrences as these to the intervention of guardian spirits appointed to watch over the welfare of those who have been favoured with such providential warnings. For ourselves we see no reasonable objection to such a view; and we have before shown that the language of scripture seems, in many parts, favourable to the belief in the existence of such benignant spirits, to whom is allotted the office of guardianship over individuals still entangled in this mortal coil. Many persons experience unaccountable presentiments of the death of relatives, or dear friends at a distance: we mention an instance which we have heard, upon good authority, within the circle of our own acquaintance. A lady, whose daughter had married and gone out to India, had hitherto received none but satisfactory accounts of her absent relative, when, one day, she became affected with a strange and irresistible feeling of depression and alarm, which led her to say to her family that she was sure her daughter was either dead, or dying at that time; and, truly, accounts arrived from India, soon afterwards, of the daughter's death having occurred at the time when this presentiment was experienced in England.

There are many similar cases on record in the ‘Night Side of Nature’ and elsewhere. We think they are too frequent to be explained away as mere coincidences; such a mode of cutting the Gordian knot seems most unphilosophical, nor is it less so to deny point-blank the truth of all such instances as cannot now be authenticated by evidence such as would be admissible in a court of law. It is fully conceded that such as entertain the belief that spirits separate from the flesh may and do sometimes hold communion with mortal men, are often too prone to lend a ready ear to narrations favourable to their belief, and perhaps unconsciously to throw over them, in repetition, an air of speciality and exactness which might seem wanting at the first narration; but, on the other hand, we think that those who deny this possibility *in toto* are too apt to refuse due consideration to evidence in proof, or to attempt, and adopt, any explanation which shall refer the occurrence to known causes, even though

as unlikely, under the circumstances, as would be the fact of what they seek to explain away. It is thus that Sir Walter Scott comments upon many well accredited ghost stories; they have obtained currency, but cannot now be authenticated, or they may possibly be referred to natural causes, and are therefore unworthy of any consideration. Whereas many of the narrations which he gives in favour of his own views present no stronger evidences of authenticity than do these which are thus set aside. The first instance of those which we have selected above, quoted from the pages of Dr. Mayo, seems to be one of those on which he passes this unfavourable sentence:—‘Two ‘highly respectable officers of the British army,’ he says, ‘are ‘supposed to have seen the spectre of the brother of one of them, ‘in a hut, or barrack, in America; but we are left in doubt when, ‘how, and in what terms, this tale obtained its currency.’ Now we have seen, on the contrary, that the names of the parties are given; and though they are now removed, Dr. Mayo shows that their acquaintances can still vouch to their having both stated the fact as above narrated. In the same chapter Sir Walter Scott relates a very striking incident which has become familiar by its oft quotation, in which what was apparently a most startling visitation from the other world proved to be the result only of natural causes; the inference intended being, that all other supposed marvels of like nature would equally resolve themselves into events resulting from understood causes, when carefully investigated. We are told that the circumstance occurred at Plymouth, but we are not informed at what time, nor who were the parties concerned; and it is acknowledged that there are many different versions of the tale. The case is therefore so unauthentic, that had it been put forth as a tale of a real ghost, it would at once have been set aside as unworthy of any consideration; and when we examine its internal evidence, we find that the number of coincidences required is so exacting, that scarcely would a real ghost story be more difficult of belief. The president of a club chances to be at the point of death at the time of one of its customary sittings; and whilst the conversation of the members is turned to the subject of his illness, the dying man, being at the same time left by his nurse, rises from bed, wraps the sheet around him, takes his latch-key, and walks forth unchallenged to the place of meeting; there he takes his presidential seat, and drinks to their health in solemn pantomime; he then withdraws from the awe-struck assembly, and reaches his home by a shortcut with the help of his key, so that he has time to lie down again and die before a messenger dispatched from the club can reach his house, who therefore is informed that the object of

his inquiry is lying dead. The members of the club naturally conclude that they have seen the spirit of the dead man revisiting, at death, the scene of former social intercourse; and they remain in this belief until the nurse, upon her death-bed, discloses the fact; and all belief in spiritual appearances must, of course, be therefore extinguished. Had this story been less provokingly apposite, we could the better have accepted it; but, to our mind, it seems to bear too much the appearance of having been invented, or at all events improved, that it might serve as an illustration. It is one of those good stories of which the Italians say, '*Si non e vero, e ben trovato.*'

'Persuadere cupit, credat Judæus apella.'

There is another class of phenomena which we must briefly notice before we close, which does certainly make a very strong demand upon our powers of belief. Many cases are recorded by Jung Stilling, in the work which we have before noticed, and several others likewise by Mrs. Crowe, in which the apparition not merely presents itself visibly, and gives evidence of its presence by audible sounds, but likewise acts upon material substances with a direct and recognisable physical agency. Doors which have been locked are unlocked and opened as palpably as were those which the angel threw back for the release of St. Peter; heavy substances are moved from place to place by invisible agency; the contact of the spirit is felt like a stream of cool air; or, what is more unpleasant, and casts more suspicion upon the respectability of the apparition, like fire, scorching an indelible signature of its contact upon the wrist, when a friendly pressure of the hand was alone anticipated; or burning holes in paper or in handkerchiefs, which are afterwards preserved as notable relics, and as standing evidence of the fact. Most instances of this kind not only require a greater exercise of faith for their belief, but are deficient in that amount of evidence and authenticity which sets incredulity at defiance. The moving of furniture, or the aimless opening and shutting of doors, like the knocking upon floors or ceilings, which we have before noticed, not only seems a frivolous occupation for a spirit dissevered from the body, but reminds one too forcibly of the curious inventions of the ghosts of Woodstock and of Stockwell. Had the woman, of whom Mrs. Crowe tells, confined in a haunted prison, made her escape when the spirit threw open the door so that she could see into the passage without, the tale would have been more unexceptionable. A thirsty spirit, which disturbed the quiet inmates of a dwelling with an infinite variety of unaccountable pranks, evinced its presence to a man-servant,—itself meanwhile

invisible,—by lifting a pitcher of ale from the table, pouring its contents into a glass, lifting the glass from the table, gradually inverting it with the movement of a person drinking, and setting the empty glass again upon the table; the spirit having communicated its own invisibility to the drink it had imbibed. ‘Holy Jesus, it drinks!’ the man exclaimed. But our readers must judge for themselves as to the probability of this witness being somewhat more directly concerned in the disappearance of the ale, rather than that so gross a liquor should be the selected beverage of an uncorporeal essence.

It would not be out of place here to have given some consideration to the remarkable phenomena of animal magnetism, somnambulism, and the condition of trance, which perhaps throw some light upon the particulars which we have already noticed, and give them some additional credibilities. In the magnetic sleep, in the condition of somnambulism spontaneously supervening, and in the state of trance, a temporary abolition of some of the mental faculties is combined with an unusual and morbid exaltation of others. Instances abound of somnambulists wandering safely in the most dangerous places, as over the roofs of houses, or passing through doors and passages, with as much precision in the darkness of night, as if by the light of day. In some more remarkable cases, there is a temporary development of some of the higher mental faculties, as a taste and perception in music never else evinced, or a facility in poetical and other literary compositions; or the memory returns to learning long since lost to the waking state. Mr. Christmas, in his Introduction to Calmet, notices ‘the well-known instance of the young ‘servant girl, related by Coleridge, who, though ignorant and un-‘educated, could, during her sleep-walking, discourse learnedly ‘in rabbinical Hebrew. The circumstance of her old master ‘having been in the habit of walking about the house at night, ‘reading from rabbinical books aloud and in a declamatory manner; ‘the impression made by the strange sounds upon her youthful ‘imagination; their accurate retention by a memory, which, how-‘ever, could only reproduce them when in an abnormal condition, ‘—all teach us many most interesting psychological facts, which, ‘had this young girl fallen into other hands, would have been ‘useless in a philosophical point of view, and would have been ‘only used to establish the doctrine of diabolical possession and ‘ecclesiastical exorcism.’

The magnetic sleep presents close resemblances to spontaneous somnambulism and trance: here, too, there is an exaltation of some faculties and an abolition of ordinary consciousness. Individuals under this influence do sometimes exhibit an acquaintance with

circumstances, or facts, of which it seems impossible that the knowledge should have been communicated through the medium of the senses; and this more particularly respecting those persons with whom they are placed in magnetic *rappor*t. Such cases remind us of the numerous examples of the faculty of presentiment which we have before noticed. The accounts given of the sacred ecstasies of the Pythia of the Delphic oracle whilst under the divine afflatus, show a resemblance to some of the effects of somnambulism, or the magnetic state, upon excitable females of the present day; and the wild and broken ejaculations in which she delivered the oracular responses are not unlike the mode of speech described by writers upon animal magnetism as customary in their patients when under this influence. These, however, are mere speculations. According to the researches upon magnetism, electricity, &c., of Baron Von Reichenbach, it appears that many persons subject to somnambulism, and nervous females of weak health, and even some males of robust constitution, have the faculty of perceiving pale lambent flames over the poles of steel magnets, upon crystals, wherever chemical decompositions take place, on the surface of metals, &c.; and he attributes to this faculty the origin of many ghost-tales, and the belief in corpse-lights over the graves of the dead. This exaltation of the senses might be supposed to give to such persons the faculty of the discerning of spirits; but we find much that appears contradictory and wanting in scientific proof in the Baron's observations, which we cannot, however, notice at length in the present article. This faculty is exercised habitually, and at all times, by those in whom it manifests itself; but the gift of *clairvoyance*, of which so much has been said by the animal magnetists, that is, the power of seeing with the pit of the stomach,—or with the pit of the heart, as Jung Stilling says is the more correct expression, when all light is excluded from the customary organs of vision,—is said to belong only to persons under the magnetic influence. We confess ourselves disbelievers in the existence of any such faculty. The notorious Alexis, to whom Dr. Mayo refers with much confidence, failed entirely, when in England, in his attempts to display this faculty to Dr. Forbes and other gentlemen who were not to be imposed upon by any juggling or sleight of hand; the same failure always results when this supposed faculty is subjected to rigid scrutiny; and the many acknowledged cases in which it has thus been proved to be a mere imposture cast a dark shade of suspicion over the whole. We refer any of our readers who wish to know more of this subject of animal magnetism, and how much of reality, and how much error exist in

the phenomena professedly manifested under its influence, to an interesting and candid article upon Mesmerism, by Dr. Forbes, which appeared first in the pages of a Medical Review, of which he was then the Editor, but which has since been published in a separate form.

We have endeavoured, so far as our limits would allow, to ascertain how much of truth, or probability, and how much of improbability, or unquestionable delusion, exists in the popular doctrines of ghosts and supernatural appearances. If we have established, that beneath much of superstitious error and much deception we find a substratum or foundation of actual fact, as much deserving of scientific research as are other natural phenomena which present themselves to our notice, we have accomplished all that we proposed in the outset. The great intermixture of error and deception with accredited facts, materially lessens the *primâ facie* credibility of the case which we have undertaken to defend; but our prejudices against its admission on this ground will yield to satisfactory evidence; and especially when we consider how many of the best accredited sciences of the present day have, in like manner, had their origin in superstition and vulgar error. The art of medicine has been, in former times, little more than the superstitious practice of charms and incantations, or the administration of magical drugs, frequently as disgusting as they were inefficacious; the science of astronomy was once overshadowed with the mysticisms of astrology; and chemistry was little more than a bootless search after the philosopher's stone and the commutation of metals. These have now taken their acknowledged position amongst the most useful and trustworthy of the natural sciences; and perhaps, in its own time, a true philosophy of apparitions, and of spiritual communications, may, in like manner, emerge from the mists of superstition and credulity in which everything appertaining to the subject is at present involved. Whenever this shall be the case we anticipate no small additional insight into the moral and psychical nature of our species.

- ART. V. (1.) *An Examination of some prevailing opinions as to the Pressure of Taxation in this and other Countries.* By GEORGE WARDE NORMAN, Esq. Boone, London.
- (2.) *First Report of the Secret Committee on Commercial Distress, with the Minutes of Evidence, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.* 1848.
- (3.) *A Letter to Lord A. Hamilton, on Alterations in the Value of Money.* Published in 1823, reprinted in 1847. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. London.
- (4.) *Substance of the Speech of Matthias Attwood, Esq. M.P., in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, the 8th June, 1830.* Published 1848. Reynell & Co. London.
- (5.) *National Currency Reform Association Tracts, I., II., III., IV., V.* E. Wilson, Royal Exchange, London.
- (6.) *Currency Records, illustrating the Acts of 1819 and 1844.* Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. London.

In a highly complex and artificial state of society, it is impracticable to alter any considerable portion of the machinery of government, without involving the necessity for further and different alterations in other portions. It was, therefore, to be expected, and was expected by most considerate persons, that when the great and necessary measure of the repeal of the corn-laws was at last accomplished, it would practically turn out to be only the first of a series of changes, or modifications, of many parts of our complicated system, all of which this first step would be found to have rendered requisite. To us it never appeared to be, in practice, possible, that the repeal of these laws, could remain an insulated measure. As a single stroke of policy, it appeared to us certain to fall short of the end by many expected from it. Neither did its insulation appear to us to be a practicable thing. It is not to be forgotten that these very laws formed the most artificial portion of an artificial system of polity. The restrictive code which, in ordinary seasons, limited the supply of food to the production of these islands, was merely the buttress of a scale of prices for agricultural produce, higher than could, by any possibility, have been maintained without it, under the circumstances in which the country was then placed. It is not to be denied, certainly, that with regard to the extent to which the corn-laws operated in enhancing the prices of grain,

very different opinions were entertained. This some of the vaticinations which have been put forth, as to average prices to be established under a system of free importation, fully prove. It was, however, always a reasonable inference that this removal of machinery by means of which, during thirty-three years of the nineteenth century, the prices of grain had been sustained at an average of about *thirty-six per cent.* beyond that of the latter half of the eighteenth, when money was of the same value, or very nearly so, must involve collateral consequences of some magnitude and importance. It was so, because it might have been recollected that in those years during which, owing to the fineness of the seasons, this machinery had failed in its effect, that is to say, during 1822 and 1833-4-5, the absence of that effect was sensibly felt in English agriculture: and that it was so, the publications of which the titles are appended to these remarks afford proofs, referring, as they do, directly or indirectly to phenomena, which have either been created or rendered more conspicuously prominent by the final removal of all restrictions from the free importation of grain from foreign countries. In order thoroughly to understand, however, this important matter in all its bearings, it becomes requisite to pass in review some of the principal circumstances which led to the enactment of that restrictive code, now happily removed: to which we, therefore, at once proceed.

There is no period of our history, since the Conquest, in which some legislative measures as to corn did not exist. Up to the Revolution of 1688, however, these laws seem to have been always intended to produce a plentiful supply of grain. It was less an article of diet anciently in this country, having been used apparently by the richer rather than the poorer classes. Its cultivation being therefore limited, and much neglected by the inhabitants of a then thinly peopled country, whose occupation was pasturage, it was subject to extraordinary fluctuations of price; which these laws seem to have been intended to remedy by limiting its exportation. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, however, the circumstances of society had changed. A combination of events, amongst which was the gradual depreciation in the value of money after the discovery of the gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru, caused tillage gradually to supersede grazing. The prices of grain fell with this extension; and after the Revolution of 1688, an attempt was made to arrest this decline by means of a bounty on exportation, which was allowed as long as prices were below a certain level. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, a new series of events re-

versed this state of affairs. The rapid growth of taxation which followed the Revolution of 1688, was accompanied by an accelerated increase in population, which fiscal pressure always creates in the *ratio* of its intensity. This added to the demand for grain, which, throughout the reigns of Queen Anne and the first and second George, gradually rose in price; until, in 1773, it was found necessary to relinquish the system of a bounty on exportation when the price rose to 44*s. per quarter*, and to allow a free importation when it reached 48*s. per quarter* (then considered a high or scarcity price), a measure which produced the effect intended. This fall of prices, however, together with the incidence of the augmented taxes necessitated by the fatal dispute with the American colonists and its disastrous results, was so severely felt by the landed interest, then paramount in influence, that in 1791, they procured a new enactment which laid on a prohibitory duty when wheat was under 50*s. per quarter*, and imposed an import duty of 2*s. 6d. per quarter*, until the price passed 54*s. per quarter*. In two years more, an event followed which rendered these calculations, and the laws which they originated, totally nugatory and futile.

Before the enactment just adverted to, the first French Revolution had commenced its extraordinary progress, and in 1793 was commenced, with the first French Republic, that terrible contest which was fated to produce so much social and economical change in this country, and totally to nullify all former calculations as to the prices of commodities, grain being of course included amongst the rest. Before the breaking out of the war of 1793, the ill-omened American conflict had, by augmented debt and taxation, rendered necessary a considerable augmentation of the existing paper currency. After the hostilities of 1793, however, and the adoption, by the Bank of England, of an issue of notes for five pounds, circumstances all conspired to render the joint issues of the Bank of England, and of the country banks (now nearly two hundred in number probably) excessive in quantity; and this, in 1797, ended in the stoppage of the Bank in the February of that year; in the forced adoption of a system of inconvertible paper-money: and in the issue, all over the kingdom, of notes for one and two pounds. It would be entirely foreign to the intention of this article, to enter into any detail of the monetary history of the country, from the crisis of 1797 up to 1815, when the war was brought to its close. Suffice it to say that, on the 25th February, 1797, just prior to the restriction upon metallic payments, the circulation of the Bank of England, including bank post-bills, was 8,640,250*l.* only: whilst on June

30th, 1815, that circulation, in notes alone, was 27,013,440*l.*; exclusive of bank post-bills to the amount probably of a quarter of a million more, which is little, but which is the utmost indicated by such accounts as have been printed. What the increase of the country bank circulation and of small bills of exchange was, during this period, is a matter only of conjecture. That the country banks increased in numbers from two hundred and thirty, or thereabouts, to nine hundred and forty-two, in 1814, is quite certain. To calculate the increase of the issue of country paper in any such proportion would be certainly wrong, as the business of one bank would curtail that of another, amid so much competition. Still, after allowing for the gold driven out of circulation by the depreciated paper, it is difficult to conceive that the entire currency could be less than double its amount in 1797—or more than that—and that it was so the prices to which not only grain, but all other commodities rose, during that period, sufficiently indicate. The value of money, during the eighteenth century, was steady. The circulation, during the whole time, was, for the most part, in gold and silver; and if we take the average prices of wheat at different periods of the century, so as to afford a fair criterion, and then construct from them a general average, we shall find that the quarter of wheat represented, according to the returns then existing, about *thirty-nine shillings and two pence* of the money of the century. Thus taking, first, the first ten years, from 1700 to 1709 inclusive, the average price of the quarter of wheat is *1*l.* 19*s.* 4½*d.** Taking, next, the last ten years of the first half of the century, that is to say, from 1741 to 1750 inclusive, the average price is *1*l.* 13*s.* 9¾*d.** Taking, thirdly, the first ten years of the latter half of the century, say from 1751 to 1760 inclusive, we get an average of *2*l.* 2*s.* 7¼*d.**; and, lastly, taking the nine years which intervened between the American and French wars, say from 1784 to 1792 inclusive, we find the average to be *forty shillings and ten pence halfpenny per quarter*, according to Mr. Tooke's returns, as given in his work on 'high and low prices.' The average of the whole is *1*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.* per quarter*. This, if compared with such returns from country markets as are extant, is, in all probability, about *3*s.* per quarter* above the true average for the whole kingdom at that period: a fact that ought never to be forgotten when these prices are compared with the more accurately ascertained prices of the present day.

Let us now examine the progress of the advance, as it went on, in grain and in all other articles of consumption and use from 1797 to 1815; and we shall then be aware of the real

extent of the depreciation of the national currency, during that extraordinary period, and perceive clearly the force of the reasoning of those who insisted upon protecting themselves, at all events, before they consented to that restoration of the value of the currency which was finally completed and fixed in the year 1819. If, in accordance with this plan, we divide the entire period of the war into three minor periods—*first*, from 1797 to the end of the century; *second*, from 1800 to 1809 inclusive; and *third*, from 1810 to 1814 inclusive—we shall find the average prices of wheat during the three periods to be as follows, viz.: from 1797 to 1799, 56s. 11d.; from 1800 to 1809, 83s. 1d.; and from 1810 to 1814, 101s. 9d. *per quarter*. During all these periods, there were only three years of peculiar scarcity, to wit, 1799, 1800, and 1812. These prices are, therefore, the natural prices of wheat, as measured by the then rapidly depreciating money of the time. What do they indicate as to the value of the money, as measured by wheat? Only this, that the paper pound of the first period was worth *about sixteen standard shillings*; that its value during the second period, was *about ten standard shillings*; and for the last period, *about eight standard shillings*. Nor are these conclusions without substantial corroboration from the rates of advance in the prices of other grain and other commodities, and especially the advanced prices of such articles of raw produce as are not capable of being very suddenly and greatly augmented in quantity—an augmentation which rising prices always produces in such articles of commerce as are susceptible of it, and by means of which their price is kept down, and not suffered to be quite commensurate with the actual depreciation of money, which is the cause of the whole. The following table of comparative prices, calculated centesimally for different periods, is extracted from a very elaborate table of the same kind, presented to the Commons committee, upon Sir Robert Peel's Banking Act of 1844, which sat in 1848, by John Taylor, Esq. It will be found generally to corroborate, and as nearly as can be expected, all that has been stated, and may be held to be decisive of the question of depreciation and its extent.

Table of Comparative Prices, calculated Centcsimally, (in bond).

				1784 to 1790.	1798 to 1804.	1805 to 1811.	1812 to 1818.
	£	s.	d.				
Ashes, Canadian	per cwt.	1	11 8	100	141	187	200
Bark, British	per load	11	8 0	100	177	296	265
Brandy, Cognac	per gallon	0	7 8½	100	247	210	405
Coals, Newcastle	per chald.	0	19 11	100	167	202	190
Copper, cakes.....	per cwt.	4	2 5	100	168	207	159
Corn, Barley.....	per quarter	1	4 2	100	165	177	191
— Rye	"	1	9 6	100	168	179	184
— Oats.....	"	0	17 2	100	157	170	181
Cotton Wool, Smyrna	per lb.	0	1 2½	100	136	126	131
— Yarn, Turkey	"	0	2 7½	100	156	179	150
Currants.....	per cwt.	1	7 1	100	184	195	219
Figs.....	"	1	10 10	100	279	250	275
Flax, Petersby, 12 head ...	per ton	44	11 5	100	152	199	179
Flour, British.....	per sack	1	17 3	100	183	214	223
Iron, pigs, British	per ton	5	18 6	100	144	151	151
Lead	"	19	9 3	100	133	186	134
Leather, Butts, highest.....	per lb.	0	1 0	100	177	204	202
Malt	per quarter	1	4 6	100	180	186	225
Oil, Whale, British.....	per tun	20	17 1	100	160	153	209
Opium, Turkey.....	per lb.	0	9 1	100	160	396	194
Provisions, mess beef... per tierce		3	13 10	100	185	195	188
Rice, Carolina	per cwt.	0	18 8	100	176	213	275
Seed, Rape, British.....	per last	26	5 8	100	144	159	188
Spirits, British malt ... per gallon		0	2 8½	100	193	233	230
Sugar, Jamaica, Brown... per cwt.		1	9 8	100	150	139	181
Tallow, London melted ...	"	2	8 2	100	143	164	169
Tea, Bohea	per lb.	0	1 9½	100	111	111	143
Timber, Riga Fir	per load	1	17 5	100	221	402	367
Tin, blocks, British	per cwt.	4	0 4	100	131	159	160
Tobacco, Virginia.....	per lb.	0	0 5½	100	170	204	352
Wine, Port.....	per pipe	22	7 4	100	171	228	274
Wool, Leonesa	per lb.	0	3 9½	100	140	234	211

The reader need hardly be reminded that of these prices some were enhanced by the circumstances of the war, whilst others were depressed by the great additional supplies which this constant rise in the nominal price was sure to bring to market. They certainly, however, confirm substantially, and with all the accuracy to be expected in such a case, the indications of depreciation which the prices of wheat, taken alone, yield. In fact, it is manifest, upon the face of the whole, that such prices could *not* have been paid, excepting by means of a currency depreciated to a great extent: and if further corroboration be wanting, it may be found at page 274 of No. xv. of this 'Review,' where the advance of butchers' meat, wages, rents, rates, and tithes, is briefly

stated, which will be found to corroborate all that is here advanced.

The intention of this detail is to put the reader into possession of a knowledge of *all* the circumstances under which the Corn-laws were enacted. It will be seen that, during the eighteen years (from 1797 to 1815), through which depreciation of the current money was in continual progress, the ideas of men as to prices had been, as it were, revolutionized. Another generation had grown up, and entered upon the business of the world. They bought and sold as their fathers had done; but under impressions how new, as far as nominal exchangeable value was concerned! *Four pounds* had now come to be considered as only a fair price for a quarter of wheat. Seventy years before that, *two pounds* was considered as a fair price at Mark-lane. The prices of all other commodities had risen in the like proportion; so that the relations of one thing with another as to marketable value remained nearly the same as before. As wheat rose, so did rents, tithes, rates, and lastly, wages. As the cost of living was augmented, so, as a matter of necessity, was the remuneration of all official persons, from the king and his family down to the excise-runner, the drum-boy and the cabin-boy. This rise in prices was called 'dearness' in common parlance. Men did not understand that, in reality, it was little more than a greater cheapness of money. It was, therefore, generally attributed to 'the war,' and few cared to inquire further. As men received more in the *ratio* in which they paid more, and as the money was depreciated as taxation increased, the pressure caused by this process was comparatively trifling. Persons having fixed incomes, and landlords who had let their lands on long leases, suffered, but not the community at large. Wages certainly rose more slowly than they ought to have done, and not to the full extent which the depreciation demanded; upon the whole, however, the nation appeared to be prosperous, and discontents were few. But although the causes of all these changes were not generally suspected, it must not be supposed that they were hidden from all. This was not the case. There had, in fact, arisen, in the beginning of the century, within the House of Commons, a small party, known as 'the Political Economists,' by whom these changes and their causes were made matters of investigation. At their head was Mr. Horner, a lawyer of the Whig party, and one of the writers of the Edinburgh Review; a man of great talents. With him were associated Mr. Tierney, Mr. Huskisson, Mr. (now Lord) Brougham, Sir Henry Parnell, Mr. Alex. Baring, Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, Mr. H. Thornton, Mr. Manning, &c. &c. As early as 1810, this party, composed mostly of men of talent, had influence enough

in the House to procure a committee, chosen mostly from their own body, to inquire into the state of the currency. This they did; and although they laboured under the unpardonable mistake of taking 'the market price of gold (albeit it was proved by their own witnesses that there was no market-price for gold, for years together, *vide* 'Merle's Evidence, Report, 1810'), as a measure of depreciation they yet fully substantiated the fact of a growing depreciation; and as a cure, not very wisely (in the midst of a desperate war) recommended a return to cash payments. This recommendation was, of course, at that time, unheeded; but it demonstrated the *animus* of the economist party, and, in reality was the great cause of the enactment of the first corn-law, in 1815, as we shall see. At the time, the report of the committee was a dead letter. Few, save themselves, understood it, and few tried to understand it: so repulsive is its subject generally deemed, and so little was it, at that period, appreciated or investigated.

During the five years, however, which intervened between the Report of the Bullion Committee of 1810, and the conclusion of hostilities in the memorable year of 1815, three men became prominent in the House, who were fated to exercise a paramount influence with regard to monetary questions. These were Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Peel, then a young man; Mr. Western, a gentleman of large landed property, and still greater talents; and, lastly, Mr. Ricardo, a stock-jobber, who, by consummate skill in this species of gambling (then in its hey-day), joined to consummate luck, acquired a large fortune. In the decisions of Mr. Ricardo are to be sought and found the proximate causes, not only of the Corn-bill of 1815, but of the Cash-payments bill of 1819, which followed it, and was connected with it; a measure generally, though most mistakenly, attributed to Sir Robert Peel, who had little really to do with it, excepting his consent to be (unfortunately for himself) its sponsor in the House of Commons. To these names must be added that of Mr. Matthias Attwood, a gentleman of influence much inferior to that of the three first-named; but whose *dictum* on all questions of money ought to have gone as far as that of any member of the House, without a single exception. With Mr. Western's views Mr. Attwood generally agreed; but he exceeded even Mr. Western in the resolution with which he adhered to his opinions on a question so all-important to his country, as will appear in the sequel.

In 1815 came the end of the war; and, having brought the reader down to that period, the ground is clear for the explanation of the entire circumstances under which the first corn-law was passed. It has been already remarked that, in all the various acts which kept in force the restriction upon the Bank, from 1797

to 1815, there was inserted (whether wisely or not) a clause pledging the legislature to a resumption of payments in metallic money by the Bank as soon as a definitive treaty of peace should be signed. Had the Houses possessed any decided opinion on the subject, the fulfilment of this pledge might have easily been postponed; but the majority of both Lords and Commons having no opinion on the subject, were, *de facto*, in the hands of the small knot of economists, of whom each House contained some—Lord King, Lord Stanhope, and Lord Lauderdale, being amongst the peers conspicuous for their attention to these topics. Now that it was the determination of Mr. Ricardo, and the body whom he led, to bring about a return to metallic payments, on the part of the Bank of England, was well known to everybody who took interest in the matter; and, of course, to Mr. Western and his party of country gentlemen. But Mr. Western knew more than this. He was well aware that the disinclination of the then Government to reduce taxes was so great that a struggle to retain the income-tax would be made; and he was equally well aware that, misled by the great fall in the price of gold bullion which at once followed the peace of 1815, owing in part to the preparations for again paying cash which the bank directors immediately made, Mr. Ricardo, and his followers would force on the resumption of metallic payments, unaccompanied by any adjustment of public and private burthens with the altered value of money. This Mr. Western knew: and as, according to his view of the question, this alteration from inconvertible to convertible paper, payable in gold at the mint standard, would indubitably depress the prices of all agricultural produce at least *fifty per cent.*, unless some measure of protection was at the same time passed, he concluded that no time was now to be lost. In these opinions he was supported by Mr. Matthias Attwood, and (out of doors) by Mr. Cobbett, who, though opposed upon every other political question, fully agreed with them on this. He had also been taught by Mr. Locke, in his ‘Letter to a Member of Parliament,’ on lowering the Interest and raising the Value of Money’ (published in 1691), how vain it is to hope, by the method of indirect taxation imposed on necessities, to exempt the land of a country from its full share of these burthens.

The merchant can limit supply; the manufacturer may deteriorate the quality of his fabric clandestinely; but the cultivator cannot do either. The land is always tilled, and the quality of its produce does not vary. But the enhanced prices of commodities must be paid by those who cultivate, and as the expense is thus increased, in that *ratio* must the clear proceeds decrease. To this Mr. Locke bears ample testimony.

'The public charge of the Government (says Mr. Locke) is in the United Provinces laid on trade. I grant it is; the greatest part of it: but is the land excused or eased by it? By no means; but, on the contrary, so loaded that, in many instances, half, in others a quarter, in others an eighth of the yearly (*former*) value does not come into the owner's pocket; and, if I have not been misinformed, the land, in some places, will *not pay the taxes*; so that we may say the charge came not upon commodities until the land would not bear it. . . . It is known what a share of the public charges is supported by the trade of Amsterdam alone. As I remember, that one town pays *thirty-six of the hundred* of all the public taxes raised in the United Provinces; but are the lands of Guelderland eased by it? Let any one see, in that country of land more than trade, what they make clear of their revenues; or whether the country-gentlemen *there* grow rich on their land, whilst the merchant, having the taxes laid on his commerce, is impoverished? On the contrary, Guelderland is so low—so out of cash, that Amsterdam has been fain, for many years, to lay down the taxes for them; which is, in effect, to pay the taxes of Guelderland too! —*Locke's Letter to a Member of Parliament*, p. 61.

This, then, seems really to have been Mr. Western's position. He fully believed a great error was about to be committed, by returning to cash payments without any change in the nominal amount of engagements, public and private. He believed those connected with land would be least able to evade the consequences of this mistake. It was entirely out of his power to resist the return to cash payments; whilst it was in his power to save the land from these apprehended consequences. The result was a compromise with the economists, who permitted the first Corn-law, of 1815, to be passed, upon an understanding that no resistance would then be offered by the country party to their views of a return to a currency, the value of which should be measured by standard gold. The Corn-laws were then, in essence, a scheme for exempting the soil and its produce from the action of that augmentation of the value of money which the Cash-payments Act of 1819 brought about, and to the effects of which all the rest of the community were left exposed. The aim of the first Corn-bill was, by preventing the introduction of foreign grain until wheat had reached some price above that of *eighty shillings per quarter*, to procure an average approximating to that price. This the experience of a few years proved to be a gross miscalculation, as might have been easily, and by some few persons was, foreseen.

Under a currency *doubled* in value, even the artificial scarcity which a limitation of the supply of grain to our own powers of production was of power to produce, could not, with the then

extent of population, be sufficiently severe to cause prices to rise to this level, nor to anything like it. This may be easily apprehended when it is considered that, after the act of 1819, *eighty shillings*, standard silver or gold, were equal to *one hundred and sixty shillings* of the inconvertible paper of the latter years of the war. The assured failure of the first Corn-law caused the invention of 'the Sliding-scale'—a most astute and cunning, though in practice immoral device. By means of a system of averages, it was made to be the interest of an extensive combination of men to gamble up the prices of grain to a level for which there was no ground in reason: and in this the uncertainty of seasons generally enabled them to succeed, to a great extent, if not to the summit of their wishes. Under the first Corn-law, which lasted through eight years, an average of 69*s.* 1½*d.* *per qr.* was obtained, but the fluctuations were excessive; wheat ranging from 94*s.* to 43*s.* *per qr.* The altered laws of 1822, which lasted four years, produced an average of 59*s.* 3½*d.* *per qr.*, with less of fluctuation. The amended law of 1828, which survived fourteen years, gave an average of 58*s.* 10½*d.* *per qr.*, with no very great fluctuation, excepting in 1835, when three consecutive plentiful seasons put it in abeyance, and reduced wheat almost to its natural level. The last permanent act of 1842 ran through six years, and produced an average of 55*s.* 7¾*d.* for wheat. In 1846-7, the potato blight and the wants of a population, which the action of these very laws on the prices of food had, beyond a doubt, helped to increase, gave the monopoly in bread a blow from which it could not recover. It fell, as all such expedients fall at last, from the pressure of circumstances which it assisted to create, and which are totally incompatible with its further duration. From first to last, the duration of the Corn-laws was really 'a question only of time;' and time has solved it.

It has been too much the fashion with declaimers on the question of the Corn-laws in this country to attribute their enactment, in so many words, to 'rapacity of the landlord interest.' But on such topics declamation is out of place. To us the truth seems to be, as we have stated it, that these laws were merely the result of an attempt to shield the landed interests from the effects of a monetary mistake, on the part of Mr. Ricardo and those who advocated the Act of 1819; which mistaken step the advocates of these laws had no other means to resist. Be this as it may, however, the question is now, what are the best means of meeting those further changes which this great change necessarily involves? Under an artificial system, like that of this country, it was obvious to all reflecting minds, from the very first, that the repeal of the restrictions

on the importation of agricultural produce must necessarily bring after it other changes of magnitude. Amongst other things it must involve great alterations in our fiscal system. The expensiveness of British cultivation is clearly the consequence, (as Mr. Locke teaches) of our excessive taxation, which is laid nearly altogether, indirectly, upon commodities and the common necessities of life. To the effects of this heavy and indirect taxation the landed interest is now for the first time completely exposed. That pressure, in its consequences, is beginning to re-act, as it must do, upon manufactures and trade generally; and this is apparent in the universal financial inquiry and agitation which is now pervading the public press; as the titles of some of the publications appended to these remarks sufficiently testify. To this branch of the subject let us now turn.

It was certainly to be expected that a change which has exposed the agriculture of England to the free competition of countries, comparatively speaking, untaxed, and with soils of greater fertility than that of any which we can boast, should provoke inquiry into the policy and extent and justice of those burdens which may be supposed to bear severely upon land. It was equally to be expected that such inquiries should give rise to other speculations; that attempts should be made to underrate the extent and severity of these burdens; and that various plans and schemes should be proposed for the purpose of lessening the pressure thus created. In the first of these classes of calculators and speculatists is to be included Mr. George Warde Norman, the author of one of the tracts of which the title is appended above. We cannot compliment Mr. Norman upon his success in this his difficult enterprise. One grand mistake pervades his pamphlet, in the shape of an utter ignorance of the true extent of the changes in the value of money which have been effected during the period of which he treats. It may be, and is, very true, as Mr. Norman states, that the (*nominal*) average amount of taxes paid into the Exchequer amounted, during the last three years of the war, (1813, 1814, and 1815), upon an average to 70,697,378*l. per annum*. It may be and is also true that the payments into the Exchequer in 1843, 1844, and 1845, were only 53,215,641*l.*, on the average, *per annum*. The considerations which we have already adduced, however, are amply sufficient to shew that statements, such as this of Mr. Norman, are worse than useless, being most injuriously deceptive. That this gentleman was not altogether ignorant that some difference existed betwixt the value of the moneys current during the two periods, is manifest in the fact of his deducting 20 *per cent.* for depreciation during the earlier period.

The marvel is how he came by the notion of this 20 *per cent.* It seems to be a mere hallucination of his own. If he had adopted the mistaken notion, common at the time, that the extent of the depreciation of the inconvertible currency was to be measured by the prices of gold, still such a conclusion as that to which he has come, would have been impossible. This was proved with sufficient accuracy by Mr. Western, in the course of those debates which at length led to the hasty and half-clandestine enactment of the *Small Note Respite Bill* in 1822-3. The honourable member for Essex contended, as we now contend, that in the prices of grain, especially wheat, and of other commodities (including also rents, tithes, and wages), was to be found the true measure of depreciation. He also, however, showed that, adopting the calculus of his adversaries and taking gold of standard fineness as the measure, still the *nominally* reduced taxes of 1822-3 were heavier, with the exception of three years, than the war taxes paid from the year 1809 up to the year 1815. This he did by the following table, from which it appears that, even taking gold at mint standard for the measure, the depreciation for the eight years from 1809 to 1815 inclusive was *twenty-seven per cent.*

Years.	Price of Gold.	Difference from Mint Price.	Nominal Taxes, &c.	Amount in Gold Money.
	£ s. d.		£	£
1809	4 10 9	16½ per cent.	71,887,000	60,145,000
1810	4 5 0	9½ —	74,815,000	68,106,000
1811	4 17 1	24½ —	73,621,000	55,583,000
1812	5 1 4	30 —	73,707,000	51,595,000
Sept. to Dec. 1812	5 8 0	38½ —	81,745,000	52,236,000
Nov. 1812, to Mar. 1813 }	5 10 0	41 —		
1813	5 6 2	36½ —		
1814	5 1 8	30½ —	83,726,000	58,333,000
1815	4 12 9	18½ —	88,394,000	66,698,000

This table, the accuracy of which was never denied, certainly demonstrates that, upon the average, there was 27 *per cent.* difference between the mint and paper price of gold during these years; but further it is valueless. These paper prices were not the prices of an open market, but of a market where both sellers and buyers were carrying on illegal traffic, for which they were liable to heavy penalties, the risk of which in all cases materially altered the valuation agreed to; and as a measure of the actual depreciation they are plainly inadequate. We have, therefore, not continued the table, as Mr. Western did, down to 1822; as

that portion given exhibits the depreciation (as indicated by gold) during the last years of hostilities. These indications are, however, clearly false. It is quite certain the depreciation of 1810 was fully as great as that of 1809; though these returns indicate the contrary. The difference here was caused by the defeat of Austria at Wagram, in 1809, and the extension of Napoleon's 'continental system' over all Europe, which caused vast quantities of gold and silver to be sent to this country, in payment for goods rendered 'contraband' by the decrees of the French Emperor.

Mr. Norman's argument from the increase of population is equally unfortunate. Were this increase arising from those classes likely to pay a considerable taxation, the case might assume a different aspect; but the exact contrary is the truth. In the earlier numbers of this journal, we adduced ample reasons for concluding that the increase of population in a country is in the precise *ratio* of the extent of destitution and insufficient diet; and this is now, we believe, very generally admitted to be the truth by those who have studied the subject of population. Now this sort of increase of its numbers does not enable a nation as a whole to bear much more taxation. Nay, if carried to extremes it acts in the contrary direction, either by increasing the demands upon the poor's rate, or reducing the masses (as in Ireland) to a state which disables them from using any taxed article. Mr. Norman does not appear to see that since the peace of 1815, the poor's rate has really been steadily increasing, although the difference made in the value of money by the Act of 1819, and the preparations for that act, has disguised the truth. During the worst period of the war the poor's rate never quite reached *nine millions* of the depreciated pounds of that period. They are now about *seven millions of pounds* measured in gold at the Mint standard, and worth *fourteen millions* of the paper 'promises to pay,' current from 1810 to 1815. This, with all deference to Mr. Norman is no proof of the ability of a country to bear a heavy taxation.

In an article, written in a tone of assumed confidence, but under much ill-disguised asperity of feeling, upon this vital subject, which has recently appeared in the pages of one of our northern contemporaries, we observe the same mistake. In that article we see great and very undue stress is laid upon the following figures, which, because they are short, we transfer at once to our pages.

Average.	Schedule A. Lands, Tene- ments, in re- spect of the value thereof.	Schedule B. Lands, &c., in respect of the occupa- tion thereof.	Schedule C. Dividends, Annuities, Public Securities.	Schedule D. Profits and Losses.	Schedule E. Public Office Salaries, &c.	Total.
	£	£	£	£	£	£
1814 }						
1815 }	60,130,330	38,396,143	31,121,439	35,886,439	13,642,162	179,176,600
1842 }						
1843 }	94,810,599	43,145,786	27,577,439	64,344,835	10,495,410	240,374,069

These figures are adduced as the grand proof of the ability of the country to bear if necessary an increased taxation. They are, however, more specious than real; especially under a system of indirect taxation, which the British system substantially is. There can be no doubt of the rapid increase of our population, and the extension of all our large towns since 1815 has vastly augmented both the rentals and estimated values of all the lands in their vicinity. This accounts at once for the results under schedules A and B; but this adds little to the general power of the country to bear more *indirect* taxes. The augmented incomes of these landowners are little touched by taxes on commodities. Their establishments are for the most part as before; and if they expend, instead of saving, their augmented revenues, that expenditure, if in England at all, is generally on things little touched by taxation—on mere luxuries, such as pictures, jewels, rare books, foreign furniture and toys, or perhaps race-horses or fox-hounds, none of which contribute much to the national income, which really arises from imposts on the common necessities of life. About schedule D there is a degree of doubt. It is quite certain that numbers of tradesmen of every grade pay their assessment to the income-tax as an insurance of their credit, and as a sort of 'black mail' submitted to in preference to the risk of an investigation by the Commissioners, rather than as a *bonâ fide* instalment of profit realized. The same is true of the Railway, and, we fear, of many other companies. Upon all statements, such as these, the steady growth of the poor's rates, in spite of all efforts to keep them down, the increase of emigration, and the spread of insolvency and bankruptcy, from year to year, bear with irresistible force. They prove that though, in a few insulated instances, there is an augmentation of value and accessions to hoards, yet diffused wealth (the only wealth that enables a people to bear indirect, and at the same time heavy, taxation) is not really increasing with the population; and if we add to these considerations the evidence of those harrowing, and, until lately, little

known scenes of widely-spread and extreme destitution which the efforts of the *Morning Chronicle* have brought to light, we need no stronger demonstrations of this grave truth.

We now turn to another class of writers upon this intricate subject. They consist of those who, being aware of the consequences of the mistake which was made when cash payments were resumed in 1819, can see no means of curing the evils, undoubtedly so produced, save and except by a return to the perilous and precarious system of an inconvertible paper currency; and who to this most questionable position add a general advocacy of artificial and inconvertible currencies, in some shape or under some dispensation, as if such systems were to be loved, for their own sakes and independently of circumstances. It would be a work of some difficulty, were it worth while, to describe the various schemes for the regulation of a national currency promulgated by these writers. Each seems to have a theory and scheme of his own; and some have more than one, not remarkably consistent with each other. Great talent has been wasted in an attempt to show that a national circulating medium ought to be measured in quantity by the precise amount of the taxes paid by the nation. A currency in a state of continual depreciation, of which the pound should become, day after day, of less and less value for some indefinite time or for ever, has actually been recommended as the great creator of national prosperity. At another time, a fixed depreciation has been advocated. It has been proposed, substantially, to make the half sovereign pass for a whole one, and depreciate the existing paper, by extended issues, down to that standard. Now, with regard to all these conflicting schemes, we have only one or two observations to make. The first is that the general arguments, by which the employment of paper as money is recommended, involve palpable fallacies; and next, that the real results intended to be produced are essentially those of a juggle, or, in still more vulgar phrase, a *hocus-pocus*; the whole being furtive, tricky, and clandestine in character to the last degree, involving injustice under the name of justice, and inflicting private injury, under the pretence of righting public wrong. For these assertions we shall adduce some of the reasons, though to do the subject full justice would require more space than we can, at present, spare.

By all those who advocate that which some have quaintly termed 'symbolic money,' a definition of money is insisted upon which assigns to it a representative office. They are not content to consider money to be principally useful as a common 'measure of value:' but persist that, by money, all other things must be 'represented.' The use made of this arbitrary definition is this—

gold and silver they argue never can be in sufficient quantity to represent all the commodities required to be represented by it: *ergo*, it is concluded, paper, or some other more plentiful substitute, must be adopted. It is singular that men, otherwise of much astuteness, should fail to perceive how utterly baseless this sophism really is. Admitting, for the sake of the argument, that money must represent all other things, it is still sufficiently clear that this office of representation is purely conventional, and that any quantity of gold or silver which the relation of the whole existing stock with the number of things to be represented causes to be taken as the representative of a particular thing, represents that thing as well as a larger quantity would do. Thus, prior to the discovery of Mexico and Peru, *one shilling and sixpence* 'represented' (if we must use the term) a fat sheep: and sheep were just as easily and well bought and sold as now when, owing to the greater plenty of the precious metals, *thirty shillings, or a sovereign and a half*, have come to represent the same sheep. In fact, this term of money representation is only a metaphor, which often helps to embarrass, but never to enlighten the student of monetary science. The real use of money is not to represent things, but to measure their exchangeable value; and that which we term price, only expresses the relation which the money, at any time existing, bears to the commodities the value of which is to be measured by it. If the money as compared with the commodities is in plenty, these prices are 'high;' or, in other words, more of it is required to measure the value of a particular thing in comparison with other things. If, on the contrary, there be less money in proportion to the commodities, then are prices 'low,' less money being allotted to measure the value of each particular commodity compared with the rest. And hence it is perfectly clear that the business of buying and selling may be transacted just as easily with a small as with a great quantity of money: the only difference being in prices, which are merely relative proportions, and the sole utility of which resides in the relation which one bears to another. The value of notes, in musical notation, is a parallel case. It is altogether relative. Thus a musician knows that an air may be written in 'C time, or *four* crotchets to the bar;' or in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, or *two* crotchets to the bar.' One is as good as the other; because in writing the air, the relations of all the notes to each other are, in each case, identical; and all that is necessary is to make the rate of playing 'Allegro,' or 'Moderato,' as each mode requires. It is precisely the same with money. As two crotchets do the work of four by musical arrangement, so two pounds do the work of four, by a similar arrangement of prices, and the practical result is one.

From all this it seems sufficiently evident that, when once the relations of price are adjusted, it matters not whether the existing stock of metals circulating in the world be much or little; and that all objections to the use of the precious metals as money, drawn from considerations of quantity, are really childish, and are simply mistakes by which the mere relation of one thing to another is confounded with something fixed, and positive in its own nature.

In the foregoing considerations there is not, surely, involved much of difficulty. It cannot be hard to be understood, that as far as the interchange of commodities is concerned, whether the measure of value—the circulating money—be in great or in small quantity is really a matter of indifference. If, in one case, a man sells at a high price, he also buys at a high price. In the other, if he sells cheaply (as it is termed) he also buys cheaply in the same *ratio*. Just as little of difficulty is there in the next step of this question, which is an explanation of the evils which really do arise out of sudden and great changes in the quantity of a circulating money; whether the change be from less to more, or from more to less. It is only requisite to bear in mind, that the foregoing reasoning takes no notice of fixed payments, whether in the shape of public debts and taxes, or of private engagements, such as money bargains, private debts, bond debts, mortgage debts, or annuities of any kind. It sets out upon the understanding, or assumption, that dealings are simple, and going on from day to day, without involving any considerations of credit, and the complications that arise out of those more artificial systems of which credit forms a large constituent part. When, however, we come to apply this reasoning to a more complex state of society, new difficulties arise; and it is of these we are now to treat.

Holding it, as we do, to be perfectly clear that no man can, in the abstract, either receive injury or benefit from there being a greater or less quantity of money in circulation, inasmuch as the same relations of price are preserved under both, it needs little consideration to see that, under a credit system, which is more or less artificial, any sudden and considerable change in the quantity of the money in circulation may, unless proper collateral measures be pursued, become productive of the greatest injustice and embarrassment. If, for instance, a circulating medium, of which the sum of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* would purchase an ounce of standard gold, be replaced by a currency of which it takes 7*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.* to purchase the same ounce of gold, it is manifest that the creditor-interest must suffer a loss of *fifty per cent.* All mortgages, bond debts, annuities, and simple contract debts would then become payable by the debtor in a money of one-half the

value of that which was bargained for. All landlords, who had let farms or houses, or other property, on lease, would be similarly mulcted, inasmuch as the rents, though nominally the same as before, would only be of half the value. Taking the process the reverse way, if we suppose this depreciated currency, after a lapse of many years, to be restored to its former value, the injury and injustice would be reversed, and the debtor-interest would suffer as the creditor did before. Every outstanding debt, which had been borrowed during the *régime* of depreciation, would become payable in a currency of double the value of that which was borrowed, and thus be really paid twice over. This is so self-evident, that further reasoning about it seems totally superfluous, and from this we legitimately deduce this further conclusion—viz. that in all such changes in the value of circulating money, it is the duty of the legislature to protect the existing debtor or creditor-interest, as the case may be. It is futile to say that this is either impracticable or difficult; whilst it is palpable that if it be not done, the most gigantic injustice must result. To do *fractional* justice in these cases, may be sometimes impracticable, but to do *substantial* justice is easy: the mode in which the payment of tithe is now calculated, is a case in point. The payment is based upon the average price of wheat for the preceding seven years; thus protecting the clergyman on one hand, and the farmer on the other, from the effects either of a depreciation or appreciation of the currency, upon which one of the elements of price depends; price being nothing more than a computation of the relation, existing at the time, between supply and demand; the result being again modified by the value of the currency, whatever that be. If this reasoning be applied to the period of depreciation of the money of this kingdom, which followed the Bank Restriction Act of 1797, and to the period of appreciation, which was consequent upon the Cash Payments Act of 1819, it will afford a key to many of the phenomena which the two periods exhibited. To do more than allude to them is impossible. Suffice it to say that, after the first epoch, numbers of persons made fortunes, in total ignorance of the causes which produced such consequences. Since the second, still greater numbers have been ruined, in the same ignorance of the root of the mischief.

Having thus cleared the ground, we now proceed, shortly, to explain the inconsistencies of those who find in a return either to a depreciated standard, or to a paper currency altogether inconvertible and not regulated by any standard at all that is intelligible, a *panacea* for every social evil. In the first place, let us advert to the furtive and clandestine character of schemes like these. We have already shown, we trust with sufficient clearness

and explicitness, that the only benefit which could possibly accrue to the public from a second depreciation of the currency, must arise from the action of that depreciating process upon public engagements. In the ordinary and daily transactions betwixt man and man, it could not make any material difference. As the paper money became of less and less value, and augmented in quantity, prices would universally rise; and buyers would give and sellers would obtain higher and higher rates, *nominally*, for commodities; but as men sold, so would they, in turn, have to buy, and the old relations would be the same, though the prices themselves were altered. But the taxes would not so alter. Their nominal amount would remain unchanged, and the consequence would be that, though levying the same amount of revenue in name, the government would every year really be receiving less and less; and the ease, thus surreptitiously obtained, the public would, no doubt, enjoy. Nor is this statement of the real truth of the case actually denied by the greatest authorities on that side of the question. This we at once prove by the following brief quotation from a speech spoken in the House of Commons in 1830, by Mr. Matthias Attwood, but republished in 1848. The subject was the state of the currency; and the proposal embodied in the resolutions, moved by this gentleman, were of a very extraordinary character. Its first object seemed to be to obtain a slight amelioration of the standard, by repealing so much of the Act of 1719, as limited payments in silver, to sums under five pounds. This Mr. Attwood showed would make a difference of *four to five per cent.* in favour of the payer. Its next was to obtain a repeal of the prohibition of the circulation of any promissory-note, payable to bearer on demand, for any sum less than five pounds; or, in other words, to bring about another issue of those very small notes, the over-issue of which had, four years before, brought the country 'within forty-eight hours of barter.' These strange resolutions (to use no stronger term) were, as a matter of course, negatived by a very large majority: in the course of his speech, however, made in their support, some of the honourable member's assertions and admissions are remarkable. He told the House, in so many words, that 'it is in the nature of a depreciation of money to contribute to the prosperous condition of a commercial nation. This is well-known, and universally admitted. Commerce, manufactures, agriculture, population, are all assisted and increased by a money *gradually undergoing depreciation.*' And with regard to the salutary *modus operandi* of this depreciating process, we have the following candid, but somewhat *naïve* admission:

'I am mistaken, the Master of the Mint tells me, in supposing that this measure can assist the labouring classes. It will raise the price of provisions, says he, and can that profit the labourer? I have explained it, and will do so again. *Provisions* will be advanced, and *labour* also. An alteration in the value of money will affect each of these *alike*; but *the taxes will not advance*. They will remain at the same nominal amount as now; and the labourer, to some extent, therefore, be relieved from their pressure. This measure will fall on all who *receive* the taxes; on the Right Honourable Gentleman, and on all his colleagues: but it will relieve all those by whom taxes are *paid*.'

Now, let us analyse these asseverations, and see of what they really consist, and what is their real meaning. As to the strange delusion of conferring benefit on a country by a secret falsification of its measure of value, what can be said but that it plainly is delusion? As the measure of value is depreciated, prices rise, and all *sellers* reap a nominal profit. But the profit is merely ideal. The money in which it is paid, is of a lessened value; and when the receiver, in his turn, becomes a purchaser, he loses in the same way upon the amount of his purchase, in making which his money is less efficient than it was when he got it. To suppose a country to reap solid good from being deluded and mystified in this way, is only a proof how far human credulity will go. Men are no doubt led on by the deceit into various speculations; and as the paper becomes more in excess, and of less value, the holders easily part with it. But this must find an end; depreciation cannot go on *ad infinitum*, because men at last discover the deception of this *ignis fatuus*; and when they do, panic, re-action, and ruin are the results. If the reader will picture to himself this ridiculous process, applied to any other sort of *measure*, its absurdity is very apparent. Suppose that—

‘By some devilish cantrip sleight’

the yard-wand could be made to grow imperceptibly less and less, without men being aware of the change: it is palpable enough that everybody who gave cloth in exchange for something else, would seem to profit, because the cloth would measure out more than it measured in; but buyers would lose in the same proportion, and when our clothier came to buy in a new stock he would lose back all that he had before gained! No man, we think, in his senses, would advocate this sort of dealing; yet the cases are really parallel. The second admission is, however, still more vital. Here we have the mover of this strange proposal admitting that its sole salutary effect must spring from its really repealing, without seeming to do so, a large portion of the taxes. If wages rise, Mr. Attwood admits provisions also rise

'alike;' so that here the labourer is *in statu quô*, the relation between provisions and wages being unaltered, though the money price of both is altered, owing to the altered value only of the money. How then does the community gain? By the diminution of fiscal burthens thus subdolosly brought about. 'Whilst all else rises,' says Mr. Attwood, 'the taxes do not rise.' The result then is this:—Supposing the labourer to be earning twelve shillings per week, and supposing the taxes upon all he consumes to amount to six shillings; then, in that case one-half of his toil is taken by the taxgatherer, who gets, in various ways, six shillings out of the twelve. In short, he works three days a week for government. Well, money is depreciated, in pursuance of Mr. Attwood's scheme, until the wages rise to eighteen shillings. Upon the untaxed part of the goods he buys, the labourer gains nothing, because (as is admitted) they rise in a like proportion; 'but the taxes do not rise.' His taxes are still only six shillings. The work of two days now pays these shillings, which are one-third depreciated in value, and the artificer gains a day's work from the government, part of which the shopkeeper gets, and part of which he himself enjoys: and this is the sole benefit!

Now against this mode of repealing taxes we must enter our decided protest. It is in essence subdolos, furtive, and clandestine; and were there no other objection to be urged against it, this, in our humble opinion, would be sufficient. If it be right that taxes should be repealed, let that repeal be openly brought about and enacted in the face of day. From this underhand mode of diminishing fiscal burthens *really*, without altering their *nominal* amount, the utmost injustice must arise. It can only act by filching a little from all receivers of public money, without exception or distinction. What justice is there here? From some of these it may be right to take a great deal: from others it may be wrong to take anything. From the clerk, who toils daily for a small salary, it might be cruel to deduct even a trifle. From the sinecurist, who works by deputy and who pockets his thousands for signing his name twice a year, it might be just to deduct a great sum; but this insidious scheme would treat both alike. This, however, is only one objection. They who would cure the injustice produced by the Cash Payments Act of 1819, by going back to the depreciated money of 1815, seem to forget, or not to see, that by thus salving one wound they inflict another. Thirty-one years have now elapsed since that unjust and most rash measure was precipitated by the arrogant incapacity of Mr. Ricardo. He, it is said, lived to perceive and to confess his terrible mistake. The mistake itself, with all its effects, remains. Since that time, thousands of money-engagements, loans, bonds, settlements, have

been made and entered into, all of which would be most unjustly vitiated by any fresh alteration in the value of the present currency, under which they took existence. Of such wholesale injustice as this would be, we cannot understand how there should be two opinions.

On these schemes, so industriously and ingeniously advocated, yet in their nature so singularly false and hollow, we must decline any further strictures, not for want of materials but for want of inclination. Of their impracticability, however, we must be permitted to say something, for it is as palpable as are their other demerits. To all changes in the value of money there is one axiom applicable; they can only be *deliberately* brought about in one direction. It is easy for a legislature to legislate, openly and deliberately, when the intention is to add to the value of the current money of a nation; it is easy because it is the debtor-interest which is to suffer. If the debtor complains, he is answered by the truth, that he may easily evade the anticipated blow by at once discharging his debt; and this reply is to him final. But if the design is to diminish the value of a currency the scene changes. It is now the creditor-interest which is to suffer; and if the creditor become aware of the fate reserved for him, suffer he will not, if the immediate calling in of debts may avail to save him. This is only, in other words, to introduce total confusion into a community. Let any one reflect that the mortgages of this country are supposed to amount to four hundred millions sterling, and that the bond-debts and simple contract-debts, existing at any given time, may possibly amount to twice that sum; and then portray, if he can, the consequences of a simultaneous effort to recover these debts, which must necessarily arise out of the avowed intention of a legislature to depreciate the money in which they are payable. Imagination cannot picture such a scene; and hence it follows that, until a minister exists who would dare to take upon his own shoulders the bitter resentment of the most powerful class of his countrymen, and mulct them, without warning, by a sudden and arbitrary 'Order in Council,' which should at once diminish their capital and fix the extent of the deduction, no such event can possibly take place. Where and when such a minister is to be found, we leave it to the concoctors of such schemes to answer.

Should it appear to any of our readers that we have taken superfluous pains to demonstrate the futility and impracticability of the notions and schemes to which we have alluded at less or greater length, we can only say that we have done so because, in our judgment, a period must now be looked for when all projects, destitute of solid foundation, must be finally dismissed. By those

who have been at the pains seriously and deeply to study these questions, it must, we think, be held to be inevitable that the vast and vital changes already effected in the commercial policy of this country must of necessity involve other changes, requisite to put the rest of the social machinery in accordance with a system which is opposed to nearly all the maxims which were held to be valid by a former time. To this conviction a calm consideration of all the circumstances seems to lead us; and, amongst other portions of this at once stupendous and delicate mechanism, it appears to be certain that the existing fiscal system must eventually undergo considerable and searching revision. To this conclusion many reasons concur to bring us. In the first place it must be observed, for such is assuredly the truth, that the changes in our commercial policy already in action, are such as must tend to lead to a growing and great extension of our foreign trade; that is their natural and their necessary result; and it was the certainty of this result that we may assume to have been the great proximate moving cause of all the recent commercial enactments. This we hold to be no disputable position. If the rate of population in these islands is to continue as it has been during the greater portion of the first half of the nineteenth century, (and we see no causes in existence of efficiency much to retard it,) it appears to follow as an almost immediate consequence, that a larger and larger proportion of that population must, as time marches forward, become dependent for employment upon foreign trade. This necessity is already beginning to be seen and acknowledged; but the lapse of a few years must render it more self-evident. To the extension of foreign trade, then, our future policy as to commercial affairs must have reference, and towards this quarter must the gaze of our future statesmen be turned. These assumptions, we believe, neither manufacturer nor merchant will be inclined to deny. But this brings us immediately to another consideration—and that is, whether the existing English fiscal system is, or is not, adapted to facilitate the growth and nurse the prosperity of an extensive trade with other nations. In our humble opinion it is quite the reverse, and for this opinion we shall state our reasons as briefly and succinctly as we can.

There is no more certain axiom in political economy than that the foreign trade of a nation must be limited,—if it be a direct and not a mere carrying trade,—to the amount of foreign produce which it can profitably consume. All direct foreign trade is, in truth, a system of barter; and its continuance depends, not only upon the goods sent being advantageously disposed of, but also upon the goods received in exchange being consumed with advantage at home. No foreign direct trade can have any

lengthened continuance unless goods be taken in exchange for goods, inasmuch as nations cannot go on paying balances in money; and it needs little consideration to see that the commodities taken in exchange for the commodities sent, must not be so taken at a loss, if the trade is to be durable. Now it is surely manifest, that to this arrangement a system of indirect taxation, which imposes heavy customs duties upon imports, must act as a bar, in the precise *ratio* of the weight of the duties thus unhappily imposed. The amount of such duty must, in all cases, be added to the price paid for it by the consumer of the imported article; and, as the consumer's means of purchasing are limited, his power to purchase must be diminished by the amount of the duty. This may not be always true, if the reasoning be applied to a single article; but when applied to the general consumption of imported foreign produce in the gross, it is, no doubt, substantially true. To take an instance in point, we put our finger upon the article, tea, and we say there cannot be, in the mind of any man who looks at the details of the question, the slightest doubt that, were it not for the enormously and preposterously heavy duty upon that article, the consumption in England would be at least doubled. To this fact, the evidence of Mr. Robert Gardner, as given before the Commons Committee on the commercial distress of 1849, is full and precise. We shall not apologise for giving one or two brief extracts from this very sensible and valuable evidence.

'4874. How has that trade (the China trade) turned out? Most ruinous, beyond description. I do not believe that of the whole of the shipments that were made, in 1844 and 1845, to China, above two-thirds of the amount have ever been returned. In consequence of tea being the principal article of repayment, and of the expectation that was held out, we, as manufacturers, fully calculated upon a great reduction in the duty on tea. Had that reduction taken place, I do not think that the preparation made for that market would at all have exceeded the demand that would have been found to exist. Our commerce with no foreign market is limited by *their power to purchase* the commodity; but it is limited, in this country, by *our capability of consuming that which we receive in return for our manufactures*.

'4878. In any other branch of trade, do you consider that there has been over-speculation in your neighbourhood? We may have our own peculiar ideas upon that. I do *not* think there has been over-speculation in anything; not even in the China trade; nor do I think the preparation that has been made has been at *all too great for it*. But *if* we are to have a duty of 2s. 2½d. per lb. of tea, the preparation made is *too great*.—*Minutes of Evidence, Secret Committee on Commercial Distress, 1848, p. 368.*

The further extraordinary enhancement of the price of tea caused by this duty, and the sort of monopoly amongst the dealers, arising out of the required heavy advance of capital, are thus described by this witness.

4879. * * * * Congou, now worth, in bond, $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $10d.$ *per lb.*, the duty having to be paid in cash two, three, or four days before the purchaser can obtain possession, involves (in the sale) such a heavy outlay of capital, as to reduce the trade almost to a monopoly. *If the first cost were sunk*, and it were sold only subject to the duty, $2s. 2\frac{1}{2}d.$, with freight and import charges, which are almost $3d.$ *per lb.*, it would still be sold to the consumer at a very high price; the most practical and experienced men in the trade are of opinion that a reduction of $8\frac{1}{2}d.$ *per lb.* in the duty would reduce the price to the consumer at least $1s.$ *per lb.* * * * * Some even are of opinion that this would reduce the price, to the consumer, $1s. 3d.$ *per lb.*, which I will explain. It is a fact that large parcels of tea are bought and sold *in bond* at $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, and even $\frac{1}{4}$ *per lb.* profit, *when there is no cash advance involved*. Whereas, when it is sold to the great bulk of the shopkeepers with the duty paid, and with two to three months' credit (the terms on which a great portion is bought) it is generally at a profit of from $6d.$ to $8d.$ and $10d.$ *per lb.*; to which they add a considerable profit. Thus I account for the 46,000,000*lbs.*, taken into consumption last year, not realising the *importer* more than 1,350,000*l.* to 1,500,000*l.*; but for which I believe the *public* paid fully 10,000,000*l.* ! —*Evidence*, pp. 368, 369.

These extraordinary statements require little comment. Making every allowance for possible unintentional exaggeration on the part of the witness, we must come to something like this conclusion, that in exchange for this tea we sent to China *a million and a half sterling* in value, in the shape of manufactures, for which we got a similar value in tea. For these manufactures the Chinese consumer, after the Chinese duty of *five per cent. ad valorem* was charged, would have to pay probably not more than 1,725,000*l.* in our money, which gives *ten per cent.* profit upon the goods. Whilst, in consequence of the enormous and preposterous British duty on the tea, the British consumer, before he can obtain it, pays perhaps *nine to ten millions sterling* ! It would be a mere waste of words to expatiate upon the suicidal impolicy of this system. Those whom the bare statement cannot convince, must be impervious to all further reasoning.

If to these considerations we add such conclusions as are to be deduced from Mr. Locke's reasonings on the incidence of indirect taxation upon agriculture, they certainly form as strong a case against our existing fiscal system as can be easily conceived. Instead of falling lightly upon the land, it is evident that indirect

taxes enhance and augment the expenses of cultivation to an extent impossible to be exactly calculated, but palpable enough in the effects. They in fact intercept, as it were, the profits of agriculture, and shut out the landlord from even reaping the fruits of the cultivation of his own soil. They do not tax a rental after it is realised, but do worse—they prevent its realisation. To direct foreign commerce, they form a barbarous and fatal bar. The instance we have adduced may be thought an extreme case. It is so; but we could mention other articles where the evil effect of this method of raising a heavy revenue is equally glaring. If we, however, consider for a moment, the enormous total raised by the Customs, and add to that sum the expenses of collection, and to that again the vast additions to the retail prices of the various taxed commodities, which this method of taxing compels dealers to make, we get a general idea of the extent to which our foreign transactions are crippled by it, and learn how great a field of employment for a too rapidly growing population is here blocked up.

The general conclusion to be deduced from the foregoing details can only be one. It seems to flow necessarily, from all that has been said, that the period is now approaching, though still perhaps far in the distance, when the questions of taxation and of revenue, with all the collateral considerations involved under these heads, must be met. It would be affectation to attempt to deny the startling magnitude of the task, come when it may; involving, as it does, not only the considerations of revision and remission, but also of systematic changes, and the settlement of discrepancies arising out of former fluctuations in the value of the circulating medium through acts of the government. Be this as it may, however, the conclusion remains intangible and intact; and simply because the money-matters of nations are no more capable of indefinite postponement than those of individuals. In both, a false monetary step is sure, in the end, and sooner or later, to force itself into notice by the difficulties it creates, which evasion only increases, until the accumulation at length necessitates a final solution. In all such cases, whether public or private, great additional mischief is generally done by that delay, which the natural tendency of those implicated to postpone the settlement of a complicated matter commonly induces. England, however, above all others, is not a country—nor are the English, above all others, a people—to shrink from such an ordeal. Endowed by nature with a moral resolution and coolness of temperament never surpassed, England has never failed to rise triumphantly above temporary difficulty, and by the exercise of her innate energies to gather new elements of strength from the combat. With a nation whose natural rectitude and

ART. VII. *Legends of the Monastic Orders, as represented in the Fine Arts; forming the Second Series of Sacred and Legendary Art.*
By MRS. JAMESON. London: Longmans.

THE volume now before us forms, as the reader will perceive, a second contribution toward the interesting object which Mrs. Jameson had in view,—of interpreting ‘those works of art which the churches and galleries of the continent, and our own rich collections, have rendered familiar to us, as objects of taste, while they have remained unappreciated as subjects of thought; to show that, while we have been satisfied to regard sacred pictures merely as decorations, valued more for the names appended to them, than for their own selves, we have not sufficiently considered them as books—as poems—as having a vitality of their own for good and for evil; and that thus we have shut out one vast source of delight and improvement, which lay in the way of many, even the most uninstructed in technicalities of art.’ How pleasantly, and how successfully, in her work on ‘Sacred and Legendary Art,’ (vide No. XIX.) Mrs. Jameson fulfilled the earlier portion of her task, our readers doubtless remember; and in the present volume, although the legends of the Monastic Orders cannot compete, either in fine feeling or poetic beauty, with the legends of a more remote age, still the reader will find in the history of the orders themselves, as connected with the revival and development of art in the thirteenth and two following centuries, much that is curious and valuable, and yet more that is deeply suggestive.

The history of the revival of art, properly begins with the history of the monastic orders; for in the cell of the monk the ‘pictured page’ was first illuminated, and for the convent church the saintly effigy was first sculptured. Foremost in time, and may we not add foremost in claim, were the Benedictines—an order to which the present day is but just beginning to award a tardy justice; the Benedictines, so long stigmatized as ‘the lazy monks,’ but who were the first reclaimers of the waste lands of Europe, the first promulgators of her laws, the conservators of all literature when there were no books save in the convent library, the alone educators when instruction was unknown save in the convent school. Much misapprehension seems to have prevailed in regard to this order, which received its ‘rule’ from Benedict, a man of noble family, who, at the beginning of the sixth century, fled from the world to live the life of a hermit; but who subsequently became the head of a religious community

on Monte Cassino, from whence he promulgated that rule 'which gave monachism its definite form.'

It has been wisely said, that to form a just estimate of any system, it should be looked at from different points of view. Now this remark seems to us especially important in relation to our estimate of what may strictly be termed 'western monachism.' Viewed from the vantage-ground of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the recluse, with his rigid division of time, his seven daily services, his many onerous observances, may likely enough be an object of pity to the more advantageously-placed scholar of modern times. But we should remember, that monachism was no new thing; and looking back on the squalid hermits of the desert, or the wretched devotees perched on towering pillars; on the Pauls, vegetating in filth and uselessness, during fourscore years; or the Antonys, like the demoniac in the Gospel, dwelling among the tombs—those awful, mysterious sepulchres of old Egypt, crowded with grim sculptures, alive with quaint imagery on which the excited mind dwelt until reason sunk crushed with horrors—we may readily come to understand how the rule of St. Benedict, with its quiet society and healthful alternations of repose and labour, became so widely popular; and how so many a recluse through long centuries right heartily re-echoed the motto—'*Bonum est nos hic esse.*'

To that most important departure from the original rule of monachism, the obligation to labour with their hands seven hours each day, and which forms the chief peculiarity of the Benedictine rule, the high station which this order for so many centuries maintained may be attributed. All were compelled to seek employment; and thus while he who could do nought else tilled the ground, others laboured in their respective callings; and the architect, the illuminator, the scribe, the teacher, each found suitable occupation. And who can fully estimate the benefits thus conferred upon mediæval Europe by these peaceful pioneers of modern civilization? who brought improved implements of husbandry, reared stately dwellings, opened the learned book before unlettered eyes, and offered the means of reading it. Great were these gifts, but greater still the softening, elevating influences that went forth from these communities—the domestic utensils, the rich church ornaments, that brought before the rude dweller in the wastes the refinements of a polished race; the sweet choral harmony that made the solitude vocal with the praise of God, and softened the hearts of savage men; the paintings, that told to the eye what the teacher might with difficulty have explained to the ear, and which, despite of their imperfect drawing, display 'that pure, unworldly sentiment, which

'in later times was ill exchanged for the learning of schools, and 'the competition of academies.' 'Above all,' as Mrs. Jameson justly remarks, 'the protection, and the better education given 'to women,' in these early communities, the respect in which they were held, 'the introduction of their beautiful and saintly 'effigies into the decoration of places of worship, and books of 'devotion,' and which, 'perhaps, did more for the general cause 'of womanhood, than all the boasted institutions of chivalry.'

As cultivators and patrons of the fine arts, the Benedictines especially merit the gratitude of modern Europe. Not only do we owe to them 'the discovery and preparation of some of 'the finest colours, and the invention or the improvement of 'implements used in painting;' but they were emphatically the artists of Europe during the earlier portion of the middle ages. How many beautifully illuminated books, from the precious 'Lindisfarne Gospels' of the sixth, down to the lovely 'history of St. Edmund,' of the fifteenth century, do our own libraries contain!—all the patient, careful, but most pleasant task of the Benedictine monk; and hundreds of equal beauty are enshrined in the libraries of the continent. As mosaic workers, painters of glass, carvers of wood and stone, and workers in metal, the Benedictines stood foremost; and, we may truly say, that, from the sixth to the thirteenth century, art had been extinct but for their fostering care.

Full five hundred years did the rule of St. Benedict maintain its pre-eminence, subject, however, to two modifications—the one by St. Romualdo, founder of the order of Camaldole, and known to the artist chiefly through the stupid legend of his vision, in which he saw Jacob's ladder, but instead of heavenly visitants 'ascending and descending,' the celestial pathway was crowded with monks of his own order, clad in white vestments, which thereupon became the dress of the Camaldolesi. More interesting by far is the legend of the other reformer of the Benedictine rule, St. John Gualberto. He was a young Florentine noble, well educated according to the ideas of the time, and excelling in all manly exercises. While still young, his only brother, Hugo, whom he deeply loved, was murdered by a companion with whom he had quarrelled; and, urged by his own feelings, as well as the entreaties of his father and mother, Gualberto set forth to pursue the assassin. He was returning from Florence to the country-house of his father, on the evening of Good-Friday—

'Along the steep, narrow, winding road which leads from the city gate to the church of San Miniato del Monte. About half-way up

the hill, where the road turns to the right he suddenly came upon his enemy alone and unarmed. At the sight of the assassin of his brother, thus, as it were, given into his hands, Gualberto drew his sword. The miserable wretch, seeing no means of escape, fell upon his knees and entreated mercy : extending his arms in the form of a cross, he adjured him by the remembrance of Christ, who had suffered on that day, to spare his life. Gualberto, struck with sudden compunction, remembering that Christ when on the Cross had prayed for his murderers, stayed his uplifted sword, trembling from head to foot ; and after a moment of terrible conflict with his own heart, and a prayer for divine support, he held out his hand, raised the suppliant from the ground, and embraced him in token of forgiveness. Thus they parted ; and Gualberto proceeding on his way in sad and sorrowful mood, every pulse throbbing with the sudden revulsion of feeling, arrived at the church of San Miniato, and entering knelt down before the crucifix over the altar. His rage had given way to tears, his heart melted within him ; and as he wept before the image of the Saviour, and supplicated mercy, because he had shown mercy, he fancied, that in gracious reply to his prayer, the figure bowed its head. This miracle, for such he deemed it, completed the revolution which had taken place in his whole character and state of being. * * He entered the Benedictine order, and took up his residence in the monastery of San Miniato. Here he dwelt for some time a humble penitent ; all earthly ambition quenched at once with the spirit of revenge.'—p. 127.

On the death of the abbot, refusing to be elected his successor, he retired to the beautiful solitudes of Vallambrosa, and here he modified the ancient rule, and here he died in 1073. It is much to be regretted, that while so many painters have expended their talents on inferior subjects, the beautiful incident related above has never been worthily treated. The convent at Vallambrosa was distinguished from a very early period for its patronage of letters, and of art. It possessed 'one of the finest libraries in Italy, until despoiled by the French of its rarest books and manuscripts ;' while for its walls Cimabue painted his famous Madonna, and Signorelli painted the chapel of San Miniato, and Perugino the Assumption of the Virgin, and Andrea del Sarto his 'Cenacolo,' and 'Quattri Santi.'

The first great innovator of the Benedictine rule was, however, St. Bruno—who, in his institution of the Carthusian order, seems to have tried how far life could be divested of its enjoyments, and yet endured.

The legend of St. Bruno has much solemn emphasis. He was a native of Cologne, the son of rich and noble parents, who, proud of his gifts and learning, at a time when learning was pursued with over-mastering passion, sent him to the already famous university of Paris, to study under Magister Raymond,

its most celebrated theological professor. And eagerly did young Bruno imbibe all knowledge; and reverentially and lovingly did he sit at the feet of his great master, trusting in time to become as famous as he. Now it came to pass that ere long the learned and pious Magister Raymond died, and with great sorrow did his scholars follow him to the grave. So the body was borne to the church on the open bier, and the service for the dead sung; but when they came to the words, '*responde mihi quantas habes iniquitates,*' the dead man half arose from his bier, and cried, '*Accusatus sum.*' Horror-struck, not only at the miracle, but at the thought that so holy a man should say thus, they fled affrighted away. On the next day again his scholars gathered together, again the unfinished rites were resumed, and again '*responde mihi*' chanted. But then again the dead man raised himself, and dolefully cried out, '*judicatus sum.*' Again all fled away, and it was with great fear, and great sorrow, that they came once more on the third day, and with trembling lips was the service sung, and with deep awe was the question '*responde mihi*' a third time repeated. Then the decaying corse slowly raised itself, opened its fearful eyes, and in terrible accents exclaimed, '*damnatus sum, recto judicio Dei.*' Young Bruno, horror-struck, turned away. What was worldly fame, what was literary enjoyment, what, even, high religious character? Raymond had possessed all these, and was lost! He fled from the world, even from the peaceful cloister, and with six companions, sought out a desert spot near Grenoble, where La grande Chartreuse even now stands, there to pass his life in tilling the land, in meditating upon death, vowed to perpetual fasting, mortification, and silence. The reader acquainted with the *unabridged* works of our early Puritans, will doubtless recollect with what solemn force this awful legend is told by more than one of them, to point an emphatic warning to those 'who have a name to live, but are dead.'

An order like the Carthusian, was scarcely likely to patronise art. As transcribers of books, they, however, rank very high, and also as horticulturists; the poor recluses, though denied so many pleasures, having been from their earliest foundation allowed these two. On the 'beatification,' and subsequent canonization of their founder—almost five hundred years after his death, for 'the most humble and self-denying of ascetics was beatified by the most luxurious and profligate of churchmen, Leo X.'—the Carthusian monasteries began to vie with the other orders in splendid decorations; and first-rate sculptors produced statues of St. Bruno, and painters of European celebrity employed themselves in representing the events of his life.

Another and more important reform of the Benedictine rule took place, almost simultaneously, with that of St. Bruno, toward the close of the eleventh century. This was the order of the Cistercians, which ere long became so popular that within a century after its foundation it numbered *three thousand* affiliated monasteries. Unlike the Carthusian, which never attained to much popularity in England, the Cistercian order gained great favour in the eyes of our forefathers; and Fountains, Kirkstall, Tintern, and Bolton abbeys, with many others, attest, even in their ruins, the wealth and magnificence of this order. But the chief boast of the Cistercians is their great abbot, the latest of the fathers of the Latin church, St. Bernard. Mrs. Jameson truly remarks that the history of this great man is indeed that of his age; and few undertakings would, we think, be more valuable and instructive than a life, drawn *entirely* from contemporaneous sources, of that scholar—who drew up the statutes of the Templars, waged a life-long contest with Abaylard, arbitrated between the rival popes, Anacletus and Innocent II., preached the second crusade, and more than all, in his devotional writings, has left a legacy, not to any particular sect, but to ‘the church universal.’ ‘As a subject of art, however, St. Bernard bears no proportion to his importance as a subject of history; . . . for he is far less popular than many saints who never exercised a tithe of his influence,—whose very existence is comparatively a fiction.’ The paintings in which St. Bernard appears are chiefly connected with unpoetical, if not silly, legends of the Madonna, it being the belief of Catholic theologians that his eighty sermons on Solomon’s Song had no reference to the church, but were expressly composed in honour of ‘Our Ladye.’

Efficiently and carefully did all these orders fulfil their work as educators, in so far as they could supply the growing wants of the age; and efficiently and liberally did the old Benedictines, still the wealthiest and most powerful, patronize and encourage the arts,—whether by enlarging and beautifying, in some cases almost rebuilding, their splendid churches, and then adorning them with sculptured imagery, with brilliant paintings, with shrines of goldsmith’s work, which the present day can scarcely equal, with gorgeous altar plate, and lovely church-service books. But still the people, as they gazed at the splendid ceremonial, felt a want of more direct teaching—of religious instruction, not in the form of symbol, but of articulate speech. But these learned Benedictines, were *they* to leave the studious cloister, the well-furnished library, the King’s court, where they sat among nobles, and held grave debate on peace or war, on the laws of the realm, or the interests of Christendom, to teach

unlearned men—to exhort, to reprove, the rude multitude in their own rude mother tongue? There was the school, and ungrudgingly they taught *there*, and welcomed aspiring youth, though from the lowest order; but to go forth to teach the masses was all opposed to the ‘conservatism,’ so to speak, of their order—an order which already held the parochial clergy, and not perhaps without cause, in contempt. Meanwhile, various influences—foremost, perhaps, among them that of the Crusades, which by drawing so many nobles from their homes, and involving them in new expenses, contributed alike to the weakening of the bond of vassalage, and the rise of the burgher order—were working during the latter half of the twelfth century, and these, early in the thirteenth, became manifest in the rise of the middle class, and the rapid growth of popular opinion.

A wonderful age was the thirteenth century; in many respects, as Mrs. Jameson remarks, ‘analogous to the times through which we of this present generation have lived.’ But then it was not, as she views it, an age of wrong and oppression, of hopeless strife, of anxious foreboding, and of ‘deep, almost universal, feeling of the pressure and the burden of sorrow;’ these were characteristics of the eleventh century rather, when strife between right and might was, perhaps, at the highest; when men fled to the cloister as the sole abode of peace, thankful that there still remained one boundary line, over which the fiercest wrong-doer dared not pass. ‘The passion for pilgrimages, for penances, for self-immolation,’ *then* began; and Bruno, in his rule, provided for more severe privations than ever the mendicant orders contemplated. The grand peculiarity of the thirteenth century was, rather, the active energetic principles everywhere stirring—the young, vigorous life bursting forth, like that of fresh springtide. It was a time, as an eloquent writer has truly remarked, ‘of earnestness and endeavour—everything was earnest; men were earnest, and so were their thoughts, their writings; even the romance of life consisted in its reality. Action was the sphere of the higher and ruling, as fact and unsophistical observation of things as they were, was the province of the recluse and reflecting classes. In the camp was bustle and alarm; at the mart was venture and enterprise; in the church no sleeping, in the cloister no lassitude; princes, priests, peers, peasants, were alike busy, and alike observed—even the schoolmaster was out and abroad.’ It was at this period that the two great founders of the mendicant orders arose—the embodiment of the active spirit of the age, the impersonation of that mighty principle in religion, which shall still go on ‘conquering and to conquer,’—the principle of voluntarism.

In the year 1216, Dominic the Spaniard, and Francis of Assisi, met at Rome, and embraced as brothers. Who were they? Two mere recluses; the one a Castilian of noble family, early distinguished by his learning and energetic spirit, but exercising no rule in the church; the other, the son of a wealthy Italian merchant, a wild and gentle enthusiast, who fled in his youth from his father's house to wander among the Umbrian mountains, welcoming the glad face of nature, and calling on sun, moon, and stars to hymn the praises of their Creator. Low in point of worldly state, and lower in point of ecclesiastical power, were these two diversely gifted men, when they stood before the papal throne, and received from Innocent III. the confirmation of their respective orders, the grand principle of which was, that the labourer alone should receive his hire; that the preacher should go forth like the disciples of old, wholly dependent on his hearers for his support. This was the common principle of the two orders, but widely different were their founders. How suggestive is this old Spanish picture—Dominic and Francis trampling the world under foot, and by their united strength upholding the cross-surmounted church—Dominic, the preacher of the crusade against the Albigenses, grasping the crucifix as though it were his good sword, and attended by his fitting emblem, the blood-hound, with the firebrand; but Francis, with dreamy eyes, laying a reverent hand on the symbol of our salvation, and his pet white lamb by his side. Some attempts were made to unite the two orders; and Dominic, it is said, would have willingly complied; his energetic spirit could well have allowed Francis to be coadjutor in name, while the power would have been all his own. But the gentle enthusiast shrank from the uncongenial union, even as the companion of his wanderings would have shrunk from the fierce bloodhound; though one in purpose they could not be one in heart, so they parted, as it has been truly said, ‘to divide the world between them.’

A good life of St. Dominic, drawn entirely from the writings of contemporaries, and his own, would be a valuable contribution to the religious history of this century. His zeal against those he deemed heretics, and the prominent part he took against the Albigenses, have made his name almost a proverb for fierce intolerance. His defenders, however, allege that Dominic never delivered over the heretics to the secular power, but merely preached and argued against them; and they point to his famous miracle—how he flung the heretical books into the fire, and they were utterly consumed, while his refutation, although three times flung in, leapt thrice out again unscorched. The fact, too, that at the battle of Muret, Dominic knelt on a neighbouring height, praying

that the church might prevail, is not so unquestionable a proof of his persecuting spirit, as at first sight it may appear. So did the first Protestant reformers of France and Germany; so did the royalist chaplains, and the Puritan preachers; so did the Covenanters. When men were assembled in deadly strife on the battle-field, what could be more fitting than that prayer should be made by the earnest teacher, that what he deemed the cause of religion should overcome and prevail? In the portraits of St. Dominic—and the two or three here given there is great reason to believe are authentic—there is nothing of the look of the grim inquisitor, but an expression of calm and resolute will. That St. Dominic was viewed as severe and unyielding, seems however to have been the opinion of those who lived nearest his time. Dante characterises him as—

‘The holy wrestler, gentle to his own,
And to his foemen terrible.’

And when he gives to St. Francis the praise of being ‘like a seraph in fervent love,’ while his contemporary is characterised as energetic, and wise as the cherub, the distinction between the theological champion, ‘who would accept nothing from the church save leave to combat her enemies,’ and the poetical but unlettered devotee, who asked for ‘nothing but the privilege of suffering in her cause,’ is marked clearly enough. After all, the persecuting spirit was a characteristic of religious strife in times far later than St. Dominic; and far less deserving of blame does he appear in this respect, than as the institutor of the ‘Rosary.’ Surely a mind of his acuteness must have perceived that all such mechanical ‘helps’ to devotion, were indeed hindrances; nor can we possibly imagine how a sincere and earnest christian, however superstitious, could have instituted a system of worship which assigned fifteen ascriptions of praise to a mere mortal, for one prayer to the Maker of heaven and earth. The life of this celebrated man affords little incident; his stern, ever-active spirit seems to have worn out his frame, and in 1221, only five years from the foundation of his order, he expired at Bologna; and twelve years after, upon his canonization, his remains were conveyed to that splendid shrine, the ‘Arca di San Domenico,’ where they still repose.

There is much that is interesting in the life of his great fellow-worker, the gentle St. Francis of Assisi, the son of the wealthy silk merchant, who, gay and pleasure-loving, but most amiable, bade fair to pass through life just as his fathers had done before him. Ere he arrived at manhood, in one of the frequent wars waged by the petty states of Italy against each other, Francis was

taken prisoner, and confined for a twelvemonth in the fortress of Perugia, from whence he was liberated to return home, sick with grievous fever, and brought to the borders of the grave. During his long sickness, his thoughts turned to another world, melancholy took possession of his mind, and there seems little doubt that a shade of insanity was added. On his recovery, as he went forth richly dressed, he met a poor man in filthy, ragged garments, who prayed an alms for the love of God. Francis looked at him, and recognised one who had formerly ranked with the wealthiest and noblest in the city. He was overcome with pity, he took off his rich dress, gave it to the suppliant, and, wrapping the other's tattered clothes around him, returned home. From henceforth, visions and inward voices and impulses crowded upon the young enthusiast, until, unable to endure the anger of his father at his changed conduct, he fled to a solitary cave. Solitude probably, in this instance, produced a healing effect; and at length taking heart, worn, pale, with ragged garments, he returned to his father, who, instead of soothing him, bound him as a lunatic in his own chamber. His mother released him, and prayed him to have patience, but his father at length took him before the bishop, a man of more gentleness than he. That interview decided the course of the future founder of the Grey Brothers. He threw himself at the bishop's feet, tore off his garments, and flung them at his father, exclaiming, 'Henceforth, I recognise no father, but Him who is in heaven.' The bishop wept over the young novice, and ordered his attendants to give Francis a cloak to cover him. One was taken from a beggar that stood nigh; this seemed to him as the pledge and prophecy of that life of self-denial to which he had vowed himself, and he received it joyfully. Francis was now in his twenty-fifth year, and he entered a hospital of lepers, to tend and nurse them with unwearied patience. But his intense love of natural scenery, which, doubtless, soothed his wearied mind, burst forth irrepressibly; and then he set forth to wander over 'those beautiful Umbrian mountains, from Assisi to Gubbio, 'singing with a loud voice hymns, and praising God for all 'things; for the sun which shone above, for the day, and for the 'night; for his *mother*, the earth, and for his *sister*, the moon; for 'the winds which blew in his face; for the pure precious water, 'and for the jocund fire; for the flowers under his feet; for 'the stars above his head; saluting and blessing all creatures, 'whether animate or inanimate, as his brethren and sisters in the 'Lord.' Thus he passed some years of his life, living upon alms, and turning with deep sympathy to every living thing, until all creatures loved him, for he loved them all. As he walked in the

fields, the hares, the rabbits, the kids, flocked round him; and the birds nestled fearlessly in his breast. In one of his walks he beheld a poor little lamb standing forlorn in the midst of a flock of goats: 'Thus did our dear Saviour stand in the midst of the Pharisees,' said he; and he would have bought the little lamb, but he had no money, so a kind passer-by purchased it for him, and 'the milk-white lamb,' became his constant attendant, followed him about the streets of Rome, 'drank of his cup, and became unto him as a daughter.' Many are the pleasant legends—how he joyed in the song of the early lark; and how when the full melodies of the grove burst forth, he would say, 'Our sisters, the birds, are praising their Creator; let us sing with them;' and then he began the service. He had tame doves in his cell at Assisi, and much he loved to feed and look at them: for 'the Scripture compares true Christians to doves.' There was a nightingale who sung so sweetly that he was constrained to join in her song of thanksgiving; and both sang, until, exhausted with his pleasant task, the voice of St. Francis failed him. Then he confessed that the little bird was the victor, so he blessed and sent her away. And even the grasshopper that sat and sung loudly beside him, perched at his call upon his hand, and sang there cheerily until he bade her go in peace.

How greatly in these characteristic stories does St. Francis remind us of the gentle recluse of Olney, with his favourite garden, his tame hares, and his pet goldfinches.

And with a heart overflowing with love, did St. Francis set forth from his solitude to found his new order. The miracles said to have attended his application to Innocent III. are evidently clumsy fabrications, for which, not himself, but his biographers must be answerable. Innocent, doubtless, saw the importance of a new and active religious order, which should not only counterbalance the Benedictines at home, but perhaps oppose the aspiring Templars in the very lands of the paynim, for St. Francis was pledged to seek to reclaim unbelievers, though not by the sword, but by preaching. And three times did the self-denied enthusiast himself undertake the work. First, he attempted to go to the paynim in Syria, but was driven back by a violent storm; again he essayed to reach Morocco, but, while passing through Spain, sickness compelled him to return. A third time, years after, when looked up to as the founder of a flourishing order, he set sail for Egypt, reached Damietta, and demanded to be led to the presence of the Sultan. Here he delivered his message, and proffered eagerly to throw himself into a fire in the presence of the Sultan and his Imauns, if they would but embrace

Christianity. The Sultan gazed on the enthusiast with mingled respect and pity—for insanity is sacred in the East—and caused him to be carefully sent back.

The active life he led while engaged in establishing his order, evidently kept off those attacks of insanity to which Francis had been subject in earlier life; but on resigning the office of superior four years after his return, and retiring to a solitary cell, these revisited him with increased violence. It was then that ecstatic trances shook his already weakened frame, and hallucinations, against which he had no power to struggle, took possession of his mind. And then the boasted miracle of the order—the impression of ‘the stigmata’ took place. We think that there can be little doubt that these marks were real;—but stamped by no seraph hand, as the poor enthusiast fondly believed,—for the art of ‘regitourie’ could easily supply visions of dazzling light; and wounds, which amid such strong excitement might scarcely be felt, could as easily be made by mere mortal hands. The life of St. Francis soon after drew to a close; he suffered much, and like that gentle spirit, to whom he bears a close resemblance, deep mental dejection supervened. Aware of the dangers of solitary contemplation, as a last testament to his order, he strictly commanded that they should work with their hands. Stretched on the bare earth, he welcomed the approach of death, and with the words, so emphatic in his case—‘Bring my soul out of prison’—the gentle enthusiast, whose heart, whatever were the errors of his creed, had been so filled to overflowing with Christian love, took leave of a life of suffering, and a world that had indeed been a prison to him, in the year 1226.

Among the most interesting features of the work before us are the pictures,—or, as we have before remarked,—portraits, rather. There is a most valuable one of St. Francis, painted by Guinta Pisano, only a few years after his death; and most probably from one taken in his lifetime, which completely places before us ‘the tender-hearted and poetical enthusiast.’ Another of a rather later date exhibits that wild, but abstracted gaze, which characterises the milder forms of mental aberration.

Wonderful was the progress of the order of St. Francis, and immense the multitude bound together by the ‘knotted cord’ of the Grey Friars. Two celebrated men at once stood ready to take the place of St. Francis—men gifted with the learning which was denied to him,—St. Antony of Padua, and Cardinal Buonaventura. Antony was a Portuguese monk, and he set forth, when very young, to convert the African Moors. Shipwreck threw him on the coast of Italy, and he arrived at Assisi, just when St. Francis was holding the first general chapter of his order. He

became an adherent, and taught theology in the most famous universities; but, ere long, gave all up to follow the calling of a preacher. He wandered through Italy, then a prey to intestine wars and feudal tyranny, rebuking all wrong doers, however high their station; seeking out that enormous criminal Eccellino, and denouncing him, even in his own palace, as ‘intolerable before God and man.’ Everywhere he preached peace; but this, he said, was ‘the peace of justice and the peace of liberty,’—noble words! far more worthy of a place on his magnificent shrine than the stupid miracles wrought with such marvellous beauty there. Antony died young, in his thirty-sixth year, surviving his teacher and patron only five years; but Buonaventura, ‘the ‘seraphic doctor,’ whose life in infancy had been spared at the prayer of St. Francis, took the place of Antony, both as preacher and theological professor. Voluminous were his writings, and most valuable was his last work, his ‘Life of St. Francis,’ considered. There is something very solemn in the old Spanish legend which represents him as permitted after his death to return to the earth for three days, to complete that tribute of loving reverence to his patron, and the lifeless figure in doctor’s robes, with the pen in the stiffened fingers, and the fixed ghastly features bending over the book, is even in the slight sketch before us wonderfully appalling.

Other celebrated men were, during the thirteenth century, the boast of the Franciscan order:—Duns Scotus, ‘the irrefragable;’ Adam de Marisco, the learned mathematician; and our own Roger Bacon, whose name, as a wonderworker, still lingers in the popular mind. But the success of the order would have been incomplete had not a sisterhood been added, who should in their sphere extend the rule of St. Francis. And in Clara d’Assisi, ‘*clara claris præclara*,’ as her ‘office’ terms her, St. Francis found a coadjutrix, gifted with equal determination and with more sober zeal. Clara was the daughter of a noble knight, her great beauty and the wealth of her parents caused her to be early sought in marriage; but she had heard of the peace of the convent, and the self-denial of the new order, and her heart burned to quit the world. She repaired to St. Francis, and entreated his counsel, and he appointed Palm Sunday as the day of her profession. Clothed in festal garments she went to church, and receiving the palm branch from the hand of the officiating bishop, she repaired, on the same evening, still in her gorgeous attire, to the chapel, where St Francis met her, and, amid the hymns of the rejoicing brotherhood, led her to the altar where, with his own hands, he cut off her abundant golden tresses, flung over her his coarse grey cloak, and she became his

disciple and daughter. Her father endeavoured to take her by force from the convent where she took refuge, but her steadfastness triumphed; and, soon after, other noble ladies joined the community which, under the title of 'the poor Clares,' from the founder's name, soon attained an European celebrity. Many years she continued the superior of her order, impressing on her sisterhood the necessity of industry, herself setting the example; for, after she had lost the use of her limbs, she sat up in bed 'spinning flax of marvellous fineness.' Whatever opinion we may form of such communities in the present day, few, we think, can doubt their use in the days of St. Clara, whose convents then, and long after, 'became the favourite refuge for the 'oppressed and sorrowing: for parentless, husbandless, homeless 'women of all classes.'

The fame of St. Clara spread far and wide; it was therefore with a delight, peculiar to an age of keen religious rivalry, that the Dominican order, in the following century, were able to boast of the saintly life and striking miracles of a sister of their own order, the '*virgo admirabilis*,' St. Catherine of Siena. A most interesting character is this western St. Catherine, named after that wise, and queenly, and saintly maiden of Alexandria. The later St. Catherine was, however, no daughter of a royal house, her parents were engaged in trade, though wealthy, and they dwelt in the picturesque city of Siena, not far from the Fonte Branda, a beautiful fountain celebrated by Dante himself, for 'the coldness and affluence of its waters.' So fair, and gay, and graceful in her early childhood was this their youngest girl, that the neighbours called her Euphrosyne, 'but they also remarked that she 'was unlike her young companions, and as she grew up she became a strange, solitary, visionary child, to whom an unseen 'world had revealed itself in such forms as the pictures and effigies in the richly adorned churches had rendered familiar to 'her eye and her fancy.'

'One evening Catherine, being then about seven years of age, was returning with her elder brother Stefano from the house of her married sister, and they sat down to rest on the hill which is above the Fonte Branda; and as Catherine looked up to the Campanile of St. Dominic, it appeared to her that the heavens opened, and that she beheld Christ sitting on a throne, and beside him stood St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John the Evangelist. While she gazed on this vision lost in ecstasy, her brother stretched forth his hand and shook her. She turned to him,—but when she looked up again the heavens had closed, and the wondrous vision was shut from her sight—she threw herself on the ground and wept bitterly. But the glory which had been revealed to her dwelt upon her memory. She wandered alone from her playmates; she became silent and very thoughtful.'—p. 401.

And then the story of her guardian saint arose to her mind, and earnest wishes to be like her, and a strong determination to retire wholly from the world. No common child could this have been; and so thought her father and mother; but they scorned the fine poetic imaginings which dwelt in the mind of the solitary young girl—they could not comprehend them. And so, like that sweetest of mediæval heroines, Joan of Arc, young Catherine led a life of her own, like her, beside her fountain seeing bright visions, while vague thoughts and eager aspirations, but which shaped her future destiny, crowded around her. Exceedingly beautiful did she grow up, and her father insisted that she should marry, as her sister had; but she steadfastly refused, and turned to her solitary musings. Now there was little of parental kindness in those days in Italy; so the father treated her cruelly, her mother laid all the household work upon her, and her brothers and sisters mocked at her. But she bore all unrepiningly, for, ‘did not the martyrs of old suffer far more so,’ was her remark. Again suitors offered, again she refused; and then she went to the church, and cut off her long beautiful hair and offered it at the altar. More enraged than ever were her parents, and more cruelly they treated her, until, at length, the father entered his daughter’s chamber, and found her one day at prayer; but on her head, says the legend, sat a white dove; and as the father saw the fair girl so humbly kneeling, unconscious of all around her—the marvel of the dove is scarcely needed here—his hard heart became softened, and he trembled within himself at the sin he had committed in thus persecuting his child. From henceforth he gave her full permission to act as she pleased; and she became a sister of ‘the third order’ of Dominicans, thereby becoming a kind of sister of charity, pledged to works of mercy, but not to the seclusion of the convent.

For many years was Catherine thus employed; but those who marked her conduct, saw gifts that fitted her for far more extensive usefulness, and her fame, ere long, spread over to Milan, and Naples, and many illustrious men sought her advice. When the Florentines were anxious for reconciliation with the papal see, they chose her for their mediatrix. She set out for Avignon, and there conducted the negotiations with so much discretion that the pope left her to dictate the terms of peace. On her return to Florence, the whole city was in a state of tumult, nor could she obtain a hearing. She then addressed herself to the pope, urging him, as the only remedy for the misery and misrule which Italy suffered, to return, and once more fix his seat of government at the Lateran. Her letters prevailed, and when, in September, 1376, Gregory returned to Rome, Cath

rine met him, and shared his public entry. Her diplomatic talents were now so well known, that the succeeding pontiff appointed her ambassadress to the court of Joanna II. of Naples; but the project was abandoned. 'Pity it was,' says Mrs. Jameson, 'that the world was not edified by the spectacle of Catherine of Siena, the visionary, ascetic nun, brought face to face with such a woman as the Second Joanna of Naples!' But Catherine's life soon closed; she, ere long, became grievously ill, and expired after much suffering, having only completed her thirty-third year. Her public talents were, as we have seen, commanding; her writings especially her correspondence, is said to be admirable, even the wild legends told of her visions bear witness to the poetic character of her mind; nor can we wonder that high among the saints of the Dominican order, they have placed the name of the modern St. Catherine. Anxious in every respect to rival their grey brethren, the Dominicans asserted that St. Catherine, like St. Francis, had received 'the stigmata,' in one of her ecstatic visions. But the Franciscans would not so easily yield up this 'miracle of miracles;' so they petitioned Sixtus VI. to forbid that she should be so represented. This petition Sixtus, who had himself belonged to their order, willingly complied with, and the mandate was put forth; but the painters at least, refused to obey it; and thus, in all the fine pictures of this saint, her beautiful hands are disfigured by the red wounds. Still, we can almost pardon (artistically, not religiously) their adherence to the legend, since it has given us that noble fresco of Razzi, where the beautiful St. Catherine is sinking in the trance, upheld so anxiously and so tenderly by her two attendant nuns.

From many of the legends of this popular saint, who in picture and story is often mistaken for St. Catherine of Alexandria, we cannot but perceive that there were 'some better things' in her character than her marvelling admirers, or her unscrupulous eulogists, ever dreamt of. Her tender sympathy with all suffering—her anxious care that the blaspheming malefactors who had rejected all instruction, should yet once more hear the voice of warning; thus she stopped the car, and went with them to the place of execution; 'and so tender and persuasive were the words she spoke, that their hard hearts were melted, and they died repentant,'—her earnest prayers, too, 'for a new heart'—her mental struggles when she refused to argue, saying, 'the father of lies could argue better than she could'—even the conflict on her deathbed, and the murmured words, 'No! no! no! not vain glory! not vain glory! but the glory of God!'—all, we think, prove this.

While in some quarters a growing admiration of the St. Clares

and St. Catherines is springing up, much alarm is manifested by some of our recent writers, lest, as Mrs. Jameson naively remarks, 'young ladies of our own time should incline to imitate them, and take to mortification, almsgiving, and maiden meditation, when they *ought* to be thinking rather of balls, and matrimony.' Now we think it might be as well if these writers would just inquire, first of all, what was the state of domestic society in Italy when so many young maidens rushed to the cloister. That the parental rule was severe enough, we have already seen; and those who think it so strange that St. Clare should refuse repeated offers of marriage, ought to know that, in so far as the maiden was concerned, marriage was a mere bargain and sale. As to choice, she had none: all the sentimental stuff, therefore, about 'quenching young affections,' has nothing to do in the case. But more, if a slave under her father's roof, the Italian lady of the middle ages was even more so when transferred to her husband's; for, strange indeed, Italy, foremost in the revival of letters, and the revival of art, was lowest in social refinement. It is a curious fact, and one which we do not recollect having seen noticed, that the principal tales of marital injustice and cruelty, and of wifely endurance, had their origin in 'the land of painting and song'! It was an Italian husband who led his wife, Madonna Pia, to the pestilential marshes, and coolly watched her sinking beneath their poisonous influence, until death released her: it was an Italian husband, the Marquis of Salerno, who has obtained an enduring fame for his cruelties to Griseldis; and from Italy came those stories of 'Taming the Shrew,' which Shakspeare, even in the sixteenth century, was obliged to modify to meet the more manly feelings of Englishmen; but which, as originally told, recommend bread and water, and 'a sound lashing with the bridle rein,' as fit discipline for the refractory lady. That striking a woman, especially if that woman were the wife, was not deemed unmanly, we have abundant evidence both from the memoir, and the 'novella.' Surely, then, an intelligent, high-spirited young woman might be pardoned for preferring to such discipline the gentler 'rule' of St. Dominic, or St. Clare. But may we not believe that *some* at least of these recluses quitted the world under the influence of a higher motive?—even the desire to serve God wholly. And if with their imperfect scriptural knowledge, they were led to believe that the renunciation of the vanities of the world involved a greater separation from its active duties than we believe it to do, shall we severely blame them because, believing that religion called for sacrifice, they lingered not to count the cost?

Singularly enough, while the maiden recluses of this period

have had rather hard measures dealt to them, the married saint, who gave up husband, children, friends, all, at the will of her confessor,—that—

‘Gemma speciosa!
Mulierum sydus rosa!
Ex regali stirpe nata,
Nunc in cœlis coronata,’

Elizabeth of Hungary, has received a high tribute of admiration. It is scarcely necessary to relate the events of her life, so well have they been painted, and so truthfully, in Mr. Kingsley’s beautiful ‘Saint’s Tragedy;’ but who does not perceive that many of her virtues were indeed mere works of supererogation, and that even her submission was as great toward her confessor, as toward her God? The pretty enough legend of how, on a wintry day, she went forth unattended, with her lap full of bread and meat for the starving poor, might well be told of some humble recluse, who, in time of scarcity, and from her own scanty meal, went on the same errand of mercy. But the daughter of the King of Hungary, the Landgravine of Thuringia, with stores of food and money, and hundreds of vassals to do her bidding, what a needless work was this, all unworthy to be compensated by the red and white roses of paradise! Still, the meek resignation and uncomplaining submission of Elizabeth, under her many wrongs, are very touching; and her tenderness toward the sick and suffering must, in that age, and among so rude a race, have firmly established her claim to saintly honours in the hearts of the common people; nor is she even yet forgotten. ‘I remember,’ says Mrs. Jameson—

‘Climbing the rocky by-path to the summit of the Wartburg, the path where Elizabeth was encountered with her lapful of roses; and I cannot help thinking that to have performed that feat twice a day, required indeed all the aspiring fervour of the saint, as well as the tender enthusiasm of the woman, young, and light in spirit, and in limb. Poor Elizabeth! Her memory still lives in the traditions of the people; and in the names given to many of the localities near Eisenach and Marbourg, they still cultivate roses round the vicinity of the steep and stony Wartburg: I recollect seeing the little cemetery which lies near the base of the mountain, all one blush of roses; you could not see the tombstones for the rosebushes, nor the graves for the rose leaves heaped upon them.’—p. 327.

This ‘gentlest and loveliest of saints’ is claimed by the Franciscans, she having assumed ‘the cord,’ as a member of the third order.

We have mentioned some of the Franciscan great men, but the Dominicans, in this respect, fully rivalled them. They

claimed St. Peter the martyr—martyr to bigotry and to his order, and the bitter persecutor of the Cathari. A prouder boast was Albertus Magnus, whose learning, and especially whose skill in mechanical science was so great, that he seems to have been viewed as an earlier ‘Dr. Faustus:’ but their proudest boast was ‘the angelical doctor,’ St. Thomas Aquinas. The history of this monarch of syllogisms, also illustrates the severity of parental discipline in Italy. He was the son of a Calabrese noble, and, like many other celebrated men, he owed much to a careful and intelligent mother, who, anxious to preserve him from the dangers of a vicious youth, encouraged his love of learning. In encouraging that love, however, she unconsciously pointed him to the cloister, and ere long he took the habit of St. Dominic. The anger of his parents was excessive; his brothers tore the habit from his shoulders, and carried him prisoner to his father’s castle, where his mother urged him to recant, but in vain. He was kept close prisoner there, and no one suffered to attend him but his two sisters. But Thomas persuaded his sisters, ere long, to adopt his views, and they provided means for his escape. He was let down in a basket from his prison, some of his Dominican brethren were waiting to receive him, and he returned to his convent. From this time he rose in celebrity as the first theologian of his day. We read with some surprise that, notwithstanding his profound learning, he received the nickname of *Bos*; but the portrait before us, painted by Benozzo Gozzoli, from an ancient picture, at once supplies the reason; for a more bovine face, with its immense double chin, and stolid expression, can scarcely be imagined. The ample brow, however, vindicates the intellectual superiority of this pride of the schoolmen. He is appropriately seated with a lapful of books, and holding an open volume on his knee. Who shall talk of the shortness of life, compared with the labours of the scholar, when we think of St. Thomas Aquinas, and his many folios, all written within forty-nine years—for his fiftieth he never saw!

A greater than St. Thomas was also a brother of this order, Jerome Savonarola; but no pictures record his ‘good fight of faith.’ A most interesting portrait is, however, given in this volume, from a picture painted by Fra Bartolomeo, his affectionate disciple, who, overwhelmed with grief at his teacher’s cruel martyrdom, shut himself up in his cell, laying aside his pencil for four long years; and when he did resume it, it was to paint those features so deeply impressed on his memory and heart; but to which he dared not give the true name; so he painted a deep gash in the head, and called the portrait of Savonarola, St. Peter the martyr. Fra Bartolomeo, from whom Raphael himself did

not disdain to learn, was also a Dominican: and many are his beautiful and noble groups of saints which still remain to show the superiority of the earnest, Christian painter, over the mere votary of the academic art. But the Dominicans also boasted another painter, of a rather earlier date, Fra Giovanni da Fiesole—better known by his well-deserved names of ‘Il Beato,’ and ‘Angelico.’ Delightfully has Mrs. Jameson told—not the story of his life—for the life of a recluse has little incident, but that of his mind.

‘Now in the convent at Fiesole, there dwelt a young friar who was favoured by Heaven, for to him in addition to the virtues of charity, humility, and piety, was vouchsafed the gift of surpassing genius. He was a painter: early in life he had dedicated himself and his beautiful art to the service of God, and his most blessed saints; and that he might be worthy of his high and holy vocation, he sought to keep himself unspotted from the world; for he was accustomed to say that ‘those who work for Christ must dwell in Christ.’ Even before he commenced a picture which was to be consecrated to the honour of God, he prepared himself with fervent prayer and meditation, and then he began in humble trust that it would be put into his mind what he ought to delineate, and he would never change or deviate from the first idea; for, as he said, ‘that was the will of God;’ and this he said, not in presumption, but in faith and simplicity of heart. So he passed his life in imagining those visions of beatitude, which descended on his fancy, sent indeed by no fabled muse, but even by that spirit, ‘that did prefer, before all temples the upright heart, and pure;’ and surely, never before or since, was earthly material worked up into soul, nor earthly forms refined into spirit, as under the hands of this most pious, and most excellent painter. He became sublime by the force of his own goodness and humility. It was as if paradise had opened upon him, a paradise of rest and joy, of purity and love; where no trouble, no guile, no change could enter; and if, as it has been said, his celestial creations seem to want power, not the less do we feel that they need it not,—that before those ethereal beings, power itself would be powerless. Such are his angels, resistless in their soft serenity; such his virgins, pure from all earthly stain; such his redeemed spirits, gliding into paradise; such his sainted martyrs and confessors, absorbed in devout rapture. Well has he been named IL BEATO and ANGELICO, whose life was ‘participate with angels’ even in this world!’—p. 417.

Fra Angelico died in 1455, having attained his sixty-ninth year. Numerous paintings and frescoes of his still remain, proving the truth of the eloquent remarks just quoted; indeed, even the slight copies of some of his figures in this and the former work, strongly exhibit his wonderfully fine feeling and expression. What calm dignity is there in the St. Michael—what sweetness in his St. Lawrence—what stately beauty in the

'St. Elizabeth,' bearing with such queenly grace her lapful of roses! and the little group that concludes this volume—in subject what more prosaic?—a monk, cowed and robed, welcomed by a formally draped figure, with spotted wings; but yet how impressive is this 'Entrance into Paradise'! How gently does the angel bend down his radiant head to clasp the new-comer! and how soft is the smile on that serene brow! The monk, too; with what child-like trustfulness does he cling to his guide, bewildered, but glad, like the little child returned home, gazing on the face that *must* be his mother's, because none other can beam with such sweet affection on him.

What exquisite paintings should we not have seen if the artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to their superior knowledge and skill, had but added that deep enthusiasm, 'that pure unworldly feeling,' that fine imagination, which Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo display! As to imagination, we have often been surprised to observe in how far more poetic a manner subjects are treated in even rude illuminations, than in some of the most celebrated pictures of the Spanish and Italian schools. After all, how much is there that is 'of the earth, earthly,' of the visible and palpable—of the actually prosaic—both in the legends and pictures of *southern* Europe. How often does the prosing hagiologist turn the figure of speech into a fact—a mere image into gross reality; and this is bad enough, but when the painter follows the legend-writer's example, and presents to the eye the stupid misconception, what artistic skill can compensate for the gross mistake? Thus we have the poetic incident of St. Francis addressing the birds, and bidding them join in praise of their Creator, turned into a picture of St. Francis gravely addressing a congregation gathered from the farmyard, and evidently more eager for grain than for instruction. 'O ye unbelievers,' exclaimed St. Antony, as he preached to a scoffing assembly by the sea-side, 'better preach to the fishes than to you, for *they* will listen;' and more than one painter has given us St. Antony with outstretched arms haranguing the fishes—his more attentive hearers. Called to address the funeral company when a rich miser was about to be buried, Antony scorned to adopt the language of eulogy, but sternly denouncing the dead man's love of gold, exclaimed, 'Seek ye for his heart? in his breast ye will not find it. Search his treasure-chest, for 'where the treasure is there will the heart be also.' And the artist has taken this forcible address as fact, and exhibited the dead man lying on the bier, and the treasure-chest open in the background, with the heart on a heap of ducats!

And strange is it to perceive, as we recede from the dim 'ages

of faith' into the light and scepticism of later days, how pertinaciously these gross misconceptions of the legend-writer keep their places, in all their coarse materialism, on the canvas of even first-rate artists. St. Catherine supplicates a new heart, and an angel stands by with a 'real right earnest' one. Sweet, indeed, is St. Bernard's style, and easily may we imagine a wearied student, disgusted with the harsh periods and dry definitions of the schoolmen, turning to his fine meditations, and exclaiming that they were sweet as though 'our lady' had fed him with her milk. But this mere figure of speech has become actual fact to the legend-writer and the artist, and here, in a fine picture by Murillo, the saint kneels like a great baby before the gracefully bending figure, that bares her beautiful bosom for his sustenance. Thus St. Theresa, 'her heart transfixed with divine love,' kneels in agony rather than ecstasy, while a stout angel, with an instrument bearing greater resemblance to a poker tipped with fire than to a celestial dart, is thrusting it with murderous force at her breast. This is the Spanish treatment of the subject; but the Italian is far worse, for there the saint stands with the languishing airs of an opera nymph, and a Cupid, only fit for a valentine, is slyly taking aim at her heart! Can we call such abominations by the name of 'Christian art'?

The name of St. Theresa recalls us to the monastic orders. It is much to be regretted that her works have not been translated *directly* from the Spanish, since it is only through the medium of a French translation that we can obtain any acquaintance with them. That she was not the brain-sick enthusiast which many have deemed her, is evident both from the work she did, and the influence which, even in an age of powerful influences, she exerted. No common child could she be, who, at eight years old, set off with a brother scarcely older, to wander into the land of the Moors, hoping to obtain the crown of martyrdom; nor who, when but little older, as she read with that brother the lives of the saints, felt awe-struck at the words 'for ever;' and she repeated again and again with bewildered solemnity, 'What! for ever! for ever!' 'Under no circumstances,' says Mrs. Jameson, 'could her path through life have been the highway of common mediocrity, for nature had given her great gifts, large faculties of all kinds, for good and evil; . . . genius, in short, with all its terrible and glorious privileges.' And what destination was there for a woman with such gifts in Spain, save the cloister? so there Theresa lived and laboured; reforming her order, that of the Carmelites, travelling from province to province to promulgate her new regulations, and seeing, before her death, seventeen female convents, and fifteen male, all owing her rule.

In England, St. Theresa might probably have become a Lady Huntingdon, but far more gifted—not only founding chapels, but writing most eloquent exhortations and most poetical hymns.

This poetic taste of St. Theresa seems to have been nourished by the romances and books of chivalry, which she eagerly read in her childhood; and curious is it to observe how the same kind of reading gave impulse to another more commanding mind, which, in some of its characteristics—mental not moral, greatly resembles her own. What country but Spain could have produced that wonderful man, Ignatius Loyola, and how well befitting that land of romance is his history. The handsome, bold, haughty young noble, entering life as page at the brilliant court of Ferdinand; then as a soldier of fortune, pursuing a career of romantic bravery in the desolating wars of the times—fierce, reckless, pleasure-loving,—seeking amid enjoyment and keen excitement food for his fevered spirit, until, in his thirtieth year, struck down by a cannon-ball at the siege of Pampeluna, wounded through both legs, he is borne toilsomely and painfully many a weary league in the rude litter to his native valley Loyola—that valley to which he is to give so wide a renown. And there is he borne to his old ancestral mansion, to the chamber where he first saw the light, a helpless and maimed sufferer, struck down in the full tide of life and hope.

Here for long months he lay; and how clouded must his future prospects have appeared, when, chafing under his slow recovery, and anxious to prevent the deformity he feared, he caused his wounds to be reopened, and a protruding bone sawed off! Terribly was the indomitable will of the founder of that mightiest order shown in this! but the agony was endured in vain—Ignatius was a hopeless cripple. Still tossing on his restless bed, the thoughts of the knight turned to his favourite romances, and he asked for them. None could be found, so the lives of the saints were brought to him. What had been the history of 'the Society of Jesus,' where had been many an important, many a mysterious episode in the history of modern Europe, if that restless, chafing spirit, at this the very crisis of his fate had, like Luther, opened the Bible?—who shall say! But who shall also say what shaping thoughts, whether of wild enthusiasm, of towering ambition, of religious zeal, or *all* these, perchance, inextricably mingled, wrought in the mind of him who in that lone chamber—still reverently preserved and reverently shown—cast aside every dream of his youth and manhood, flung away every once-cherished purpose, and devoted the first hours of his slow recovery to toil on crutches up the steep ascent

to the church of Our Lady of Monserrat, there to hang up his lance and sword, and to vow before her altar, with devotion unimagined by the knight of romance, all his future days to her service. Strongly is his indomitable will displayed in all the incidents of his after-life;—his weary pilgrimage to Jerusalem; his placing himself on the same form with boys studying grammar, that he might obtain the scanty knowledge without which he could not become a priest; his persevering efforts to establish his order, in spite of such determined opposition;—even the legends of his miracles and visions all bear the same impress of stern conflict and victory.

Wonderfully did he rule his order, and yet rules it from the tomb! but Ignatius had been a soldier, and he carried into his community, as it has been truly said, the ideas and habits of a soldier; but then we think that the type of the genius of his 'society' must not be sought for in the quiet orderly submission of the soldier of modern days. We must look rather at the blind submission to the one favourite leader—to that fierce reckless spirit that yielded, indeed, implicit obedience to one, but as the price of unlimited freedom from all other rule, which characterized the soldier of fortune in his own day. Such had he seen in the Spanish and Italian wars; such were the free companies that fought under Bourbon, Pescara, and De Leyra; such were they who, at the bidding of Cortez and Pizarro, followed them over unknown seas! and as devoted, as unscrupulous a band of followers had he. Who shall say what the order founded by Ignatius Loyola has already done—who may say what it shall do!

The history of the monastic orders is comparatively so little known that we have lingered over our subject longer than we intended. In so many ways are they, especially the Franciscan and Dominican, connected with the progress of society in Europe, with the advancing cause of freedom, with the earlier struggles of the Reformation, that we cannot but be interested in every attempt that is made to bring these influential communities before the attention of the historical student; well assured that a juster appreciation of their efforts and their character cannot fail to throw much additional and unexpected light on the history of that most important period—the middle ages.

- ART. VIII. (1.) *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*. Par FRANÇOIS RENE, VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND. 11 tom. Paris: 1849-50.
 (2.) *An Autobiography, &c.* By F. R. VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND. Vol. I.—IV. Belfast: 1849. 12mo.

JOHN FOSTER, in his characteristic essay, 'On a Man's writing Memoirs of Himself,' has ventured on the assertion that no man would judge more than one in ten thousand of all his thoughts, sayings, and actions, worthy to be mentioned, if memory were capable of recalling them. He makes an exception, indeed, in favour of the 'few individuals whose daily deliberations, discourses, and proceedings affect the interests of mankind on a 'grand scale.' But the exception might have been extended to almost the whole tribe of autobiographers amongst our neighbours across the channel, whether wont to sway the destinies of a nation or to manage the affairs of a poultry-yard. Your genuine French memoir-writer, with his intense individualism and his effervescing self-complacency, is apt to make a very different estimate of the importance of his sayings and doings from that which would be formed by the earnest, and somewhat austere, Christian moralist whose words we have quoted. The latter supposes a man 'to retrace himself through his past life in order 'to acquire a deep self-knowledge, and to record the investigation for his own instruction,' whilst the former usually aims less at self-knowledge than at self-glorification, and if he be led to lay bare his follies and his vices, it is with a view rather to amuse the reader than to instruct himself.

We make this general observation on the class of books to which the work before us belongs, because, although far from being an unfavourable specimen of that class, its web is certainly 'of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.' It abounds in graceful and sparkling narrative, in striking incidents, in felicitous word-pictures, in sharp and incisive portraiture of remarkable characters; but, on the other hand, in rigid and judicial self-examination, in earnest appreciation of the responsibilities of this life, and of the realities of the life beyond the grave, it is woefully deficient. Nor can it be objected that we are charging upon the book the want of qualities which it could not well be expected to possess. In a work, the composition of which has extended over seven-and-thirty years of a life teeming with human vicissitudes, —which bears, as its motto, the solemn words of Job: '*Sicut nubes—quasi naves—velut umbra,*'—and which is given to the world as a legacy 'from the tomb' of one who, half a century

ago, celebrated 'The Genius of Christianity,' it is surely not too much to look for the recognition of something in Christianity of graver import than its respectability, its poetry, or its political usefulness.

This large deduction from the value these memoirs might otherwise have possessed being once settled, it remains to be admitted that, despite its imperfection, the book bids fair to live as a vivacious and brilliant record of an unusually diversified career. Recent French biography, amongst many other peculiarities, has also this—that it abounds in subjects moving in conspicuous spheres, and leading lives of constant excitement, which lives have, nevertheless, been protracted—even amidst the storms of successive revolutions—to an unusual length. There is, in this respect as in others, a striking contrast between the biographies of our own recent statesmen and those of France. The grave has but recently closed over many men who took no mean part in the contests of the first French Revolution, and we still occasionally meet in the newspaper obituaries with the names of those who were members of the National Convention.

In these contests Chateaubriand, indeed, took no direct part, but his life was none the less adventurous, or less filled with striking events and salient contrasts. Born and bred in a province of France in which the noble was still honoured and the priest still revered, his career forms a curious link between the old system and the new. He witnessed a mode of life almost feudal in its relations and its dependencies, although shorn of its ancient glories, in the Castles of Brittany, and had a glimpse of the traditional magnificence of the court of Lewis XIV. as it had been handed down amongst the courtiers of Lewis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. During the last struggles of the old monarchy he was exploring the lakes and the forests of the New World, and it was in the hut of an American backwoodsman near the Blue Mountains that he first heard, through an English newspaper, of the flight of Lewis XVI. to Varennes. He conversed with Washington at Mount Vernon about the war of independence, the taking of the Bastille, and the discovery of a North-West Passage, as he was afterwards to converse with Napoleon about Egypt, about the traditions of the Arabs, and about the notions of the ideologists concerning Christianity.

After having, as an emigrant, shared the adverse fortunes of the 'Army of the Princes,' and the almost utter destitution of those of the exiled royalists who, although without resources, refused to participate in the allowances accorded by the English government, Chateaubriand lived to revisit, as 'Ambassador from the Most Christian King,' that capital in which he had wellnigh

starved. And, after having refused an embassy offered him by Napoleon, that he might testify his abhorrence of the execution of the Duke of Enghien, he lived to resign an embassy conferred on him by Charles X. in order that he might evince his detestation of those insane 'Ordinances of July' which he knew were imperilling the old monarchy he had so zealously laboured to restore, by making its continuance incompatible with the existence of those constitutional liberties which, both as publicist and as minister, he had not less zealously asserted and maintained.

To the doomed race which he had thus wisely but vainly counselled in the intoxication of its apparent prosperity, he still adhered even in its well-deserved adversity. He was amongst the most faithful, although unfortunately not amongst the most trusted, of the advisers of the Duchess of Berri. He stood aloof from the court of Louis Philippe without insulting it; and having repeatedly stigmatized the errors and the crimes of that monarch's policy, he lived to witness the ignominious downfall he had often predicted to incredulous ears. Such a career, even if narrated with very ordinary powers, cannot but prove both attractive and instructive. In the *Mémoires d'outre Tombe* it is, for the most part, depicted with great clearness and vigour. Of this narrative we proceed to offer a rapid summary.

François René de Chateaubriand, descended from one of the oldest families of Brittany, was born at St. Malo—not in the same year with Napoleon, as has been frequently stated in the Biographical Dictionaries and elsewhere, but—on the 4th of September, 1768. He was the youngest of ten children, of whom four died in infancy, and but three survived the storms of the first revolution. A considerable portion of his childhood was passed in the sombre castle of Combourg, the ancient seat of one branch of the Chateaubriands, and which, after a long alienation from the family, had been repurchased by his father, whose chief pride and most frequent occupation appears to have consisted in ruminating on the departed glories of his race. Of the usual mode of life in this old feudal mansion, Chateaubriand gives the following graphic picture—a picture, we think, which no man can once see and ever forget:—

On Sundays, when the weather was fine, my mother, my sister Lucile, and I, went to the parish church, across the Little Mall, and along a country lane. . . . My father went but once a year,—at Easter; the rest of the year he heard mass in the chapel of the chateau. Occupying the Seigneur's bench, we prayed and received the benediction opposite to the black marble sepulchre of Renée de Rohan adjoining the altar. . . . But these Sunday occupations vanished with the

day, and were not even regular in their occurrence. During the winter season, whole months glided away without a human creature knocking at the gate of our fortress. If gloom brooded over the heathis of Combours, a still deeper gloom reigned within the castle. On entering its vaulted roofs, a visitor experienced the same sensation as on entering the Carthusian monastery of Grenoble. When I visited the latter in 1805, I crossed a desert region which grew every moment more desolate. I thought it would terminate at the monastery, but within the walls I found the gardens of the monks looking even more deserted than the region around. At last, in the centre of the building, enveloped as it were in the folds of all this solitude, I came upon the ancient cemetery of the Cenobites—a sanctuary from which eternal silence, the divinity of the place, extended its sway over the neighbouring mountains and forests.

‘Almost like this was the gloomy quietude of Combours Castle, which was still further increased by my father’s taciturn and unsocial disposition. Instead of collecting his family and his retainers closely around him, he had dispersed them through the building to all the points of the compass. His own sleeping chamber was in the little turret on the east, and his cabinet in the little turret on the west. The furniture of this cabinet consisted of three chairs covered with black leather, and a table heaped with title-deeds and parchments. A genealogical tree of the Chateaubriand family covered the space above the mantelpiece, and in the embrasure of a window were arranged all sorts of arms, from a pistol to a blunderbuss. My mother’s apartment was situated above the great hall, between the turrets. It had a polished floor, and was adorned with Venetian mirrors. My sister occupied a closet, opening from my mother’s apartment. The *femme-de-chambre* slept at a considerable distance off, in the portion of the building between the great towers. As for me, I was niched in a little solitary cell at the top of the staircase turret. At the foot of this staircase my father’s valet and another domestic lay in vaulted cellars; and a cook-maid kept garrison in the great eastern tower.

‘My father rose at four o’clock in the morning, winter and summer. At five, he was served with coffee, and remained in his cabinet till mid-day. My mother and sister breakfasted in their respective chambers at eight o’clock. I had no fixed hour either for rising or breakfasting; I was presumed to be at my studies until noon, but the greater part of the time I did nothing. At eleven, the bell was rung for dinner, which was served at noon. The great hall was both our dining-room and drawing-room. We dined and supped at one end, and, after the repast, adjourned to the other, in front of an enormous fireplace, . . . where we remained until two o’clock; then, if it was summer, my father amused himself with fishing, visited his kitchen-gardens, or took a short walk in the neighbourhood. In autumn and winter he set out for the chase, and my mother retired into the chapel, where she passed several hours in prayer. . . . Lucile shut herself up in her chamber, whilst I regained my cell, whence I stole forth to scour the country.

'At eight o'clock the bell rang for supper. After supper, in the fine summer days, we seated ourselves on the terrace. My father, armed with his fowling-piece, fired at the young owls which issued from the battlements at nightfall. My mother, Lucile, and I, gazed at the heavens and the surrounding woods, watching the last rays of the setting sun, and the first stars which twinkled in the sky. At ten o'clock we again entered the house and retired to rest.

'In autumn and winter, the evenings were spent differently. Supper being over, and its partakers having retired from the table to the opposite fireplace, my mother reclined, often with a heavy sigh, on an old couch covered with time-stained calico. A small table, with a light, was placed beside her. I seated myself by the fireside along with Lucile. My father then commenced a promenade, which did not cease until the hour for retiring to rest. He was dressed in a robe, or sort of cloak, of white rateen, which I never saw except on himself. His head, almost bald, was covered with a tall white cap, projecting stiffly upwards. When, in the course of his walk, he moved away from the fire, the vast hall was so imperfectly lighted with a single candle, that we lost sight of him, and merely heard the echo of his footsteps in the darkness. Then he returned slowly towards the light,—emerging by degrees from the obscurity like a spectre, with his white robe, his white cap, and his long pale countenance. Lucile and I exchanged a few words in a low voice, when he was at the opposite end of the hall, but sunk again into silence when he approached us. Then he would say, whilst passing us, 'Of what were you talking?' We were usually too terrified to reply, and he continued his walk. During the remainder of the evening, no sound would strike the ear but the measured tread of his footsteps, my mother's sighs, and the murmuring of the wind.

'When ten sounded from the castle clock, my father stopped. It seemed as if the same spring which had raised the hammer of the clock had suspended his steps. He pulled out his watch, wound it up, and, taking a huge silver candlestick, containing an enormous wax candle, entered for a moment the western turret; then returned, candlestick in hand, and proceeded towards his bedchamber, which opened off the eastern turret. Lucile and I placed ourselves in his way, embraced him, and wished him good night. He stooped towards us his withered and hollow cheek without making any reply, continued his route, and retired to the inmost recesses of the tower, the doors of which we heard closing behind him.

'The talisman was broken. My mother, my sister, and I, who had been transformed into statues by my father's presence, recovered the functions of life. The first effect of our disenchantment displayed itself in a perfect torrent of words. This torrent having found vent, I summoned their maid, and accompanied my mother and my sister to their apartments. Before leaving them, they made me look under their beds, up the chimneys, behind the doors; and visit the staircases and the neighbouring passages and corridors. All the old traditions of the

castle, with their robbers and their ghosts, recurred to memory. The servants were persuaded that a certain Count of Combours, with a wooden leg, who had been dead for three centuries, appeared at certain periods; and that he had been met on the great staircase. His wooden leg also sometimes took excursions in company with a black cat.

'Narratives such as these occupied the whole interval whilst my mother and sister were retiring to rest. I betook myself to the summit of my turret, the cook-maid entered the great tower, and the other servants descended to their subterranean retreat. . . .

'Banished to the most deserted portion of the building, I lost none of the gloomy sounds of a stormy midnight. Sometimes the wind seemed to run along with nimble steps; sometimes it uttered plaints; again, and suddenly, my door was violently shaken, groans issued from the subterranean portions of the building, and then these noises died away only to commence again. . . .

'The obstinacy of the Count of Chateaubriand, in thus compelling a child to sleep alone at the top of a turret, might have produced unpleasant consequences, but it turned out to my advantage. This harsh mode of treatment gave me the courage of a man, without depriving me of that sensibility of the imagination which is so carefully eradicated from the youthful minds of the present day. Instead of endeavouring to convince me that there were no such things as ghosts, I was forced to brave them. When my father said to me, with a sarcastic smile, 'Is M. le Chevalier afraid?' I would have slept with a corpse. When my excellent mother said to me, 'My child, nothing happens but by the permission of God; you have nothing to fear from evil spirits as long as you are a good Christian,' I was more reassured than by all the arguments of philosophy.'

This sort of life Chateaubriand continued to lead for several years after the termination of his boyhood. At length a commission was obtained for him as sub-lieutenant in the regiment of Navarre. He took leave of his father at Combours, and never saw him more. The old castle—now deserted and almost a ruin—he revisited three times. After his father's death (in 1786) the family assembled there to divide their inheritance, and bid each other farewell. On another occasion, not long before the Reign of Terror, he accompanied his mother to Combours, which she was then busily preparing for the reception of her eldest son and his young wife, both of whom were soon to perish on the revolutionary scaffold. He saw it, for the last time, when about to embark at St. Malo, on his way to America. He had only courage to glance through the trees at the deserted terrace—which he never trod again. The old donjon tower still rears its lofty turrets from its rocky base, but the fine oak-woods which once sheltered it have wholly disappeared.

His brother, whom he met in Paris, insisted on his being pre-

sented at court. His introduction to Lewis XVI. is told very characteristically:

‘When it was announced that the king had risen, those who were not presented withdrew. I felt an emotion of vanity: not that I was proud of remaining, but I should have been humiliated to have been obliged to retire. The door of the sleeping apartment of the king was thrown open, and I saw the king, according to the usual custom, complete his toilet—that is to say, take his hat from the hand of the first nobleman in waiting. The king advanced, on his way to mass; I bowed; the Marshal de Duras mentioned my name:—‘Sire, the Chevalier de Chatcaubriand.’

‘The king looked at me, returned my salute, hesitated, and seemed about to stop and speak to me. I should have replied with confidence; my timidity had vanished. To address the general of the army, the head of the state, appeared to me a very simple matter,—without my being able to account for this feeling. The king, more embarrassed than I, and finding nothing to say, passed on. Oh, vanity of human destinies! This sovereign, whom I saw for the first time—this monarch so great and powerful—was Lewis XVI. within six years of his scaffold! And this new courtier whom he scarcely glanced at, was commissioned to search for, and separate, his remains from amidst the surrounding bones; and after having been, on proofs of nobility, presented to the descendant of St. Lewis in his earthly greatness, was destined, upon proofs of fidelity, one day to be presented to his dust! Double tribute of respect to the twofold royalty of the sceptre and the palm.

‘We now hastened to the gallery, to be in the queen’s way when she returned from chapel. She soon appeared, surrounded by a numerous and glittering retinue. She made us a most queenly reverence; she seemed as if enchanted with life; and those fair hands, which then supported with so much grace the sceptre of so many kings, were fated, before being bound by the executioner, to have to patch the rags of her widow’s weeds as a prisoner in the Conciergerie. Although my brother had prevailed on me thus to do violence to my feelings, it was not in his power to make me proceed further with the matter. In vain he besought me to remain at Versailles, in order to be present in the evening at the queen’s card-table.

‘Your name will be mentioned to the queen,’ said he, ‘and the king will speak to you.’

‘He could not have given me stronger inducement to make my escape. I hastened to hide my glory in my apartments, happy to have escaped from court, but having still in prospect the terrible day of the carriages—(the 19th February, 1787).’

After this glance at court life, our author returned to Brittany, and, after taking some share in the turbulent demonstrations which marked the convocation of the Breton noblesse at Rennes, received *holy orders*, simply—so were they then habitually pro-

faned—with a view to his admission into the Order of Malta. This desecration of a solemn ceremony is thus described:—

'As Madame de Chateaubriand was deeply religious, she obtained from the bishop of St. Malo a promise that he would admit me into holy orders. . . . I placed myself upon my knees, my sword by my side, at the prelate's feet; he cut off two or three hairs on the crown of my head—this was the *tonsure*, of which I received a certificate in due form. With this certificate, 200,000 livres of income might accrue to me, when my proofs of nobility should be admitted at Malta—an abuse, no doubt, in ecclesiastical ordinances, but a useful provision in the political framework of the ancient constitution. Was it not better that a species of military benefice should be the appanage of a soldier's sword, than of the mantilla of an abbé, who would have spent the revenues of his fat living in the salons of Paris. . . . This took place in 1788. I purchased horses, I scoured across the country, or galloped along the margin of the waves, my old and hoarse resounding friends. I alighted from my horse and sported with them; the barking family of Scylla leaped upwards to my knees to caress me. *Nunc vada latrantis Scyllæ*. I wandered to far distant lands, to admire the scenes of nature: I ought to have been content with those which are presented by my native country.'

The memorable year '89 found Chateaubriand in the Landes of his native province. He arrived in Paris only after the opening of the States-General, the oath of the tennis court, and the union of the clergy and nobility with the third estate. But he had scarcely alighted in the Rue de Richelieu, before he had an opportunity of witnessing an insurrection. He saw the populace rush towards the Abbaye to set at liberty some of the French guards, who had been imprisoned by order of their officers. He saw, too, the non-commissioned officers of an artillery regiment stationed at the Invalides take sides with the people. The defection of the army had already begun.

To gratify a Breton poet of his acquaintance, he visited Versailles, and saw the courtiers of the *Œil-de-Bœuf* in all the intoxication of their victory over Necker. Whilst he stood in the gallery, the queen passed with her children. The tutor of the little dauphin, to whom our author was known, pointed him out to the queen, and he has recorded that her peculiar smile defined so clearly the outline of her mouth—always a characteristic feature of her race—that, although he had seen her but twice, the remembrance of it enabled him instantly to recognise her remains in the exhumations which it was his task to superintend in 1815.

Of the social aspect of Paris at this period, we have a picture which deserves to be quoted:—

When, previous to the revolution, I read a history of public

troubles in different nations, I could not conceive how people could have existed in those times. I was astonished that Montaigne could write so gaily in a château of which he could not make the circuit without running the risk of being carried off by bands of leaguers or of protestants.

'The revolution made me comprehend the possibility of such a mode of life. The moments of crisis produce a redoubled vitality in the life of man. In a society which is dissolved and recomposed, the struggle of the two geniuses—the shock of the past meeting the future—the blending of ancient and modern manners—form a transitory combination which does not allow a moment of *ennui*. The passions and the characters, restored to liberty, display themselves with an energy which they do not possess in better regulated modes of life. The infraction of the laws ; the breaking loose from duties, from customs and politeness ; even the perils themselves add to the interest of the disorder. The human race, enjoying a holiday, wanders through the streets freed from its pedagogues, and restored for a moment to a state of nature, and only begins to feel the necessity of the social rein, when it is borne the yoke of the new tyrants to which licence gives birth.

'I cannot better paint the society of 1789 and 1790, than by comparing it to the architecture of the times of Lewis XII. and of Francis I., when Grecian orders began to blend with the gothic style ; or rather, by assimilating it to the collection of the ruins of all nations, eaped up pell-mell, after the Reign of Terror, in the cloisters of the convent of the Little Augustins. Only the remains of which I speak are living and ever-changing. In every corner of Paris there were literary meetings, political societies, and theatres. The future celebrities wandered through the crowd without being known, like souls in the borders of Lethe before having enjoyed the light. I saw the son of Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr perform a character on the theatre of the Marais, in 'The Guilty Mother,' of Beaumarchais. People fished from the Club of the Feuillants to the Club of the Jacobins, from the balls and gaming-houses to the groups of the Palais Royal, from the tribunes of the National Assembly to the tribunes held in the open air. Deputations of the people, cavalry piquets, and patrols of infantry, passed and repassed in the streets. Beside a man in full dress, with powdered hair, sword at his side, hat held under his arm, lumps and silk stockings, walked a man with short-cut hair, without powder, wearing the English frock-coat, and the American cravat. At the theatre, the actors published the news, and the pit thundered out patriotic couplets. Pieces adapted to the times attracted crowds. An abbé would appear on the stage ; the people would shout 'coxcomb !' and the abbé would reply, 'Gentlemen, long live the nation !' People hastened to hear Mandini and his wife, Viganoni and Bovedino, sing at the Opera Buffa, after having heard *Ca ira* shouted with stentorian lungs ; and went to admire Madame Dugazon, Madame St. Aubin, Carline, the little Olivier, Mademoiselle Contat, Molé, Fleury, and Talma (who was then making his *début*), after having seen Favras hung.'

'The promenades of the Boulevard du Temple, and of that of the Italians, surnamed of Coblentz, and the alleys of the garden of the Tuileries, were crowded with gaily-dressed women. Three young daughters of Gretry's were particularly conspicuous—white and red as their dresses. All three died soon after. 'She fell asleep for ever,' said Gretry, when speaking of his eldest daughter, 'seated on my knees, as lovely as during her life.' A crowd of carriages swept along the thoroughfares or splashed the *sans culottes*, and the lovely Madame de Buffon might be seen seated in a phaeton of the Duke of Orleans, which was drawn up opposite the door of some club.

'The taste and elegance of the aristocratic portion of society were to be met with at the hotel of La Rochefoucault, at the evening parties of Mesdames de Poix, d'Henin, de Simiane, de Vaudreuil, and in several drawing-rooms of the higher magistracy which had remained open. At the houses of Monsieur Necker, of the Count of Montmorin, and of those of the several ministers, were to be met (along with Madame de Staël) the Duchess d'Aiguillon, Mesdames de Beaumont, and de Serilly; all the new celebrities of France, and all the liberty of the new manners. A shoemaker in the uniform of an officer of the National Guard, took the measure of your foot on his knees; the monk, who on Friday was clad in his white or black robe, wore on Sunday a round hat and the habit of a citizen; a capuchin read the newspapers in a tavern; and a nun might be seen gravely seated amidst a circle of madcap women. She was some aunt or sister who had been driven from her convent. The crowd visited the monasteries, which were open to the world, as travellers wander through the deserted halls of the Alhambra at Granada, or pause beneath the columns of the temple of the Sibyl at Tibur.'

The defection of the army soon extended to the regiment of Navarre, and M. de Chateaubriand had to choose his side. The Marquis of Mortemart, its colonel, emigrated, and was followed by most of his officers. Chateaubriand, who up to this time had neither adopted nor rejected the new opinions, determined neither to emigrate, at least immediately, nor to pursue the military profession. He withdrew from the service. Thus released from military routine and discipline, his thoughts turned towards foreign travel, and, more particularly, towards America. He soon proposed to himself to set out on a new expedition in search of a North-west passage; and was warmly encouraged in his enthusiastic plan by his relative, M. de Malesherbes—afterwards the courageous advocate of Lewis XVI. With this illustrious person he spent a long day, poring over maps and charts of the Arctic regions, computing distances, and examining the narratives of different navigators; and when they parted, M. de Malesherbes, he says, spoke to him in some such terms as these:—
'Were I a young man, I would set out along with you. I should

'thus be spared the sight of many crimes and many follies. But at my age, we must die where we have lived. Write to me by every vessel, and do not fail to give me particulars of your progress and your discoveries. I shall represent them at their full value to the ministers.' It was, it will be remembered, the speaker's fate to die upon the same scaffold with the brother and sister-in-law of the man whom he thus addressed.

Mr. Snift Chateaubriand embarked for America early in 1791, with several introductions, and, amongst others, one to Washington from the Marquis de la Rouerie, who had fought with him in the war of independence. The issue of the exploring project was very accurately predicted in a conversation at Albany:—

'Having arrived at Albany, I proceeded in search of a Mr. Snift, to whom I had received a letter of introduction. This Mr. Snift carried on a traffic in skins and furs with the Indian tribes occupying the territory ceded by England to the United States; for civilized powers, whether republican or monarchical, parcel out without scruple, in America, lands which do not belong to them. After having listened to me, Mr. Snift made some objections which were very reasonable. He told me that I could not undertake, at the first outset, alone, without assistance or support, and without recommendations to the English, American, and Spanish posts, which I should be obliged to pass, an enterprise of such importance; that even supposing I should be fortunate enough to traverse in safety such extensive wastes, I should reach the frozen regions, where I should perish of cold and hunger. He advised me to begin by climatizing myself, and recommended me to learn the Sioux, Iroquois, and Esquimaux languages, and to live for some time amongst the *wood-runners* and the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company. These preliminary precautions taken, I might then, in four or five years, with the assistance of the French government, proceed on my hazardous mission.

'These councils, the justice of which I at bottom recognised, were most distasteful to me. If I had had my own way, I should have set out straight for the Pole, as a traveller proceeds from Paris to Pontoise. But I concealed my displeasure from Mr. Snift, and begged him to procure for me a guide and horses to take me to Niagara and Pittsburgh. From Pittsburgh I should descend the Ohio, and gather ideas for my future project. I had still in my head my first plan of proceeding.

'Mr. Snift engaged for my service a Dutchman, who spoke several Indian dialects. I purchased two horses, and left Albany.

'The entire country, which extends at the present day between this town and that of Niagara, is inhabited and cleared. The New York canal traverses it, but at that time a great portion of this district was a desert.

'When after having passed the Mohawk, I entered forests which the woodman had never entered; I was seized with a sort of intoxication of happiness. I wandered from tree to tree, to the right and left,

saying to myself, 'Here there are no more roads, no more towns, no more monarchies, no more republics, no more presidents, no more kings, no more men;' and to ascertain if I was established in my original rights, I abandoned myself to acts of wilfulness, which drove my guide, who in his secret heart thought me beside myself, nearly mad.

'Alas! I fancied I was alone in this forest in which I raised my head so proudly! All at once I almost ran my nose against a log-house or barn. Beneath this hut were presented to my eyes the first savages I had ever seen in my life. They were about twenty in number, both men and women, all smeared over like sorcerers, their bodies half naked, their ears split, raven feathers stuck in their heads, and rings passed through their nostrils. A little Frenchman, curled bad powdered, wearing an apple-green coat, with shirt-frill and wrist-bands of muslin, was scraping a pocket violin, and teaching these Iroquois to dance '*Madelon Friquet*.' M. Violet, for this was his name, was dancing-master amongst the savages. They paid him for his lessons in beaver-skins and bear-hams. He had been a kitchen-boy in the service of General Rochambeau during the American war. Having remained at New York after the departure of our army, he resolved to teach the fine arts to the Americans. His views became extended with his success, and this new Orpheus carried civilization even to the savage hordes of the new world. In speaking to me of the Indians, he always said, 'these gentlemen savages,' and 'these lady savagesses.' He highly praised the activity of his scholars; and, in fact, I had never seen such gambados executed before. M. Violet, having tuned his little violin, and holding it between his chin and his breast, exclaimed to the Iroquois: 'Take your places!' and the whole troop began to leap about like a band of demons.

'Was it not an overwhelming blow for a disciple of Rousseau to be introduced to savage life at a ball given to the Iroquois by the former kitchen-boy of General Rochambeau? I had a great inclination to laugh, but I was at the same time cruelly humiliated.'

Returning hastily from America, on learning the desperate position of the royalist party, he had scarcely reached France before he was compelled to join the emigration and the 'Army of the Princes;' after the failure of which, before Thionville,—where he was wounded, and left for dead in a ditch,—he crossed the Channel, and took refuge in London. Here—despite his efforts to maintain himself by writing for Peltier, a newspaper proprietor and literary schemer, of great notoriety in his day, but now remembered only for that 'libel' on Napoleon, in defence of which Mackintosh made his first and most brilliant effort at the bar,—he had almost died of starvation, having been (according to his own account, in the original preface to '*Atala*') five days without food, together with a companion, whose death appears to have ensued.

Thus struggling with fortune, and gaining a livelihood, now by translating obscure pamphlets, and now by teaching French to such pupils as he could obtain, Chateaubriand began to nourish a literary ambition, which, in a very few years, was to be signally gratified. His first work, the '*Essai sur les Révolutions*,' was the occasional occupation of two years, and was published in London, in 1796. Its main drift is to draw parallels, both of events and of persons, between the French revolution and former revolutions, ancient and modern, in various countries. It partakes strongly of that pseudo-philosophic and sceptical tone, which is the special characteristic of the eighteenth century, and also of the bitter impatience of misfortune, always so natural to the eager appetencies of youth. This essay, as published, was intended to be but the prologue of a larger work. But the task was never resumed. The author outgrew both his incredulity and his misanthropy, and the interval of a very few months saw him busily employed on the '*Génie du Christianisme*,' as a sort of expiation for the '*Essai sur les Révolutions*.' How this great change was wrought in his mind he has himself narrated:—

'My mother, having been thrown into a dungeon at seventy-two years of age, expired amidst wretchedness, and her last moments were embittered by the remembrance of my wanderings from the right path; whilst dying, she conjured one of my sisters to bring me back to the religion in which I had been nurtured. When my sister's letter reached me in my exile, she also was no more. She, too, had died of the consequences of her imprisonment during the Reign of Terror. These two voices issuing from the grave—one death acting as interpreter to another—touched me to the heart; I became a Christian. . . . I wept, and I believed.'

The printing of the '*Genius of Christianity*' had been commenced, in London, in 1799; but the work was not published until April, 1802, nearly two years after Chateaubriand's return to France. The brilliant success of '*Atala*'—an episode of the '*Genius of Christianity*,' and the fruit of the author's meditations amongst the American forests—paved the way for that poetical '*Retrospect of the services which Christianity has rendered to man and to society*,' which unquestionably was of no mean influence in checking the more outrageous blasphemies, and the grosser forms of irreligion, that had so run riot during the worst days of the revolution. It must suffice to say of this book, that we adopt, concerning it, the words of its first critic, Fontanes, in an article which was published within a very few days of the work's appearance.

'The author,' says the future Grand Master of the University of France, 'has aimed at presenting, not the theological proofs of religion, but the picture of its benefits; he appeals rather to the feelings than to the reason. . . . He depicts religion as occupied in placing sentinels, as it were, on all the paths of misfortune to discover and to succour it. . . . Piety founds hospitals, endows colleges, provides education, protects the arts in monasteries, preserves and interprets the manuscripts in which is deposited all the genius of the ancients, and without which we should be poor indeed; it traverses Europe, distributing benefits, reclaiming waste lands, multiplying harvests, peopling desert countries. But there is a grander spectacle still than this! From the obscurity of their cells intrepid men fly to holy conquests. They encounter every danger, and reach the very extremities of the earth, to save souls,—to civilize humanity.*'

Chénier, Ginguené, and others of the same school, attacked the book with much violence; but its success was immense, and was testified—little to the author's satisfaction—by its surreptitious reprint in two distinct piratical editions, both, we believe, printed at Avignon. Chateaubriand gives an amusing account of his chase of the pirate. No sooner had he alighted in Avignon than a hawkier offered him some books for sale, amongst which he found 'Atala,' in three several editions, all of them counterfeit. By going from one bookseller to another, he at last ferreted out the publisher, to whom he was of course personally unknown, and purchased of him the four volumes of the 'Genius of Christianity,' for the sum of nine francs. The worthy bookseller, who was living in a handsome house, with courtyard and garden, bestowed liberal praises, both on the work and on its author. 'I thought,' adds the latter, 'I had found the magpie on its nest; but before twenty-four hours were over, weary of following in the track of fortune, I made a compromise with the robber for a mere trifle.' Independently of these unauthorized reprints, five considerable editions were sold within three years, and the work was translated into English,† German, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and Russian.

The 'Genius of Christianity' had been dedicated to Napoleon, who at that time appeared to Chateaubriand to be 'one of those

* "Moniteur Universelle," 28 Germinal, An X. (April 18, 1802.)

† It deserves to be mentioned, that this English translation,—the title of which runs, 'The Beauties of Christianity. By F. A. de Chateaubriand. Translated from the French by F. Shoberl. With a Preface and Notes by the Rev. H. Kett,'—is disfigured by a dishonest practice, which is but too common, under more or less disguise, and which cannot be too much reprobated. With singular temerity, it is avowed, in the preface—as though the fact were a recommendation—that, 'to render the work more agreeable to the Protestant reader, a few chapters and

'men, whom Providence, when weary of punishing the crimes of a people, sends to it, in token of reconciliation.' This dedication, and the interest excited by the book, led to an interview between the First Consul and the future author of the pamphlet, *'De Buonaparte et des Bourbons.'*

After the adoption of the Concordat by the legislative body in 1802, Lucien, then Minister of the Interior, gave an entertainment to his brother. I was invited . . . and was in the gallery when Napoleon entered; he made a favourable impression upon me. I had never before seen him, except at a distance. His smile was pleasing and attractive; his eye most striking, especially from the manner in which it was set beneath his eyebrows, and his calm, thoughtful forehead. He had not yet acquired anything charlatanical in his glance; there was nothing theatrical or affected in his manner. A prodigious imagination animated this cold politician; he never could have been what he was had not the muse been there; reason accomplished that which the poet's thought conceived. Every man who performs great things in the course of his life must always be compounded of two natures; for he must be capable both of inspiration and of action; the one conceives, the other accomplishes.

'Napoleon perceived and recognised me: by what outward sign he can have guessed who I was, I cannot imagine. When he advanced towards me, none knew whom he was in search of, and the ranks opened on every side to receive him; every one seemed to hope that the Consul would stop before him. He appeared to feel a certain degree of impatience at these mistakes. I drew back behind my neighbours. Napoleon suddenly raised his voice, and, addressing me, said, *'Monsieur de Chateaubriand!'*

'I remained standing alone before him, for the crowd had retired, and quickly re-formed in a circle around the interlocutors. Napoleon accosted me with perfect simplicity, without paying me any compliments, without wasting time on indifferent questions; without preamble he spoke to me at once of Egypt and of the Arabs, as if I had been on terms of intimacy with him, and as if he were only continuing a conversation which had been already commenced between us.

'I have always been struck,' said he, 'when I saw the Sheiks falling on their knees in the midst of the desert, turning towards the east, and touching the sand with their foreheads; what was this unknown thing which they adored towards the east?'

'Napoleon then interrupted himself, and, without any transition, passed abruptly to another idea. *'Christianity! the idealogists have*

'paragraphs, relative to the tenets of the Church of Rome, are omitted, and a few paragraphs are softened.'—(Preface, pp. xvii. xviii.) In this same preface, a criticism on the work, by Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, is thus quoted:—'This work is not calculated for the instruction of philosophers, but it will enlarge the views of the ignorant, it will arrest the attention of the thoughtless, and it will give an impulse to the piety of sober-minded men. There are passages in it which emulate the eloquence of Bossuet.'

wanted to make it a mere astronomical system; but even should they succeed, do they think to persuade me that Christianity is a small thing? If Christianity is only an allegory of the movement of the spheres, the geometry of the stars, the *esprits forts* may do their utmost, but, in spite of themselves, they cannot help yet leaving sufficient greatness to the '*infâme*.'

'Napoleon quickly left me. Like Job, 'I felt as though, in the night, a spirit had passed before me; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, and I heard a voice.' My days have been a succession of visions: heaven and hell have been continually opened above my head and beneath my feet, but I have never had time to fathom either their darkness or their light. A single time, on the shores of the two worlds, I met the man of the past age and the man of the present—Washington and Napoleon. I conversed a moment with both; both sent me back into my solitude; the first by a benevolent and kindly wish, the second by a crime.

'I remarked, that as Napoleon walked about amongst the crowd, he cast upon me a much more scrutinizing glance than he had done when he was speaking to me. I also followed him with my eyes—

'Chi è quel grande, che non par che curi
L'incendio?'

Immediately after this interview, Napoleon determined to send Chateaubriand to Rome, as Secretary of Legation to Cardinal Fesch, then Ambassador to the Holy See. It was during this residence in the Eternal City that Chateaubriand conceived the plan—and perhaps began the execution—of the work which is usually regarded as his masterpiece, '*Les Martyrs*.' But not even literature was suffered to interfere with the duties of his office, which he so discharged as to win the then coveted approbation of him, who already, in the eyes of the multitude, was 'the foremost man of all this earth.'

Two years afterwards, having returned from the Roman embassy, Chateaubriand was named Minister Plenipotentiary in the Valais. But it was on the eve of that sinister day, on which the last of the Condés was shot in the ditch of Vincennes, 'within,' to use Chateaubriand's own words, 'four paces of the oak beneath which Saint Lewis had dispensed justice.' On the evening of that same day, whilst all mouths were sealed with fear and stupor, Chateaubriand sent in his resignation. Napoleon, if we mistake not, has himself recorded the impression produced upon him by this manly and noble protest. In recounting the circumstance in these Memoirs, Chateaubriand has very naturally entered into a somewhat elaborate discussion of the much-vexed question—Who are the parties on whom the chief guilt of this murder should rest? The following is the author's own

summary of the conclusions to which his investigations had led him :

In summing up, by way of conclusion, all these facts, this is what they have proved to me:—Napoleon wished for the death of the Duke of Enghien. Nobody had made this death a necessary condition to his ascending the throne; this supposed condition is one of the subtleties of politicians, who pretend to discover hidden reasons for everything. Still, it is very probable that certain men who were compromised did not see without satisfaction an act which separated the First Consul for ever from the Bourbons. The execution at Vincennes was a result of the violent temperament of Napoleon—a fit of cold anger, strengthened and encouraged by the representations of his minister.

Monsieur de Caulaincourt is only guilty of having executed the order for the arrest. Murat has only to reproach himself with having transmitted some general orders, and with not having had the strength of mind to withdraw; he was not at Vincennes during the trial. The duke of Rovigo happened to be charged with the execution of the sentence: he had probably received several orders; General Hulin minutates as much. What man could have dared to take upon himself to have sentence of death executed upon the Duke of Enghien without delay, if he had not acted in obedience to an imperative mandate? As to M. de Talleyrand,—gentleman and priest,—he suggested the idea of the murder, and prepared the way for it by his continued reserveance in disturbing the mind of Napoleon. He feared the turn of legitimacy. It would be very possible, by collecting together what Napoleon said at St. Helena, and the letters which the Bishop Autun wrote upon the subject, to prove that the latter took a very prominent part in the death of the Duke of Enghien.

It would be in vain to object, that the frivolity, the character, and the education of the Minister were all such as to indispose him to violence—that his corruption paralyzed his energies; it would still not be the less certain that it was he who induced the Consul to decide on the fatal arrest. This arrest of the Duke of Enghien, on the 15th of March, was not unknown to M. de Talleyrand; he was daily in communication with Napoleon, and conferred with him continually. During the interval which elapsed between the arrest and the execution, did M. de Talleyrand—the minister who instigated the crime—did he repent? Did he utter a single word to the First Consul in favour of the unhappy prince? It is natural to conclude that he was desirous of the execution of the sentence.

The military commission sat in judgment on the Duke d'Enghien, but with grief and repentance.

Such, conscientiously, impartially, and strictly speaking, the just share of each individual who was engaged in this transaction. My fate was too closely linked with the catastrophe not to lead me to make an attempt to shed some light upon the darkness in which it is enveloped, and to expose its details. . . .

The satisfaction which I now experience in looking back on the

course I then pursued is a sufficient guarantee to me that conscience is no idle chimera. Happier than all these potentates, than all these nations who fell down at the feet of the victorious soldier, I re-peruse, with pardonable pride, this page which has remained with me as almost my only abiding possession, and which I owe to myself alone. I wrote the following lines in 1807, whilst my heart was still moved by the thought of the murder, whose history I have just related; they caused the suppression of the *Mercury*, and exposed my liberty to fresh peril:—

‘When in the silence of despair no sound makes itself heard, save the chain of the slave and the voice of the informer,—when all tremble before the tyrant, and it becomes as dangerous to obtain his favour as to merit his displeasure,—then does the historian arise charged with the vengeance of the nations. It is in vain that Nero prospers. Tacitus is already born within the bounds of the empire; beside the ashes of Germanicus, he grows up to man’s estate, unknown and unnoticed; and already has a righteous Providence placed in the hands of an obscure child the glory of the master of the world. If the part which the historian is called to play upon the world’s stage be a noble one, yet is it often dangerous; but he ministers at altars which, like that of honour, although abandoned, still claim their sacrifices: the God is not annihilated because the temple is deserted. Wherever a chance still remains to fortune, there is no heroism in tempting her. Actions which are really magnanimous are those whose foreseen result is misfortune and death. After all, what matters it to us whether we meet with reverses now, if our name, uttered by posterity, should cause some generous heart to beat two thousand years after we have ceased to exist?’

‘The death of the Duke of Enghien, by introducing a new principle into the conduct of Napoleon, marred the clearness and correctness of his intellect. He was obliged to adopt, as a buckler for himself, maxims whose strength did not lie at his disposal; for his glory and his genius falsified them continually. He became suspected; people were afraid of him; they lost their confidence in him and in his destiny; he was constrained to see, if not to seek out, men whom under other circumstances he would never have seen, and who, on account of what he had done, felt themselves his equals: the contagion of their evil communicated itself to him. He did not dare to reproach them for anything, for he was no longer possessed of the virtuous liberty of blame. His great qualities remained the same, but his good inclinations departed from him, and no longer supported his great qualities. Through the corruptions of this original stain, his nature became deteriorated.’

There is here both vigorous thinking and earnest writing. These are not holiday sentences rhetorically tricked out to tickle the fancy and amuse the ear. Nor did Chateaubriand, like so many others, wait until the lion was dead, before he assailed him.

His condemnation of the crime was most loudly uttered when the criminals were in the high places of power.

Napoleon himself had still magnanimity enough to permit, a few years later, Chateaubriand's election into the Institute, but it was then exhausted. The inaugural discourse of the new member was thoroughly in keeping with the part he had taken after the murder of the Duke of Enghien. It widened and made irreparable the breach between the emperor and the publicist. But of this in its place.

After his withdrawal from the diplomatic service of the empire, Chateaubriand lived a very retired life, partly in Paris, and partly in the south of France, diversified, however, by a brief tour in Switzerland. In 1806 he carried into execution a long-cherished project of Eastern travel. Having visited Greece, Constantinople, Syria, and the Holy Land—a tour so charmingly described in the *'Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem'*—he returned by Egypt, the old Punic land, and Spain. He may be said to have been one of the last persons who visited the Turkish Empire, whilst it still retained all its ancient forms and customs, and something of its ancient vigour. The revolutions he had seemed to leave behind him soon extended even to Greece, to Syria, and to Egypt.

His return to his country was soon embittered by a painful bereavement, under circumstances very similar to those which marked the death of the Duke of Enghien, devoid, however, of the guilt which must always attach to that event. Armand de Chateaubriand, who was shot on the plain of Grenelle, in March 1809, had been taken in flagrant conspiracy against the established government of France. After incessant but fruitless efforts to save his cousin's life, our author wished, on the day of execution, to accompany his old comrade, in the *'Army of the Princes,'* to his last battle-field. He could find no carriage, and had to run on foot to the mournful scene, where he arrived a moment too late;—Armand had been already shot against the wall of Paris. *'When I walk,'* he says,—writing in 1839,—*'on the Boulevard of the plain of Grenelle, I pause to look at the mark of the bullet still visible on the wall.'*

Chateaubriand's election into the Institute, as the successor of Chénier—to which we have already referred, in speaking of its connection with the death of Enghien—occurred in the spring of 1811. His speech on the occasion had to be privately read before a committee appointed for the purpose, prior to its public delivery. It was rejected by the commissioners, almost unanimously, and the manuscript was laid before the emperor himself at

St. Cloud. When returned to the author it had various erasures, and marks—not of admiration—from Napoleon's own hand. This blotted manuscript was preserved with religious care, and is now printed at length. The following passages are highly characteristic:—

‘These are persons who would make literature an abstract thing, and isolate it entirely from all human concerns. Such persons will say to me, ‘Therefore, keep silence; consider the writings of M. Chénier only in their literary aspect.’ That is to say, gentlemen, that I must abuse your patience and my own, by repeating commonplaces which are to be met with everywhere, and which you are better acquainted with than I myself. With other times, other customs are required. Inheritors of a long course of peaceful years, our forerunners were able to devote themselves to purely academic discussions, which demonstrate their talents even more clearly than their felicity. But we, unfortunate relics of a great shipwreck, we are no longer possessed of the qualifications necessary to enjoy so perfect a calm. Our ideas, our minds, have taken a different turn. In us the man has replaced the academician;—in stripping literature of all that might be futile, we see them only through the medium of our mighty recollections, and the experience of our adversity.

‘What! after a revolution which has made us live in a few years through the events of centuries, every elevated consideration must be interdicted to the writer! He must be refused permission to examine the serious side of everything! He must fritter away his life, engrossed with grammatical chicaneries, with rules of criticism, with little literary paragraphs! He must grow old, wrapped in the swathing-bands of infancy! He must not show at the close of his days a brow furrowed by his long labours, by his grave and earnest thoughts, and often by those manly sorrows which add to man's greatness. What important cares will then have whitened his locks?—the paltry sufferings of wounded vanity, and puerile *jeux d'esprit*.

‘Certainly, gentlemen, this would be to treat us with singular contempt. As for me, I cannot thus descend to littleness, or return, at the age of reason and of strength, to the age of infancy. I cannot shut myself up within the narrow circle which such men would trace round the author. For instance, gentlemen, if I wished to pronounce the eulogium of the man of letters and the courtier who presides over this assembly, do you think that I should satisfy myself with merely praising in him that sprightly French wit which he inherited from his mother, and of which he presents amongst us the latest model? No; doubtless I would also display in all its éclat the noble name he bears. I would cite the Duke of Boufflers, who forced the Austrians to raise the blockade of Genoa. I would speak of his father the marshal—of that governor who disputed the ramparts of Lille with the enemies of France, and by that memorable defence consoled the unhappy old age of a great king. It was of this companion of Turenne that Madame

de Maintenon said, 'in him the heart was the last to die.' And, lastly, I should pass to that Louis de Boufflers, called the Robust, who showed in combat the vigour and the courage of a Hercules. Thus, at the two extremes, of this family I should find strength and grace, the chevalier and the troubadour. People say that the French are the sons of Hector; I should be more disposed to believe that they are descendants of Achilles, for, like that hero, they handle the sword and the lyre alike.

'If, gentlemen, I wished to speak to you of that celebrated poet (Delille) who sang of nature in such brilliant and harmonious strains, think you that I should confine myself to pointing out to you that admirable versatility of talent which was able to render with equal felicity the regular beauties of Virgil and the irregular beauties of Milton? No; I would also tell you of this poet not choosing to separate himself from his unfortunate countrymen, but following them with his lyre to foreign shores, singing their sorrows in order to console them—an illustrious exile in the midst of that banished crowd, whose numbers I augmented. It is true that his age and his infirmities, his talents and his glory, did not, in his own country, place him beyond persecution. Men sought to make him purchase peace by strains which were unworthy of his muse, and his muse could only sing the dreaded immortality of crime and the consoling immortality of virtue,—'Console yourselves, you are immortal!'

The greater part of these spirited remonstrances against that attempt to keep literature and politics absolutely asunder, which was so marked a feature of the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, was stigmatized on the returned manuscript by an angry stroke from Napoleon's pencil. The praises of Delille, which recalled to mind the emigration, and the poet's fidelity to royal misfortune and to his companions in exile, were placed between parentheses. Chateaubriand resolutely refused to write another speech, and accordingly none was delivered. But a garbled version of the original—apparently from a copy taken at St. Cloud—suppressing some passages and inserting others, soon appeared in the provinces.

The remaining years of the empire were chiefly spent by Chateaubriand in literary employments; with the close of the empire his literary career may be said to have terminated, and his active career as a statesman to have begun. His writings under the Restoration were almost exclusively political. They commenced with the famous tract—*De Buonaparte et des Bourbons*.

This political manifesto is now deservedly forgotten. It was remarkable for ability, but still more remarkable for bitter party spirit. An eminent critic, by no means unfavourably disposed towards Chateaubriand, has characterised it as the 'most virulent

libel that was ever written.' But this is the less surprising, inasmuch as, although it was composed within hearing of the cannonade of the Allies, it was none the less at the peril of the author's life; for even then, at times, the chances of war seemed to favour Napoleon.

Of Chateaubriand's career as the diplomatist and the minister of the Restoration, it is not necessary to say much. His personal sympathies, and his intense hatred of the system of the Empire, led him at times 'into the ranks of the most bigoted and outrageous of the supporters of 'the throne and the altar.' But to two grand principles he was always faithful. The liberty of the press, and the integrity of representative government, ever found in him a faithful and watchful defender. With reference to these principles, at least, he might honestly assert that 'the goals of his political life had always been the same.'

On the accession to power of the administration of M. de Villèle, Chateaubriand was sent as ambassador, first to Berlin and afterwards to London. In September, 1822, he crossed the Alps to represent France at the Congress of Verona. At this council of kings he pleaded, with very small success, the cause of the Greeks, and defended, with better fortune, what he deemed to be French interests in the complicated affairs of Spain.

It has been said that it was the Congress of Verona which forced the Spanish war upon M. de Villèle, and M. de Villèle who thrust it upon Chateaubriand, when he succeeded M. de Montmorency as minister of foreign affairs. Chateaubriand's own account of the matter, however, in his 'History of the Veronese Congress,' is very different; he there avows that he advocated the war, and influenced the decision of the Congress. And it is thus that he defends the course that he adopted:—

'Let people imagine to themselves Ferdinand reigning, reasonably, at Madrid, under the rod of France (*sous la verge de la France*), our southern frontier in safety, Iberia no longer able to let England and Austria loose upon us; let them figure to themselves *two or three Bourbon monarchies in America* [!] forming, for our advantage, a counterpoise to the commercial influence of the United States and of Great Britain; let them imagine our cabinet powerful enough to insist upon a modification of the treaties of Vienna; our ancient frontier recovered, thrust back, extended into the Low Countries, into our old Germanic departments; and then let them say whether for such results the Spanish war was not rightly undertaken.*

It were idle to refute so silly a piece of rhodomontade. The Spanish war was both needless and unjust. It had neither a legitimate beginning nor an avowable object. Yet this weak and

* *Congrès de Vérone*, (1838,) tom. ii. p. 338.

foolish defence of it came from a man who in other days had fought gallantly and suffered magnanimously on the side of constitutional liberty against triumphant despotism—and from a minister who while there was yet time to pause upon the brink, was distinctly warned by a better statesman than himself, in such terms as these:—

‘At what do you aim? . . . Is it vengeance for the past, or security for the future? Doubtless you disclaim the former;—but how is the latter to be obtained by war? I understand a war of conquest; I understand a war of succession,—a war for the change (on the one hand) or the conservation (on the other) of a particular dynasty. But a war for the modification of a political constitution; a war for two chambers, and for the extension of the regal prerogative, I really do not understand, nor can I conceive how its operations are to be directed to such an end. You would not propagate the *Charter* as Mohammed did the *Koran*, or, as in the earlier part of your revolution, France did the *Rights of Man*. Consider: is there not some forbearance on the part of Spain in not throwing these things in your teeth? Might she not, when informed that her change of constitution has not been bloodless, desire that it should be compared with 1789 and 1793? Might she not, when accused by Russia of a *forcible* change of government, remind the Emperor Alexander of the events which preceded his own accession, and of the treaty of Tilsit, which made over Spain to Bonaparte? Might she not speak to Prussia of the promises of free institutions, made by a king and violated? . . . Surely the discussions with which the war has been prefaced are as hazardous as the war itself. . . . It is not yet too late to save the world from a series of calamities. The key to the flood-gate is yet in your hands—unlock it, and who shall answer for the extent of devastation? ‘The beginning of strife is as the letting out of waters.’ So says inspired wisdom. Genius is akin to inspiration; and I pray that it may on this occasion profit by the warning of the parable, and pause.’*

But these manly counsels were offered in vain; and the invasion of Spain by the contemptible Duke of Angoulême remains an indelible stain on the political life of Chateaubriand.

Despite this momentary and unfortunate union with the ultra-royalist faction, Chateaubriand was soon compelled to resume his natural attitude of antagonism to it. And he fought with his usual vigour. In the *Journal des Débats*, and elsewhere, nearly all the remaining measures of the administration of Villèle were riddled by his heavy cannonade. The reduction of the dividends—the censorship of the press—the sacrilege bill—the dissolution

* Despatches of Canning to Chateaubriand, Jan. 21 and 27, 1823. See *Congrès de Vérone*, tom. i., pp. 330—349.

of the National Guard—were all under fire in their turn. At length the Villèle ministry were forced to surrender.

Under that of M. de Martignac, which succeeded, M. de Chateaubriand accepted the embassy to Rome, and took an active part in *managing* the conclave which placed Cardinal Annibale della Genga (Leo XII.) as the successor of Pius VII. on the pontifical throne. He strenuously opposed the measures which marked the fatal entrance into power of the Polignac faction, and on learning its determination to issue the famous 'Ordinances,' he gave in his resignation. During the three days of July, he was at Dieppe. Immediately on being apprised of the real character of the events which were taking place, he hastened to Paris. When he crossed the barricades, on his way to the Chamber of Peers, he was recognised by the populace; and the men who had just expelled the elder Bourbons, bore aloft in triumph their tried and faithful servant, just as he was about to make a final and fruitless effort for the race which had rewarded his zealous attachment with disgrace and contumely.

It has been pithily said, that from 1814 to 1825, Chateaubriand fought for the past against the future; that from 1825 to 1830, he enlisted under the flag of the future against the past; and that after 1830, he laboured to solder, after his fashion, the past and the future together; to graft, as it were, a democratic shoot upon a Bourbon stock; 'to fuse together Jacques Bonhomme and Henry V.' What is still to come of such attempts at fusion, M. de la Rochejacquin is likely soon to tell us.

The composition of the *Mémoires d'outre tombe*, was begun in the retirement of a little country-house, near the village of Aulnay, in 1811, and continued at Dieppe in the following year, M. de Chateaubriand having been peremptorily ordered to quit Paris by the Prefect of Police early in the autumn of 1812. The author's political employments prevented their resumption—save in a fragment or two—until the period of his embassy to Berlin in 1821. In that city, and in London (whither, as we have seen, he also went as ambassador, in 1822), a considerable portion of the book was written. From 1822, when it had reached about one-third of its present extent, until 1837, it appears to have been entirely suspended. The remainder of the work was written in 1837 and subsequent years—with the exception, perhaps, of the long and remarkable episode respecting Napoleon, the composition of which bears no date.

M. de St. Beuve (in his *Critiques et Portraits Littéraires*) has given a lively description of the interest excited amongst the brilliant auditories assembled at the Abbaye-aux-bois, in 1834,

Chateaubriand himself lived to witness, not only the Revolution—which seemed to him, as to others, to open up to his country a vista of better days to come—but also that terrific combat which ensued. In the words of one who stood at his death-bed—

We must not close this article without some notice, however brief, of a striking series of political portraits which occur in the last volume of the Memoirs.

His vanity misled him. He mistook the having a great part to play, for the genius to play it well. (*Il prit son rôle pour son génie.*) In respect to the future, he was of no authority whatever. He was always looking behind instead of before. He had neither the perspicacity nor the illumination of conscientiousness. . . . He turned to good account the chances of fortune, when those chances, which he never foresaw, had actually occurred, but it was exclusively for his personal advantage. He was utterly devoid of that amplitude of ambition which regards public glory as the dearest treasure, even of private interests. . . . Nevertheless it is certain that various feelings, acting concurrently for very different reasons, united to shape forth an imaginary Talleyrand.

‘ Again, the members of the old French aristocracy connected with

* Louis de Loménie, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15 Juillet, 1848.

Talleyrand were proud to count in their ranks a man who had had the politeness to assure them of his greatness.

'In fine, the revolutionists and the atheists, whilst bellowing against aristocracy, have a secret liking for it. These singular neophytes eagerly seek its baptism, and think to imbibe thence elegant manners. The prince's double apostasy has also another charm for the self-complacency of the young democrats; for they infer from it that theirs is a good cause, and that a nobleman or a priest must needs be very contemptible.'

Of M. Thiers we have a full-length portrait, from which we can make but a very brief extract, but one not without some passages very pertinent to the events that are passing. After speaking of M. Thiers as the founder of 'the Terrorist school'—the admirers of 'the daring' and 'the energy' of '93 and '94; of his 'quicksilver temperament'; and of his career as minister; Chateaubriand continues:—

'M. Thiers has three courses before him from which to choose: He may either declare himself the representative of the Republic to come, or he may perch upon the counterfeit monarchy of July, like an ape on the back of a camel; or he may revivify the system of the empire. The latter course would not be distasteful to M. Thiers; but the empire, without the emperor—is that possible? It is more probable that the author of the 'History of the Revolution' will suffer himself to be absorbed by a vulgar ambition; he will seek to retain or to recover power; in order to keep his place or to get it back again, he will sing to any tune that may be in vogue. It is true there is courage in thus stripping one's-self in public, but is M. Thiers young enough for ~~the~~ beauty to suffice him as a veil?

'Deutz and Judas set aside, I recognise in M. Thiers a supple, prompt, acute, malleable mind—the heir, it may be, of the future; comprehending every thing—except the greatness which proceeds from moral order; without jealousy and without prejudices, he stands out in bold relief from the dull and gloomy platitude of the mediocrities of the day. His excessive pride is not as yet odious, because it does not lie in contemning others. M. Thiers has resources, various and felicitous endowments; he gives himself little concern about differences of opinion; bears no malice; does not fear to compromise himself; gives a man his due—not for his probity, or for his opinions, but for his utility;—all which, however, would not prevent him from sentencing the whole of us to strangulation, if circumstances made it convenient.'

Of a very different man, the illustrious and deplored chief of the Republican opposition in the early days of Louis Philippe—Armand Carrel—we have a long and most interesting notice. But we must confine ourselves to a single passage, and with that must close our extracts from a book which, unless we greatly

mistake, will, with all its faults, prove one of the most attractive and most enduring of the class to which it belongs.

‘M. Carrel was imprisoned at St. Pélagie ; I went to see him twice or thrice a week. I usually found him in a standing posture, looking through the bars of his window. He reminded me of his neighbour, a young African lion at the *Garden of Plants*;—motionless behind the bars of his cage, the child of the desert cast a wandering and mournful look over the objects without;—you saw that he would not live. Afterwards we went down, Carrel and I,—the servant of Henry V. arm-in-arm with the enemy of kings—into a humid court, sombre, narrow, and surrounded by high walls. Other republicans were also walking in this court ; young and ardent revolutionists, with moustachios, beards, long hair, German or Greek caps, pale visages, and threatening aspects ; looking like souls which had had a pre-existence in Tartarus before coming into the light. Their very costume had an influence upon them, as the uniform has upon the soldier, or as the bloody shirt of Nessus upon Hercules. It was a body of avengers lying in ambush behind existing society—and the sight of it was enough to make one shudder.

‘Shortly after sentence had been passed upon Carrel, he wrote me a letter which discloses both his opinions and his character; his regrets for the past, and his hopes of the future: . . . ‘The magistracy,’ he says, ‘has condemned me to six months’ imprisonment for an imaginary crime, and under a pretence of administering justice, no less imaginary, since the jury knowingly acquitted me upon that part of the accusation which was best founded, and after a defence which, far from extenuating my crime of speaking truth to Louis Philippe’s face, aggravated it, by asserting the right of so speaking for the whole of the opposition press.

‘‘I often sorrowfully ask myself,’ he adds, ‘what has been the fruit of writings such as yours, and such as those of the most eminent men of the party to which I myself belong, if, from this agreement of the highest intellects of the country in the obstinate defence of the right of free discussion, there has not at length resulted a *firm determination on the part of the mass of thinking men in France to exact from any and every victorious party, whatever may be its flag, the liberty of free thought and of free publication, as the primary and essential condition of all legitimate authority whatever?*

‘‘What you have yourself struggled for during thirty years, and what I most eagerly desire, is to secure for all the several interests which divide our beautiful France, a more humane, more civilized, more fraternal, and more conclusive sort of combat than that of civil war. When, then, shall we succeed in bringing face to face ideas instead of parties, legitimate and avowable interests instead of disguises, egotisms, and cupidities? When shall we see effected by argument and by persuasion those compromises which party strife and the effusion of blood inevitably bring about at last by sheer exhaustion—

only too late for the killed of both camps, and too often without advantage even to the wounded and the survivors? As you have yourself regretfully admitted, it would seem as though much ~~good~~ teaching had been thrown away; as though in France people no longer knew what it costs to take refuge under a despotism, because it promises quiet and repose. But none the less must we continue to speak, to write, and to print. Perseverance often brings to light resources which were quite unexpected. And thus, of all the examples you have set us, that which I keep most constantly in sight is comprised within the single word: *Persevere.*"

The ideas expressed in this letter—honourable alike to writer and to receiver—are as weighty and as pertinent at this moment as they were in 1834. France has since experienced a revolution, which Chateaubriand then feared and Carrel longed for, and now, in full Republic, the press is more outrageously gagged, and more grossly insulted, than it was even under the laws of September.

Nor is this the crime of only the dominant party, abusing the accidents of its position, and revelling in the follies and the weakness of its opponents. It is the crime of all parties, and has sprung from the one fatal error into which Republicans and Monarchists, Orleanists and Legitimists, had alike fallen. All the parties which have entered the political arena have sought, not merely to conquer their opponents, but to crush them. No accession of influence, and no monopoly of place, has satisfied any party in its turn, unless its opponents appeared to be ruined beyond hope of retrieval. No tenure of the profits and the splendours of power has been deemed a safe one, unless the rival claimants were not only defeated but removed. To them, as to Haman, the delights of the palace lost all their relish, so long as Mordecai sat in the gate.

Never, until the thorough recognition of the rights of minorities, and the immunities of opposition; of the duty of an unfettered discussion of the acts of all parties and politicians by the public press, and of the wisdom of the real and practical responsibility of every administration to public opinion, will France possess even the first rudiments of real liberty, whatever may be the name of her government, or the colour of her flag.

- ART. IX. (1.)** *Impediments to the Prosperity of Ireland.* By W. N. HANCOCK, LL.D., M.R.I.A.; Archbishop Whately's Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin, and Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen's College, Belfast.
- (2.) *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Burdens affecting Real Property.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, June 19, 1846.
- (3.) *A Bill for the Improvement of Agricultural Tenant Right in England and Wales.* Brought in by Mr. PUSEY, September, 1847.
- (4.) 9 and 10 Vict., c. 10, intituled, *An Act to authorize the advance of Public Money to a limited amount, to promote the Improvement of Land in Great Britain and Ireland by Works of Drainage.*
- (5.) *Speech of Mr. William Bennett, Tenant to the Duke of Bedford,* at Willis's Rooms, on March 7th, 1849.

IN [the earlier stages of society, when men were hunters and fishers, the idea of property was vague and indefinite. If it existed distinctly at all, it existed in reference to moveables, or to what the lawyers call 'chattels.' Land, fixed and unmoveable as it is, and was,—for to use the expressive language of Napoleon, '*le sol ne tremble pas*,'—was, in the earlier ages of society, held in common. In the accounts given of the American tribes, as is truly stated by Sir John Dalrymple, in his '*Essay on Feudal Property*,'* we read, that one or two of the tribe will wander five or six hundred miles from his usual place of abode, plucking the fruit, destroying the game, and catching the fish throughout the fields and rivers adjoining to all the tribes which he passes, without any idea of such a property in the members of them as makes him guilty of infringing the rights of others when he does so.

The next state of society begins with pasturage. In this condition of things men have no notion of property in unmoveables, nor of right of possession longer than the act of possession lasts.

A third state of society is produced when men become so numerous, and their intercourse with each other so extended, as to make them strike out new arts of life, and particularly the art of agriculture. Agriculture, leading men to bestow thought and labour upon land, increases their connexion with a single portion of it, and then produces the notion of property. The right of excluding all others from a particular spot of ground is one step in the idea of property; but the right of transferring it to another is a second

* London: A. Millar. 1758.

and a wider right. At the death of the first possessor of land, it seems just and natural that his children, or heirs, should continue that right of exclusion which their predecessor had exercised. But the relationship or connexion of children with the deceased is not their only title. Children and relatives in new or early states of society bestow thought, labour, and the capital of the sweat of their brow upon any spot of earth on which they settle; and it would appear against every canon of natural justice, if they should not continue the father's right of exclusion, and the enjoyment of what their ancestor enjoyed before them. But as this enjoyment becomes wider and more extensive—as men and families increase—incapacities, natural and civil, are created by law and polity, not merely as to the general disposition of property, but as to the power of alienation. Thus the Romans, in the very earliest ages of the Roman law, could not alienate their heritage but in *calatis comitiis*, and with the consent of the people:* thus the *jus retractus*, or right of redemption, took place among the Jews.

It is no portion of our object to enter into a long disquisition on the feudal system. But we may remark, that in all nations which have suffered the dominion of the feudal law, the prohibitions to alienate are very numerous, accompanied with penalties and punishments equally severe and barbarous. The first step towards the alienation of landed property in Great Britain, was the power given to a man of alienating what he had himself acquired. Over this he was conceived to have a more extensive right than over what had been transmitted to him from his ancestors. This power is given by implication in the books of the press, and in the Saxon law, but by express words in the laws of Henry I. There is every probability, as stated by Sir John Dalrymple, who had paid much attention to the subject, and was one of the Barons of the Exchequer in Scotland, that the first free alienation of land in England arose among the trading people; for the holding not being strict in boroughs, it was not of great importance by whom the services were done. It should also be remembered, that the extent of the notions of mankind concerning their powers over property increases with society; and as people living in towns, from their greater numbers, and greater intercourse with each other, are in a more improved state than people living in the country, it is only natural to suppose that the power of alienating land should sooner arise among them than among the rest of mankind. When Bracton wrote his book, alienation seems to have been fully established. In the reign of

* Hein. Antiq. Roman.

Henry III., the propensity to alienation had grown so strong, even in the military holdings, that it became necessary to restrain it. This restraint was contained in a clause of Magna Charta.*

To remedy and reconcile the jarring interests of lords and vassals, the former of whom complained they were stripped of their ancient rights, and the latter of whom complained that checks were interposed to alienation, the statute of 18 Edward was passed, generally called, *Quia emptores terrarum*. But, notwithstanding all efforts of legislation, the bent of the people was to make feudal land as much the subject of commerce as if it had been allodial. As the feudal law relaxed its severity, too, and the commerce of land grew more into use, the attachment of land by statute merchant and statute staple was allowed to all subjects in general, and, in later times, when land came to be absolutely in commerce, the 13th Elizabeth, c. 7, and the subsequent acts concerning bankruptcy, established a complete attachment of such lands as belonged to the persons specified in those acts. But though feudalism and feudal principles were thus, by the very bent and genius of the great mass of the country in some respects declining, yet the history of entails, on the other hand, proves that the feudal law was revived by the bent of particular families. Certain great families considered that the allowing land to come so much into commerce tended to weaken them, and to enfeeble those whom they regarded as little better than their slaves. In order to prevent such consequences, the artifice of entails, which took particular estates out of commerce, and, with regard to these estates, revived the spirit of the feudal law, was revoked. This was effected by the Statute of Westminster, cap. 1, generally styled the Statute *de donis conditionalibus*. This statute gave a sanction to private men to entail their estates, and declared that fines levied upon estates so entailed should be void. Most of the great families took advantage of the permission, and by doing so prevented their posterity from alienating, from forfeiting, or from charging with rents. As power follows property as surely as water finds its level, the property of these families continually increasing, their power grew to such a height as enabled them not merely to enslave the people, but to overshadow the crown.

It is true that entails were suffered to be greatly discouraged in courts of justice, that the judges restrained all devices for new species of entails, and that Henry VII., by the act which passes under his name as the 4 Hen. VII., c. 24, and more especially the judges, by their interpretation of this statute, did as much as

* Mag. Char., cap. 32.

in them lay to defeat entails. But notwithstanding that the commercial and the monied men found their views equally hurt by entails — notwithstanding that the judges had been long discouraging them — notwithstanding the dissipation of the church lands by Henry VIII., and the alienation of great part of the crown lands by Queen Elizabeth, it was a considerable time before the commons were enabled to produce, by the transition of property from the lords to themselves, that alteration in the constitution necessary, not merely to its balance and harmonious working, but to its very vitality.

At all periods from the conquest, however, there were, in various parts of the kingdom, exceptions to the Norman feudal law. The people of Kent, through the favour of the Conqueror, being left in the enjoyment of their ancient laws, the succession *in capita* of the sons, called by the Saxon name of Gavelkind, continued, and does even to this day, in great part of the county, continue the practice. The Welsh, not being subject to the power, were still less subject to the laws of the Normans. The Orkney men being left from neglect, as Sir John Dalrymple truly states, more than from either favour or independency, in the possession of their ancient laws, the sons, till within these two hundred years, succeeded *in capita* in the cedal rights of Orkney. Nor was this altered by public law, but by private limitations of different successions.

The progress of feudality led to the prolixity and intricacy of conveyances. Set forms of ceremonies and of writings prevailed more in the feudal than in any other law. In the conveyances under other laws, all connexion between the grantor and grantee, unless what arises from particular covenants and qualifications, are at an end on completing the grant. But a feudal grant was, from the relations between superior and vassal, not only subject to the like covenants and qualifications, but to a great many others. Nor were these the only evils of feudalism. Feudal rights became in another way, as Hallam truly states, instrumental to oppression. The lands of those who died without heirs fell back to the crown by escheat. Hence, the escheator taking hasty inquests, or sometimes falsely pretending them, defeated the right of the heir to his succession. Informations for intrusion, criminal indictments, outlawries, or civil process, in short, the whole course of justice, furnished pretences for exacting money of the people.

It may be urged that these feudal and military tenures were abolished by the 12 Car. c. 24, which commuted them for a grant

of excise and customs. But tenure in burgage, in *socage*, in borough English, and in copyhold, though many are enfranchised, still continue, and our table of descents till the act of 1833, for amending the law of inheritance, passed, was a remnant of the feudal system. Though, by the 3 and 4 Will. IV. c. 106, sec. 1, the word purchaser is declared to mean the person who last acquired the land otherwise than by descent, escheat, partition, or enclosure, by effect of which the land becomes descendible in the same manner as if acquired by descent, and 'descent' is declared to mean the title to inherit land by reason of consanguinity, yet an act of this kind cannot destroy the effect of the practice and tradition of ages, more especially when those traditions, are aided by the pride of family and of race, by the desire of founding or of perpetuating a name, or by the meaner motive of an ignoble avarice.

It is a curious, yet a true fact, that the forms of the feudal system, and the inconveniences consequent upon a strict compliance with these forms, are to be found at this day in Scotland as perfect as they existed five centuries ago in England, and without the means of obviating such inconveniences as was afforded in England, by employing a conveyance by way of uses.

We fully admit that since the Revolution of 1688, and more especially since the accession of George the Third, the commercial, manufacturing, and industrial interests have made vast strides, and have acquired a mighty, a definite, and a most appreciable and influential standing in the social, economic, and political world. But with all their energies, abilities, intelligence, and ductility, the monied and manufacturing, the commercial and industrial interests have not been enabled to free land from the traditions and habits of feudalism, or to render it an article of commerce, in the way of a plain bargain, sale and transfer.

Not merely our tenures of landed property, but all pertaining to them, smack strongly of feudalism. Sixty-one or sixty-two years ago, the denominations of fiefs in France were much more numerous than they ever were at any period in England.' There were *fiefs d'honneur*, *fiefs liges*, *fiefs de retraite*, *fiefs d'amitié*, *fiefs à cré*, *fiefs terriens*, *fiefs de revenus*, *fiefs de député*, and *fiefs simple*. But in one night of the famous Constituent Assembly, privileges of caste and of family, *letters de cachets*, *corvées*, and tithes, feudal tenures and feudal rights, game-laws, and seigniorial and lordly rights, were, *uno flatu*, abolished and destroyed. Our progress has been certainly slower and less sanguinary, and certainly safer than the progress of France.

But it is, nevertheless, most humiliating to our intelligence as

a nation, that not merely France, but that Belgium, Switzerland, and some of the despotical states of Germany and Italy, are less fettered in the disposal of land than Englishmen in 1850.

We are far too much accustomed in England to regard land, not merely as the evidence of wealth and social superiority, but as the symbol of power, political and otherwise. The possessors of land are magistrates and grand jurors—a qualification in land is necessary for parliament, and for many other places of honour and emolument. * We are far too prone, as a people, to regard the man of many acres as the man of many virtues and many qualifications, civil, social, and mental. We bow down too much, as a people, before the territorial aristocracy, owning counties and parts of counties—before the men of fifty and sixty thousand pounds a-year in dirty acres—to use the words of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. We pay far too much attention to the owner of land in fee, and too little attention to the distinction between the raw material, land, and the most valuable additions made to that raw material by the industry and labour of the tenant, or, to use the feudal word, the vassal. This arises from the feudal origin of all our real property law, and from the notorious fact—notorious above all to legal men, and more especially to chancery barristers—that the state of the tenure in Great Britain has been created, moulded, and regulated by causes purely and essentially feudal.

The scheme of the feudal system was to sustain a frame of territorial government altogether hinging on the possession of land. Obligations there were, undoubtedly, between lord and tenant, but they were the obligations between lord and vassal, between superior and inferior. It was not a contract in which both parties had a volition; it was a one-sided, a unilateral contract, in which the landlord only had made his own share after his own fashion. The consequence was, that owners of the fee were more desirous of increasing their estates than of improving them. The permanency of a name, the perpetuation of a family, were more looked to than the interest of the actual individual proprietor.

The consequence of a system of entails, giving life interests only, and settling all the landed property upon one son, of necessity prevented the father from improving the estate. If he left his property sometimes unimpaired, he left it always unimproved. It is true, social influences and judicial interpretation, from very early times, have tended to relax the strictness of the feudal law, to bar the entails of land in England; but practically, in England and in Ireland, the majority of estates are in the hands of tenants for life, burdened with incumbrances—a state of things not favourable to good farming or agricultural improve-

ment. From what we have hitherto said, it may be inferred that the system of real property in England has been a struggle between the commercial and city principle, that would invest the actual possessor with absolute ownership—and the feudal principle, which looks only to the continuance of the estate in the family, limiting the enjoyment of each successive owner; a struggle, be it remarked, in which, for the prosperity of the country, the feudal principle has been too often successful. •

Almost all practical men agree that the law of entail has operated against improvement. Several witnesses examined before the select committee of the House of Lords, on the inquiry into the expediency of charging entailed estates with the expenses attending their drainage and improvement, and also before the committee on the burdens on land, concur in this view. Thus Mr. Thompson, a Kentish farmer, stated that entailed estates generally required great improvement; that such property was always deficient in buildings, and often consisted of inferior grass land, which ought to be broken up. Mr. PUTLAND, an agriculturist from Sussex, stated that he hardly knew an estate that would not be improved by draining; and he went on to state that the stewards of such properties had told him the owners in fee could not afford to improve them.

For purposes of drainage, or any other purposes connected with the beneficial use of property, there could be no want of capital, if there were not opposing causes and insuperable obstacles. That there are such was proved by Mr. May, the secretary of a company which was formed to advance money on loan for draining purposes. This gentleman stated that the difficulties interposed by entails had rendered the operations of the company nugatory. But the most formidable evidence against the evils of entail was given by a very remarkable man—by a great practical improver, and a high authority with the late Sir Robert Peel—by Mr. Smith, of Deanston.

This gentleman gave it as his deliberate opinion, that the law of entail had obstructed, and still continued to obstruct, the substantial improvement of the land. He expressed a strong opinion that the condition of the heir of entail in possession as lifeholder, and that the consequent want of power to borrow money on security of the land, was and is the chief cause of the obstruction. Mr. Smith, like every sensible, unprejudiced man, held that power, under proper restriction, to expend money in necessary and substantial improvements, and to charge such improvements upon the land, would greatly facilitate the improvement of landed estates, giving employment to the labourers, improving the rental of the estate for the benefit of the heir in possession, as well as for that of

his successors, and greatly benefiting the country generally. It is not merely that land would be improved, labourers employed, poor-rates lessened, and production greatly increased,—but it was further proved before the committee, at the very season when there was so much talk about sanitary improvement, that the health of the neighbourhood would be greatly bettered, and the mortality among sheep and live stock greatly decreased. Nothing causes greater destruction to cattle, or more diseases to sheep, than wet and undrained land.

Mr. Dixon, of Essex, a surgeon by profession, but also an occupier of land, stated that he had seen on the banks of a river, after floods, twenty or thirty bullocks undergoing enlargement and disorganization of the liver.

Thus it appears that pride—the offspring of the feudal system—and poverty—the incident of a strict system of entail—both concur to prevent agricultural improvement, to limit production, and to depress agriculture. If land were thoroughly free in the sale and distribution, if it were less strictly entailed and tied up,—if it passed as freely from hand to hand, as an article of commerce, as it does in America, in France, in Belgium, in Holland, or in Switzerland, the new acquirer would bring to its cultivation capital and energy, the fruits of commercial enterprise or of manufacturing industry.

Great advances in agricultural prosperity can only be looked for by moderate investments in land—in England, in investments from 1000 to 5000 acres; in Ireland, in investments from 25 and 50 acres up to 1000.

It is a mistake to suppose that our superiority in agriculture in England is the result of our laws of primogeniture and of entail. Our superiority in agriculture is not because, but in spite of these laws. The delusion that entail and primogeniture have benefited English agriculture has been chiefly fostered by Scotch economical writers, but imperfectly acquainted with the subject on which they had written, and who seem to have had a retaining fee from the territorial aristocracy to write up things as they are, and to maintain that English landed proprietors, and English tenures, are the best of proprietors and of tenures, in this best of all possible worlds.

Such agricultural optimism as this is worse than cloddish and bovine. It has done its wicked work for many a long day, and will no longer go down, even with the dull and lumpish cultivators of the West of England. ‘The farther I go west,’ said the eminent Sergeant Davy, the leader of the Western Circuit in times gone by—‘the farther I go west, the more I am convinced ‘that wise men came from the East.’ If agriculture is to become

healthy and flourish, land must not be aggregated or heaped up in huge parcels, for the benefit of a spoiled child, of an elder son, who spoils all within the sphere of his mischievousness or anility.

Land must be divided, to be used and occupied in a truly improving and commercial spirit. When a proprietor has millions of acres, he aims at territorial and predominant influence, rather than at agricultural improvement or good farming. Increase of appetite in land grows by what it feeds upon. At the very moment when the Duke of Buckingham was bankrupt, and not able to pay his debts, he was purchasing every parcel of land to be sold within thirty miles of his estates,—not to farm and cultivate it well, but with a view to say, ‘I am monarch of Buckingham; I own all the land within the county.’ To this end, his grace borrowed money at ten, twelve, and twenty-five per cent., to invest in land which did not pay two-and-a-half per cent., if, indeed, a large portion of it paid so much as even two per cent. What was the consequence? The Duke of Buckingham was unable to improve—incompetent to do his duty to the land, to the tenantry, or to the labourers upon it. This would not be the case if his grace had conducted his agricultural business on commercial, and not on feudal, territorial, and politico-aristocratic principles.

If the history of agriculture be truly written, it will be found that its prosperity and greater development have been the consequence of the amazing extension of our commercial, banking, mining, and manufacturing industry.

One of the greatest evils arising from the English laws of settlement and entail, is that they present obstacles, direct and indirect, to the free transfer and transmission of land. Land ought to pass—as Mr. Milner Gibson well said, in 1847—as freely from hand to hand as hops or cotton, tallow or tobacco, or any other article of commerce. It is so in almost every other country under the sun; even in the most despotic countries. And in consequence of this facility of transfer, the number of years’ purchase in all the better countries of Europe is much higher than in England. According to the opinion of an ex-conveyancer and actual Master in Chancery, the number of years’ purchase in almost all the better parts of Europe is much higher than in England. Mr. Senior alleges that the principal reason for the difference of value is the different law of conveyancing. Our system, says he, diminishes the value, and, in the land plan, excludes all small purchasers.

There can be no question, that the uncertainty affecting titles, and the enormous expense of clearly showing and deducing them, does drive much capital from investment in the land. A

man may agree to sell a parcel of land, or a single field, for 300*l.*, and it may so happen that he shall be obliged to spend double the sum in showing his title. Nor does the evil end with the vendor. The person who has agreed to buy the land does not know that he has not contracted to spend as large a sum as the vendor in getting the title approved. Mr. Senior, in his evidence before the Committee, of which we have been speaking, did not touch on the great cause of the difficulty in showing title. The delays, the expense, and the often insuperable difficulties, arise from our system of entailing land on an unborn generation.

Do what he will, the conveyancer is obliged to go back for sixty years, for there can be no certainty of a clear title if his examination is limited to a shorter period. The evils of entails, or of limiting the whole estate to one child, do not end here. They operate in a different way to prevent improvement. Every man of the world, whether solicitor, barrister, land-agent, or country gentleman, is aware that the owner of an entailed estate, often in England, and almost invariably in Ireland, is the nominal proprietor only. Where the estate has been long under settlement, where it belongs to what is called an old family, more especially in Ireland, each thoughtless and expensive generation will have added its not inconsiderable quota to the burden in mortgages, jointures, annuities, rent charges, and other encumbrances.

Thus, in respect of these payments, a large portion of the yearly income of the estate is consumed. The Irish newspapers, during the last four or five years, have made every layman nearly as familiar with these topics as lawyers. They have told us how often it has happened that a proprietor with a nominal income of eight, seven, six, and five thousand a-year, has not the beneficial enjoyment, sometimes of 1000*l.*, sometimes of 500*l.*, sometimes even not of 100*l.* a-year. Indeed, it has happened that the nominal proprietor of from fifty to sixty miles of country—Miss Martin, of Connemara (now Mrs. Gonne Bell)—has not been enabled to pay the poor's-rate or county cess on her estate; and in the very same locality there are more than a dozen defaulters—nominally men of 7000*l.*, 5000*l.*, and 3000*l.* a-year—who have not been able to pay sums varying from 70*l.* to 20*l.*

In the South of Ireland, again, some proprietors of nominal thousands have been glad to accept of situations of 150*l.* or 100*l.* a-year, have been glad to act as collectors of county cess, or to obtain any respectable employment whatever. It is not very long ago since we read of the castle of one of these gentlemen, of ancient lineage, of many acres, and several nominal thousands a-year, whose property was strictly entailed,

being turned into a union workhouse, or what the *Times* would call a union bastille.

It may be thought that these pregnant evils are limited in their operation exclusively to Ireland. Not so, indeed. We believe it is capable of proof that a third of the incomes of settled estates in England pass through the hands of the tenants in possession as receivers merely. The owners of estates situated in this wise, can do little to improve them. Every outlay is attended with a diminution of present income. Thus it is that agriculture suffers, and the inability of the landlords re-acts on the tenant. Is it too much to infer, then, that much of the evils of which agriculturists complain are directly traceable to the law of entail and the law of primogeniture?

Strict as these laws are in England, they are still stricter in Scotland, a country in which the rigour of ancient feudalism has been little tempered by the commercial spirit. The pride of birth, of ancestry, of family, and of clanship, exists in Scotland in a much greater degree than in England. Yet, notwithstanding this provision of stricter entail, intended for the honour and glory of a small caste, the nobility of Scotland have fallen into poverty and decay; and if they did not enrich themselves occasionally by spoliating our Indian dependencies—by intermarrying with English heiresses, of much money, and of little gentle blood, or by carrying off the prizes of our law, as Wedderburne (Lord Loughborough), Murray (Lord Mansfield), and Erskine (Lord Erskine) did, in a past generation, the glory of their houses would have in a still greater degree departed, and their races might have become extinct.

In the English system of real property, the Statute of Uses stands out boldly in relief. That statute is on our books to attest the existence of a struggle by the owners of land in England, to gain the power of devising lands, and of conveying them privately without the troublesome ceremony of livery of seisin. The Statute of Wills, statutorially recognising the power of devising, obviated the necessity of recurring so frequently to uses. The introduction of a bargain and sale for a year under the statute, and a release thereupon, as a mode of conveying the fee, without livery of seisin, (thereby wresting the statute to the performance of the very thing it was enacted to prevent,) indicated how hopeless it was to contend against the desire of land-owners and the ingenuity of conveyancers. Actual livery of seisin was in consequence abandoned.

For three centuries and upwards we have conveyed in England our lands by will, and our present estates of freehold, *inter vivos*, without livery of seisin. But in Scotland, of which we have

been speaking, neither can be done. A Scotchman can only convey by deed, not by will, and seisin must thereupon be delivered, and the delivery registered. In Scotland, also, no conveyance, *inter vivos*, can be made on death-bed, and death-bed has been construed to include all the period after the commencement of any illness, from which the party does not recover sufficiently to attend balls, kirk, and market. Chief Baron Dalrymple calls this law of death-bed the last remains of the ancient bar against alienation.

The history of the feudal forms in the two nations strikingly shows how the earlier institutions of a country are modified, altered, or controlled, by its social habitudes and ordinary pursuits. In England, rich, civilized, and commercial, when compared with Scotland, the bent and bearing of the people, and generally of one branch of the legislature, since the period of the Revolution, have been to take away all reductions on the dealings in lands. In Scotland, needy and comparatively uncivilized, in which ideas of great family clanship and the pride of birth have ever exercised an undue predominance, more especially in the Highlands, a stricter law of entail has prevailed, even than in England. Legal readers need only be referred to the case of *Viscount Stormont v. the Creditors of the Earl of Annandale*, reported by Lord Stair, in proof of this assertion. Lord Kames states that this judgment was obtained by a prevailing attachment to entails, which at that time had the grace of novelty, and were not seen in their proper light.*

When the Act empowering strict entails to be made of lands in Scotland was passed (1 Jac. VII.), the kingdom was borne down by a venal parliament, an intolerant church, and a servile bench. Any measure which was thought, as this undoubtedly was at the time, to increase the power of the aristocracy, would have been adopted by the parliament. By this Act, avarice, family pride, or family dislike, are enabled to exercise an undying influence upon the inheritance of the living. Most Scotch lawyers have, since it has passed, attacked the law with unsparing severity. But, at the time of its enactment, a servile and slavish Scotch bar was silent, if not acquiescent.

The Scotch Chief Baron Dalrymple argues, that there are not many settlements under the Act, and their number, when he wrote, ninety-two years ago, was not increasing. But we believe it will be found that the quantity of land in strict entail, since Dalrymple's time, has considerably increased, and is daily increasing. There are 'lairds' and 'masters' of houses of 'that

* Kames's 'Law Tracts.'

ilk' in Scotland who, had it been possible to settle their lands so as to prevent all posterity from ever inheriting them, would have so settled the soil, proudly and churlishly.

It may be urged in support of perfect freedom of disposal and the absolute rights of ownership, that every proprietor should have the liberty of disposing of his land as of any other species of property, absolutely or conditionally, or on such terms, and with such limitations, as he may think fit. But in the complex and very artificial state of society in which we live, the personal enjoyment of a proprietor is not thoroughly secure, unless by means of that protection which a well-defined public opinion casts around property. If property has its unquestioned and unquestionable rights, so has it, to use the language of the Irish Chief Baron Woulfe, attributed and falsely attributed to the under-secretary Drummond, its well-defined duties. For the secure and quiet enjoyment of his property, the smallest tax which any landed proprietor can pay, is not to do or perform any act in respect of the property protected contrary to the general interests of society. Let us suppose that the course of any one landed proprietor, or of any body of such, is systematically opposed to the public weal, and the individual or body, however many-headed, becomes a '*caput lupinum*,' to use the language of the law, a social monster no longer entitled to protection.

No one can, therefore, nakedly and unqualifiedly contend, as did the very rash, very silly, but thoroughly honest Duke of Newcastle, (honest after his limited and feeble capacity,) that a man has an absolute right to do what he will with his own. A proprietor of land in absolute fee simple merely retains in the soil all the rights which the general interests of society do not require to be taken away. It being then a question—proprietors holding so much of their natural rights as the law does not deprive them of, how much the law or society shall take away—the question arises, whether one of the principal inducements to wealth be not destroyed if we remove from mankind the power of directing or disposing freely of the enjoyment of wealth after our own personal and individual usufruct has ceased.

There is no need of laws to prompt to acquisition. The desire of acquisition is found to exist in the least selfish and money-getting of nations, and the bump of acquisitiveness is inordinately prominent in Americans, in Swiss, in Dutchmen, and in Englishmen. But laws which shall tend to the distribution and diffusion of wealth, may, in certain countries, and in certain states of society, be not only necessary, but indispensable. Johnson said, that mankind would be able to regulate the system of entails when the evil of too much land being locked up is felt. That

period, if not already arrived in England, is fast approaching, and it becomes the publicist to point out the fact, and to clear the way. When the era has arrived, at which—notwithstanding the delights and enjoyments of a country life, the pleasures of proprietorship, the privilege of the *quorum*, and the right to sentence poachers, and to kill game—men obtain for their landed investments a much less annual return than ought to be afforded by land—then it becomes necessary for the legislature to interfere,* and by its action to alter laws which, in fettering property, or the power of disposing freely of property, work a social, economic, and emaciating evil to the whole community.

We have said that English tenures—English powers of alienation, and of locking up land, are preferable to the Scotch. But though entails be strickler in Scotland than in England; yet, in certainty, in facility and cheapness of deducing title, in security against fraud, the Scottish system is preferable to the English. Our power of alienation in England is much more complete. We can create a greater variety of interests. We can create them by a greater variety of deeds. We have estates of freehold, estates in fee simple, estates in fee tail, estates for life of the douce, or estates *pur douter vie*. We have feoffment fine or recovery, (for which has been substituted a statute deed.) We have grant, lease and release, bargain and sale, surrender, will, &c., as modes of conveyance. But notwithstanding the different estates, and the multiform modes of conveyance, we repeat, that the Scotch system is preferable in simplicity and surety.

We say, then, that the system of entails affects the free dealing and free commerce in land, limits the productiveness of the soil, and deteriorates agriculture. Properly understood, no subject of law amendment affects larger interests, or is more urgently required, than the reform of the law in reference to the land. The doctrine of uses, limitations, remainders, contingent or vested powers, &c., are unsuited to the age and to the state of the busy, active, commercial world in which we live. These are the ingenious devices of lawyers and of monks in dark ages, which lawyers of more enlightened times endeavour to adapt to the wants, the necessities, and the refined civilization of their own day. The number of limited and co-existent interests created in, and creatable out of lands, would astonish the uninitiated. One may be entitled for life; another on his death, if he leaves no child; another if he leaves children; a creditor may claim a lieu for his debt, and a legatee for his legacy; and all these may rest upon wills, deeds, settlements, and powers of obscure language and doubtful construction. Under these circumstances,

a purchaser must ascertain with certainty all the persons who can have any claims upon the land, before he enters into an agreement to purchase. Will any man say that this task, imposing for self-safety on the man intending to buy land, the duty of finding out who may by possibility have claims on such land, or may assert claims, does not interfere with the free sale, transfer, purchase, and disposal of the soil from hand to hand? If there were public offices established for the transfer of land, as in America, with full statements and description of the parcels, and of the changes, some of the manifold inconveniences and intolerable expenses at present attaching to the conveyance of land from one hand to another might be avoided. The evil would in a still greater degree be remedied if the interests which a seller possessed might be vested in a buyer by means of an act of Parliament such as the Irish Encumbered Estates Act, giving a parliamentary title against all the world.

This subject has been ventilated during the present year in the discussion on the Bill brought in by Mr. Henry Drummond and Mr. Page Wood, and is likely to be moved again in the next session.

The Bill of Mr. Drummond has been twice before the House, and was somewhat improved in the past year. It is, however, still capable of much further improvement, and at each fresh discussion it may be presumed fresh lights will evolve, and fresh suggestions be made and embodied. The clauses for the establishment of distinct register offices, and for the establishment of a compulsory registration, are really valuable.

There has also been a Bill brought in during the past session, by Sir John Romilly, then solicitor, and now attorney-general, for the registration of assurances of lands in Ireland, in which the learned functionary has availed himself of some of the provisions of the Bill drawn by the late Mr. Duval, in which he has also embodied in a practical shape some of the recommendations of the Real Property Commissioners, on the subject of registration. One of the best features in Sir John's Bill is the proposal of a series of distinct registers, so that if a purchaser wishes to know what are the documents relating to a parcel of land he desires to purchase, he will find them collected together under the name or description belonging to the land. Thus purchasers will be enabled to ascertain with what persons it is necessary to treat in order to acquire a clear title, or from what other persons danger may be apprehended in the way of quiet enjoyment. The complaints against the Bill of Sir John Romilly are, that it does not go far enough. But no human being who has not observed narrowly the constitution of the

House of Commons knows the impediments thrown in the way of a law-reformer by ancient lay country-gentlemen and narrow-minded, prejudiced, and obstinate members of the Bar. We believe it to be the wish of the Attorney-General to assimilate the transfer of land to that of stock, and that he is convinced of the possibility of uniting perfect freedom of transfer with perfect security of title. But if a member has to work against the sense, or rather the nonsense of a majority, it may be a hopeless business for many a long session.

Great praise—indeed, the greatest praise—is due to Sir John Romilly for carrying through the Irish Encumbered Estates Bill, by which a very large proportion of the land of Ireland is already in course of changing ownership. Already more than twelve hundred estates, great and small, have been dealt with by the Commissioners under the operation of the Act, and the number is still increasing. The greatest advantage accruing to the new proprietors is, that they will start absolute owners, with a spic and span new parliamentary title,—absolute, entire, and indefeasible owners,—free from all charges and incumbrances, and without any verbose documents weighing a couple of stone, and engrossed on the best vellum, after having been sifted and settled by attorneys and solicitors, conveyancers and equity-draughtsmen, chamber counsel, court counsel, silk gowns, and, mayhap, by attorneys and solicitors-general!

This alone is a great blessing. Every line of such an Act of Parliament as this, as a certain chief-justice said of the Statute of Frauds, is worth a subsidy. The benefits of this system may be soon realized in Ireland. Purchasers will see within a twelve-month whether simple and effectual securities have been provided for them, and whether the sale and transfer of lands can be effected as safely, as speedily, and as shortly as any other mercantile contract.

The scheme of the feudal system was to sustain a territorial government, based on the possession of land. This system should have passed away long ago—should have been dead and buried in the tomb of all the Capulets in the time of Charles II. But the effect, the spirit, and the bent of laws survive their uses—survive even their proved, notorious, and most mischievous abuses. The beauty and the safety of all commercial dealings lie in their perfect simplicity—in their absolute, unrestrained, and unfettered freedom. Why should not, to use the language of lawyers, a like case, produce a like rule, in reference to land? The Real Property Commissioners, appointed by the late Sir R. PEEL in 1828—*i. e.*, twenty-two years ago—from amongst the most eminent conveyancers in England, reported that while they approved

generally of the theory of the law of real property, the law respecting its *transfer* suggested remarks of a different nature. 'It appears to us,' they say, 'that the modes by which estates and interests in real property are created, transferred, and secured, are exceedingly defective, and require many important alterations.'

The Report of the Select Committee, also, on the burdens on land, composed of the most eminent men of all parties in the state, complained that the marketable value of real property was seriously diminished by the tedious and expensive process attending its transfer. The committee conclude by stating, that they are anxious to impress on the House the necessity of a thorough revision of the whole subject of conveyancing, and the disuse of the present prolix, expensive, and vexatious system. The committee, by way of remedy for these evils, recommend four things: 1st, The improvement of the law of real property; 2ndly, the simplification of titles; 3rdly, the simplification of the process of conveyance; 4thly, the establishment of some effective system for the registration of deeds.

These are all excellent suggestions. But, as Mr. HANCOCK says in the excellent little tract before us, the first step towards the discovery of a remedy is to be convinced of the extent of the evil. With this view, Mr. HANCOCK adduces some instances furnished to him by an experienced solicitor, illustrating the extent to which the cost of transfer impedes the sale of land in Ireland. The first is the case of the sale of land for 1200*l.*, in which the costs to seller and purchaser together amounted to 200*l.*, being about 17 per cent., or one-sixth of the purchase-money. The second was a sale for 500*l.*, where the costs to one party alone were 124*l.*, being 25 per cent., or one-fourth of the purchase-money; the third was a sale for 250*l.*, where the costs to one party alone were 40*l.*, being 16 per cent., or about one-sixth of the purchase-money. The fourth was a sale for 230*l.*, where the costs to one party alone were 19*l.*, being about 8 per cent. The fifth was a sale for 150*l.*, where the costs to one party alone were 23*l.*, or about 16 per cent.

Even in England, one would be guilty of no exaggeration in saying, that in small purchases the expenses of transfer frequently amount to one-sixth, and sometimes to one-third, or even a larger proportion of the value. The impolicy of keeping up this enormous cost of transfer must be apparent to the most superficial inquirer. The effect of it is to prevent the land from getting into the hands of those who can make the most of it, and thus it operates against good farming and husbandry, as well as against the laws of production. In so far as the cost of transfer arises

from the state of the law, it is, as Mr. HANCOCK properly states, a tax burdensome to the community, and unproductive to the exchequer.

It may be asked, can the present enormous cost of selling land be diminished? Undoubtedly. It may be asked, should the seller of land be required to produce 60 years' title to every acre that he sells in cases not within the Encumbered Estates Act? To this quære any shrewd and sensible man of business would give an answer in the negative. It may be asked, would the cost of selling land in Ireland be diminished by using the Ordnance survey as a basis of a general register of acts and deeds relating to land? And of this, also, there can be little doubt. The Ordnance survey furnishes the essential basis of the system; it affords a complete identification of boundaries and parcels. There is, besides, in Ireland, a register of conveyances affecting land—a register of judgments and other charges. The cost of searches for judgments, and other charges, has been, we are aware, already reduced in Ireland by Sir E. Sugden's Act. But that it could be much further reduced, no honest man entertains a doubt; and that many stamps with which dealings with land are burdened might be profitably dispensed with by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, admits of not the slightest question. Not merely do we tax the paper on which the contracts are written, but we afterward attach expensive stamps to the paper on which the conveyance is made, thus making it, as Mr. Hancock, Archbishop Whateley's Professor of Political Economy in Trinity College, Dublin, remarks, a source of expense, litigation, and fraud, instead of a satisfactory security.

The chief argument of those favourable to primogeniture and the strictest system of entail is, that an hereditary and wealthy aristocracy is thus maintained. It needs no seer, however, to tell us in the present plethora of commercial riches, and in an age when such immense fortunes are derived from trade, and shares, and stocks of all kinds, that it is much more in wealth than in its connexion with land that the aristocracy must in future rest its power. Freedom of sale, by enabling the landed wealth of an aristocracy to be transferred, would allow such wealth to be most productively and most profitably employed, and so secure its increase. The great mass of mankind, whether men of monied wealth or tenants, are however more interested in the free disposal and transfer of land than the aristocracy—more interested, for they are a hundred-thousand-fold more numerous than that porcelain portion of earth's clay which may be likened to the lilies of the field—to that portion which 'toils not, neither does it spin!' But we do not know that tenants or traders have a greater interest in the freedom of land than land-

lords, except in their multitudinous and countless numbers. The greatest improvements in the treatment and culture of land can never be made till there be perfect freedom in the transfer of it, and till it be moderately apportioned. It seldom happens, says Adam Smith, that a great proprietor is a great improver. In the disorderly times which gave birth to the barbarous institutions of primogeniture and entails, the great proprietor was sufficiently employed in defending his own territories, or in extending his jurisdiction and authority over those of his neighbours; he had no leisure to attend to the cultivation and improvement of land. To improve land requires commercial habits, requires an exact attention to small savings and small gains. Such habits are rarely possessed by great or even moderate proprietors in England, scarcely ever in Ireland. Indeed, the Land Occupation Commissioners' Report states that the landlord in Ireland neither builds dwelling nor farm offices, nor puts fences, gates, &c., in good order before he lets land to a tenant. There are, too, unfortunately, in Ireland, and also in England, legal impediments to tenants expending their capital in improvements; of these, Mr. Hancock enumerates six—first, the old feudal principle, that the ownership of improvement follows the ownership of the soil; secondly, the law of agricultural fixtures; thirdly, the restraints on the leasing power; fourthly, the restraints on the powers of making tenant-right agreements; fifthly, stamps on leases, and other contracts with tenants; and sixthly, the remnant of the Usury Laws.

Other impediments might be added to these if we were not warned, by the length of this paper, to draw our observations to a close. Before doing so, however, a few observations may be permitted to us on some of the impediments cited by Mr. Hancock. It must appear strange, not to say monstrous, to any well constituted mind, that the tenant's interest in all improvements ends with his tenancy. While this law or custom lasts, it is obvious that it must be the interest of tenants for short terms, and of even long terms, whose period of renting is, by efflux of time, drawing to a close, not to spend money which will benefit his landlord only. It generally happens, therefore, that the tenant leaves the land in no better plight than he found it. The present system—as the Society for the Amendment of the Law remarks—is therefore unjust to the reversioner, as well as unjust to the tenant. It is also contrary to expediency and to public policy, which require that land should produce as much as it can be made to produce. It would seem to be a maxim of common sense to enact, in the absence of any contract to the contrary, that all improvements should be deemed to be the property of the person who made them; the owner of the land,

on receiving possession of it, to acquire the right of enjoying all improvements on paying the market price for them, the improver retaining a charge on the improvements for his compensation until paid.

Again, the state of the law exercises a very injurious influence on the state of agriculture by establishing a distinction between agricultural and trade fixtures. In trade fixtures freedom of removal is allowed; why, then, should not the liberty of removal found beneficial in reference to trade, be extended to agriculture? Till the law is rendered identical, and till (in the absence of any contract to the contrary) agricultural fixtures shall be deemed the property of the improver, the agricultural tenant will have good cause to complain.

We have said we should wish to see land distributed and cultivated in moderate parcels. In Switzerland, in Tuscany, in Lucca, in Catalonia, in the Pays de Vaud, and in Lower Normandy, we have seen parcels of land, the finest and the best cultivated in the world, averaging from twenty to fifty acres. It is the greatest mistake to suppose that small farms are injurious to agriculture. This error has been exposed in a table composed by Mr. Sharman Crawford, from the population returns of 1841, and other parliamentary papers, from which it appears that in the thriving and prosperous counties of Armagh and Down the average size of farms is eleven and fifteen acres respectively; whilst in Mayo and Tipperary it is twenty-three and twenty-four acres respectively; in Galway and Cork, thirty and thirty-four acres respectively. We therefore are of opinion that it is not the small size of the farms that lies at the root of the evil in Ireland, but the state of the law between landlord and tenant—the laws of primogeniture and of strict entail, and the want of freedom and facility in the sale and transfer of land.

The chief impediments to the prosperity of Ireland arise neither from ignorance nor from the perverse character of the people, but from the state of the law. While hundreds of thousands are emigrating to the ends of the earth to cultivate wastes, and boring and scratching for gold in California, there can be no doubt at all that they would tell you, if seriously asked, that they would much prefer toiling and expending their capital at home if they could find land at a fair rent, easily transferable, and leases and customs, or laws, that would enable them to enjoy the fruits of their labour. Feudal and landlord made law has oppressed, and choked, and stifled the land. Till land be freed from the grasp of feudalism, by an easy, cheap, and safe transfer, neither free trade, nor free labour, nor free industry, nor the great agricultural and commercial resources of England can have fair play.

ART. X. *The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind. An Autobiographical Poem.* By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. London: Moxon. 1850.

IN the year 1799, Wordsworth, then twenty-nine years of age, and known to the literary world as the author of two volumes of poems written after a style deemed somewhat uncommon, retired with his sister to his native lakes, resolved to make that his permanent home for the future, and to devote himself there to the peaceful prosecution of his poetic calling.

His desire, in especial, was to construct, as he said, 'some literary work that might live;' some one poem that might deserve to be placed by the side of the best productions of English genius. As yet, however, he had not determined on any subject. Sometimes his thoughts would settle on a British theme, some old epos unsung by Milton: more frequently he would dally with some ideal tale of chivalry: at other times, more sternly moved, he would choose that dark time of history where the world of the ancients merges in that of the moderns—conceiving, for example, how the Oriental Mithridates, vanquished by the Romans, passed northward, and, hidden in the cloud of years, became Odin, the father of the Scandinavian race; or how the followers of Sertorius, flying from Spain, found shelter in the Fortunate Islands, and left there an imperishable influence: again, it would occur to him to celebrate rather some modern champion of truth and liberty—the Frenchman, Dominique de Gourgues, who, brooding over the inhuman deeds of the Spanish conquerors of America, crossed the ocean single-handed to punish and destroy them; or the Swedish hero, Gustavus; or the Scottish patriot, Wallace, whose name is still to be found, like a wild-flower, all over his country: sometimes, throwing such themes aside, he would prefer to invent a biographic romance out of his own experience: and, finally, indulging in what he found to be, after all, his favourite aspiration, he would yearn towards some lofty Philosophic Song of Truth, passionate with deep meditations, and musical as Orphean verse.

Cast about amid these contradictory longings, it occurred to him that it would be a reasonable thing first of all to take a review of his own mind, and examine how far nature and education had qualified him for the coveted employment. Accordingly, 'as a subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he

‘was acquainted with them.’ In other words, he resolved to write an autobiographical poem, in which he should trace his mental history from the earliest period he could remember to the year of his life at which he had just arrived.

This poem, which was written throughout in the form of an address to his young friend Coleridge, and the composition of which, interrupted as it was by various circumstances, and amongst others by his marriage, spread over a period of six years, was named, by him when finished, ‘The Prelude,’ in allusion, evidently, to the personal purpose it was intended to serve. And, according to the author’s subsequent account, it did serve that purpose. ‘The result,’ he says, ‘of the investigation which gave rise to it was a determination to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of man, nature, and society, and to be entitled ‘The Recluse,’ as having for its principal subject, the ‘sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.’ These two poems together, ‘The Prelude’ and ‘The Recluse,’ were to form his great literary work, his chief contribution to the store of English verse. The one was to have to the other the same kind of relation ‘that the ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church;’ and all the minor pieces that he had already given, or might yet give to the world, were to have ‘such a connexion with ‘the main work as might entitle them to be likened to the little ‘cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in ‘those edifices.’ Thus did Wordsworth, entering, under happy auspices, the period of his early manhood, try to prescribe for himself the tenor of his whole future life.

The plan was never fully executed. The ante-chapel of the proposed Gothic edifice was indeed finished, ‘The Prelude’ having been brought to a conclusion in 1805, or in the author’s thirty-sixth year; but of ‘The Recluse,’ which was to constitute the body of the edifice, and which was to consist of three distinct parts, all that was ever composed, notwithstanding the author’s protracted life, was the second or intermediate part, known as ‘The Excursion,’ together with, as it now appears, a small fragment of the first part. Meanwhile, the contemplated minor pieces, the cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses that were to illustrate and set off the principal work, were multiplied in undue proportion; so that, on the whole, Wordsworth’s poetical labours, instead of presenting, as he once intended that they should, the appearance of a complete and richly ornamented Gothic church, present, now that he is gone, the appearance rather of a lofty half-finished edifice, surrounded by numerous independent architectural fancies, the evidences at once of the builder’s fertility of invention, and of his want of perseverance at his main design.

The public, however, were not at once admitted into the author's confidence with respect to his plans and wishes. It was not till the year 1814, when 'The Excursion' was published, that he divulged anything of the design of which that poem formed a part. In the preface which then accompanied the poem, he announced the fact that he had by him, in a finished state, the autobiographical work by which its composition had been preceded; and he indicated the nature of those portions of 'The Recluse,' which still remained to be written. During his long subsequent career, therefore, it was a matter of speculation with his admirers—and the references made by Coleridge to the unpublished work did much to increase their curiosity—when 'The Prelude' and the promised remainder of 'The Recluse' were to be submitted to the inspection of the world. Volume after volume, however, was sent forth by the poet, and still nothing was heard of either. With regard to 'The Prelude' it became at last known that the author, influenced by certain peculiarities in the work itself, which rendered it inexpedient, as he thought, to put it forth in his lifetime, had resolved that it should appear as a posthumous publication. With this understanding the public were obliged to wait; and now, after the venerable poet's death, their curiosity has been satisfied by the publication, at the distance of no less than forty-five years from its completion in manuscript, of 'The Prelude' in full, and by the information that of its projected sequel, 'The Recluse,' scarcely anything more than we already have was ever really written.

Respecting 'The Prelude,' then, as we now have it, it is important to bear this in mind, that, though given to the world as the legacy of an old man, it is in reality the autobiography of a poet only up to his thirtieth year, and written by him between his thirtieth and thirty-sixth. It is neither, on the one hand, a complete autobiography of the poet; nor is it, on the other, like Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, an autobiography of his early years, written by him in old age. It is true that, in leaving instructions that it should be published, the author virtually gave it the sanction of his maturer approbation, and also that, while lying by him in manuscript, it may have received the benefit of his revision. Essentially, however, it is the composition of a young man; and it bears marks of being so.

That Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, in the year 1770; that he was one of a family of five or six; that both his parents died early; that, with one or two of his brothers, he was educated at the grammar-school of Hawkeshead, in Westmoreland; and that, in his eighteenth year, he was transferred thence to St. John's College, Cambridge, with some idea

that he would enter the church—are facts generally known. To this period of the poet's life, the first two books of the *Autobiography* are devoted. The word Cocker-mouth, indeed, not being adapted for admission into metre, the poet is unfortunately unable to bring in his birthplace by name. But he makes up for this by descriptive circumlocution. Taking himself to task for his want of persevering purpose, he says:—

‘ Was it for this
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song.
And from his alder shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams? For this, didst thou,
O Derwent! winding among grassy holms
Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts
To more than infant softness, giving me
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves?’

After protracting this tribute to Cocker-mouth by dwelling on the recollection of the long summer days when, as a mere child, he used to bathe for hours together in a little mill-stream severed from the Derwent, and run about, like an infant savage, naked through the fields and the groves of yellow ragwort that lay upon its banks, he goes on to celebrate his school-time at *Hawkeshead*, designating that place also periphrastically as ‘the beloved vale to which ere long he was transplanted.’ Here, too, his recollections are almost all of his out-of-door sports and amusements—of his laying springes on the hills for woodcocks; of his bird-nesting expeditions; of his holiday boating-races on *Winander*, and scampers on horseback over the country; of his occasional feasts with his school-mates at village inns; and, above all, of the famous nights of skating they had in winter time. The description of the skating scene has been so often quoted that, though it is perhaps the best passage in this part of ‘*The Prelude*,’ and even one of the best in the whole poem, we shall substitute another. It is the passage where Wordsworth describes his solitary visits at night to the hills in search of woodcocks:—

‘ Ere I had told
Ten birth-days, when among the mountain slopes
Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had snapped
The last autumnal crocus, ’twas my joy
With store of springes o’er my shoulder hung,

To range the open heights where woodcocks run
 Along the smooth green turf. Through half the night,
 Scudding from snare to snare, I plied
 That anxious visitation;—moon and stars
 Were shining o'er my head. I was alone,
 And seemed to be a trouble to the peace
 That dwelt among them. Sometimes it befel
 In these night wanderings that a strong desire
 O'erpowered my better reason, and the bird
 Which was the captive of another's toil
 Became my prey; and when the deed was done,
 I heard among the solitary hills
 Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
 Of undistinguishable motion, steps
 Almost as silent as the turf they trod

The whole of the narrative portion of the two books of 'The Prelude' assigned to the poet's childhood and school-time consists of precisely such descriptions as the foregoing; so that, were it not for an incidental allusion now and then to holidays and school-hours, a reader of the poem could hardly become aware that the period traversed by the two books in question was a period of school-time at all, much less that it was the period of the poet's life when, as the biographical notices would say, he was pursuing his preparatory studies at the grammar-school of Hawkeshead. There is not a single deliberate reference throughout to the school or its business; and the only memories preserved of the seven years that elapsed between the time of his arrival at Hawkeshead as a boy of ten from Cockermouth, and the time of his departure from it as a young gentleman of seventeen, fit for college, are memories of the unrestrained hours that were spent by him out of school, running about in the evenings as he chose by himself, or rioting with his playmates amid scenes of inanimate nature.

This is a circumstance worthy of notice, as illustrative of the character and opinions of Wordsworth, and as doubtless intended by him to have that effect. Among the most prominent recollections that most men have of their boyhood are such as refer to the various school arrangements they were then obliged to submit to, and to the peculiarities, physical and moral, of their different schoolmasters. When a few old schoolmates chance to find themselves together again after long separation in mature life, their most delightful occupation usually is to revert to the reminiscences they have in common of their scholastic days, calling up, in their turns, anecdote after anecdote that had almost slipped into oblivion—as, how their old teacher used to

be caught napping; what a nice old fellow, or the reverse, he was; how he used periodically to make his traditional jokes, at which the school duly laughed; and how finely, when in his best vein, he used to expound the Odes of Horace. Reminiscences of their out-of-door amusements and excursions of course come up too; but those that refer specially to the internal economy of the school, and to the noted transactions of which it was the scene at the time they were there, seem on the whole to yield most pleasure. Or, again, to take a somewhat different instance, tending to the same purpose, it may be observed that in that portion of Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, in which, like Wordsworth in the poem before us, he seeks to reproduce and exhibit the influences that worked upon him during the period of his childhood and boyhood, he does not exclusively treat of those reminiscences that refer to the impressions made on him by the different objects and scenes that opened upon him in Frankfort as he extended his boyish acquaintance with its streets and environs, but assigns a very large space also to the particulars of his formal training under his father's care, to the economy of the house he lived in, and to the different varieties of human character and physiognomy with which, in the necessary course of his juvenile relationship to individuals older than himself, he was from time to time brought into contact. There can be no doubt, we think, that, in both cases, this delight in commemorating the special social circumstances, as well as the inanimate element, so to speak, of the initial portion of one's existence, is to be accepted as a proof that the one class of reminiscences are as valuable biographically as the other.

That Wordsworth should have left his description of his boyhood so bare of all special social circumstance is, therefore, a thing requiring to be accounted for. Not only, as we have already said, have we no pictures of his school-life proper; no glimpses from him of old red-nosed schoolmasters, though such there must have been, once magisterial at Hawkeshead; no details of scholastic incidents and the learning of the Latin rules; but not even of the persons with whom out of school he must have been in daily contact, and who must have stood to him as the first representatives of humanity, does he give us any precise or suggestive likenesses. Regarding his parents we receive little more information than this, that his father died when he was about ten years old and at home from school for the Christmas holidays, and that his mother was a woman of gentle spirit, who, so long as she lived, did not interfere with him, but let him go out and in as he listed. The old dame with whom he lodged at Hawkeshead is more distinctly portrayed, but still slightly; and,

though individual schoolfellows are once or twice alluded to, none of them is so specialized as to remain figured in the memory, with the exception, perhaps, of the boy, cited by him as an example how rich a sense of life there may be where formal training is absent, whose favourite occupation it was, during the little time that he lived, to go out into the woods at evening, and blow, hour after hour, mimic hootings to the owls. In short, what we see in this portion of Wordsworth's Autobiography is the inanimate natural landscape, the picturesque bit of English soil and scenery, over the face of which, either alone or as one of a troop of playmates, he moved when a boy. If he ever pictures the warm interior of a rustic dwelling, with the inmates chatting together by the fire, or playing at cards at the clean deal table, it is to bring in the contrast of the blustering night without, and to make you better conceive the acres of surrounding meadow crackling with the splitting ice. Or if, while actually describing external nature he introduces a human figure, it is but as a picturesque physical object, giving clearness and interest to the view. Thus, in recalling his out-of-door sports with his school companions in the evenings after school was over, he preserves this charming reminiscence:—

‘ A rude mass

Of native rock, left midway in the square
Of our small market-village, was the goal
Or centre of these sports; and when, returned
After long absence, thither I repaired,
Gone was the old grey stone, and in its place,
A smart assembly-room usurped the ground
That had been ours. There let the fiddle scream,
And be ye happy! Yet, my friends! I know
That more than one of you will think with me
Of those soft starry nights, and that old Dame,
From whom the stone was named, who there had sate,
And watched her table with its huckster's wares
Assiduous, through the length of sixty years.’

Now, one reason of this bareness of explicit personal allusion, and of minutely-represented social circumstance, for which we think most readers of ‘The Prelude’ will agree with us that the poem is, at least in its earlier parts, remarkable, may doubtless be that the nature of the work, and especially its metrical form, forbade topics of this kind. Descriptions of the inanimate scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland are proper enough for a serious poem; but if one were desirous also to describe the daily habits of the natives of those parts, and to illustrate their humours, and much more if one wished to relate particular incidents and to

commemorate facts of personal concern, one would probably find the element of verse unsuitable. It would not have been easy, for example, for Wordsworth, obliged as he was to omit the names of Cockermouth and Hawkeshead, to have hit off in 'The Prelude' the portraits of any of the worthies of those places with whom in his boyhood he may have been familiar.

But this, we believe, is not the whole of the reason that the case involves. Partly contributing to the same result must have been the circumstance, pointed out by Wordsworth himself, that, in that part of the country, the peculiarly social influences exerted a less degree of power in the formation of character than they do in other places. A young Goethe, living in a populous German town, is, as it were, begirt by a dense medium of human life; every step that he takes is through a crowd; and, though the sights and sounds of inanimate nature reach him too, a large proportion of his daily sensations and thoughts refer necessarily to the peculiarities of men and to their habitual commerce with one another. But in a rural and pastoral district, where human beings are scattered thinly over the surface of the earth, where shepherds stalk alone over the hill sides, and where, sitting on an eminence, one may watch the windings of a public highway, and regard every human figure that appears on it at a distance with the same kind of mysterious interest that invests the mariner in his voyage, it is necessarily far otherwise. There the face of nature itself, the bare expanse of wood, sky and turf, operates more largely on the mind, and the human influences that strike in are rare and scanty. For a poet born amid such scenes, silent communion with nature is the habitual, though it may be the unconscious, occupation; intercourse with individual men is but the interruption. In the imagination of a young Cumbrian like Wordsworth, the world must have primarily represented itself not as a vast congregation or collected noise of men and women, but as a tract of far-stretching land blown on by the winds, gladdened by the sun, liable to the mists and storms, and moved over by far-scattered travellers.

Not even this reason, however, carries with it a complete explanation of the fact under notice. It is not found that the inhabitants of rural and pastoral districts are indifferent to the sensations that arise from fellowship and the observation of one another. There was as keen a sense of the different humours of men in Burns, and as strong a disposition to regale himself by coming in contact with them and reproducing them, as if he had been born in a great city, and compelled to penetrate through streets and suburbs before he could catch a glimpse of the undisguised countenance of nature laid out in fields and meadows.

And if there were materials enough in an Ayrshire life to develope and maintain a habit of sociability and continual human reference in Burns, surely Westmoreland with its villages and cottages contained bustle and oddity enough to do the like for Wordsworth. Deducting, therefore, whatever additional explanatory value may lie in the supposition that Wordsworth rendered his autobiography devoid of much personal allusion or social delineation from a deliberate desire to testify his greater appreciation of the influences of nature as assisting in the formation of a poet's mind, we must seek, it appears, whatever further amount of explanation is necessary in the constitutional peculiarity of his own genius and character.

On the whole, then, the impression we derive of Wordsworth's early character from his own description in the first two books of 'The Prelude,' is, that he was a boy full of animal health and vigour, delighting to be out of doors, and capable of facing any kind of wind or weather; endowed also with high imaginative power, with intellect, and with susceptibility of extreme pleasure from the contemplation of visible objects; but hard, somewhat stern in temperament, and cold in his demeanour. We know not how it is, but we fancy him to have had, as a boy, a strongly-featured face of stony whiteness, rarely relaxing into a laugh, but relieved by soft and dreamy eyes. More confidently should we commit ourselves to the assertion that he was fond of cold weather, and especially of frosty clear nights. He was fond, he says himself, of the sun; even as a boy 'he loved the sun;' but whoever will read the whole of his descriptive poetry will certainly retain, with us, the impression, that the majority of his descriptions, or at least the majority of those that are evidently executed *con amore*, refer to the wintry or cold aspects of nature. The skating scene, and the passage already quoted wherein he describes his nocturnal visits to the hills in quest of snared woodcocks, are examples of what we mean. There is, it may be observed, a certain characteristic position or relation to external circumstances in which every man may be best conceived, just as for every man's portrait there may be selected by the painter an appropriate natural or artificial background; and one of the arts of the biographer is to suggest, with regard to the subject of his narrative, exactly that position or relation which is most suitable and representative. Thus a Boswell is best conceived leaning over the back of Johnson's chair; a Mirabeau is imagined rampant in an excited assembly; one fancies a Tycho Brahe or a Herschel as a cloaked figure on the roof of an observatory at night; Columbus we think of as a man gazing anxiously from a ship's forecastle; and Balboa stands on a peak in Darien. Now

for Wordsworth, we should say that the most appropriate position with respect to external circumstances, would be that which should represent him either as a solitary figure pacing by the side of a lake by moonlight, or as seated half-way up a mountain in a starry night, with his eyes resting on the hollows below. In any case, as every one acquainted with his poetry must admit, the position in which he is represented must be one out of doors; not in a room or among books, but in the presence of an expanse of inanimate nature. Nor will it do to place him against a sunny, warm, or richly-coloured background, such as would befit the poet of a southern clime, with his olive face and lustrous black eyes. The scene must be one of English nature; clear, blue, and coldly sparkling; or with wet mists rolling in the distance, and rendering grey the outline of the hills. It was amid such scenes that Wordsworth spent his boyhood; and it was the peculiarity of his constitution to be more alive to the impressions thus received from forms and objects out of doors, than to those that are determined by human affinities and intercourse. There may have been among his young companions some who were otherwise constituted, and who, not insensible either to the healthy delights of the open air, whether in summer or in winter, were yet drawn by their more social, humour-loving tendencies, far more than he to the domestic fireside, and to whatever other spots the neighbourhood afforded convenient for the observation of men and manners. Had any of these become poets in after-life, and written autobiographies, we should have probably had among their juvenile reminiscences precisely such sketches of local incidents and notabilities as we miss in 'The Prelude;' while, with equal probability, their recollections of the impressions produced upon them by external forms and objects would have been more faint than those preserved by the harder and colder boy, who cared only to be out of doors, and did not want a companion in his roving.

There is a curious passage in the eighth book of the poem, in which Wordsworth gives exactly this view of his early habits and feelings. Talking of the interest he was at length induced, in later life, to take in human affairs and pursuits, he thus addresses Coleridge:

'Yet deem not, friend! that human kind with me
Thus early took a place pre-eminent;
Nature herself was, at this unripe time,
But secondary to my own pursuits
And animal activities, and all
Their trivial pleasures; and when these had drooped
And gradually expired, and Nature, prized

For her own sake, became my joy, even then—
 And upwards through late youth, until not less
 Than two-and-twenty summers had been told—
 Was man in my affections and regards
 Subordinate to her—her visible forms,
 And viewless agencies: a passion, she,
 A rapture often, and immediate love
 Ever at hand; he, only a delight
 Occasional, an accidental grace,
 His hour being not yet come.'

That is to say, the poet, according to his own recollections, was at first a hardy boy, constantly doing something or other out of doors, bent only on his own pursuits, and upon the whole indifferent to all besides, except that even then he would feel gleams as from the flashing of a shield, and hear nature speaking memorable things; gradually, however, as the boy began to merge in the youth, he became consciously and sentimentally a nature-worshipper, going forth deliberately to drink in the sensations of her beautiful presence, to exult in her more patent splendours, and to pursue her to her coy recesses; and not till youth had begun to advance into manhood, was there developed in him any keener or deeper care for human beings than was involved in the conception that they formed picturesque moving specks on the face of every landscape.

It would be an idle task to attempt any criticism of this course of mental development, with a view to ascertain whether upon the whole it is better for a man to begin life, as Wordsworth did, under the sole tuition of the sensuous impressions that are derived from the contemplation of inanimate nature, or whether, on the other hand, there may not be greater advantages, even with reference to the poetic calling, in a youth spent, like that of Coleridge or Goethe, amid the stir and roar of crowded life. Wordsworth, indeed, plainly indicates that he regarded his birth in a rural and thinly-peopled district as one of the blessings with which he had been peculiarly favoured. While his friend Coleridge, he says, yet a liveried schoolboy in the depths of a huge city, had to form his acquaintance with nature by gazing on the clouds from the leaden roof of Christ's Hospital, or by shutting his eyes and recalling in imagination the trees and meadows of his native place, it was *his* better fortune, from morn to night, and from January to December, to move as he listed over grass and heather, nature spontaneously painting her beauties upon his mind. And to this difference he traces much of the difference that afterwards appeared between them. Coleridge, 'debarred from nature's living images,' had to satisfy his noble longings by abstruse spe-

culations, and ideal forms shaped half out of words and half out of things; and hence, he thinks, much of that airy wretchedness that battered on his youth, and which might have been dispelled had they met earlier. In all this Wordsworth but expresses, after his own peculiar manner, his belief in the beneficial influence that familiar contemplation of the great permanent objects of nature is capable of exercising over the mind of man.

But, though, on the one hand, this must be fully admitted, and, on the other, it is quite impossible to arrive at any positive conclusion as to what course of tuition might be best suited in all cases to bring out a man's powers, it would certainly seem as if Wordsworth, mistaking his own genius for a type of the universal, and his own mental development for the best possible, had somewhat exaggerated the claims of a boyhood spent amid beautiful or grand scenes to be considered a prerequisite of the poet. Not to enter into the common historical argument on this subject, which consists in the statement that some of the greatest poets have been natives of cities, and that of the poets born in the country, some of the best have been born in districts nowise remarkable for their scenic effects, there is something in the philosophy of the case that Wordsworth's view seems to omit. For what is nature? Granting, as all deep speculation does, that the true training of a man should consist in a lifelong course of submission to the impressions that are derived from real forms and objects, and that when the mind is diseased and self-corroded, it will find a medicine of astonishing efficacy in the contemplation of the more sublime of these forms and objects, what, it may be asked, are the realities that constitute the wealth of nature, and which of them are the more sublime? Here, we think, Wordsworth commits a more subtle variety of that error which we observe in the procedure of many of our minor and younger poets. Many of these poets, determined probably in their tendencies by the example of Keats, and in part also by that of Tennyson, seem to regard nature as synonymous with vegetation; so that when they speak of the necessity of keeping close to nature, and observing nature, and copying nature, what they chiefly mean by nature is grass, trees, lichens, fuschias, roses, ferns, and water-lilies. Greenth and moisture predominate in their poetical descriptions. Now, though Wordsworth is certainly free from this excessive fondness for what may be called the botanical department of the real, his preference, as we have already said, being rather for the clear cold expanse, the far-stretching landscape, and the towering range of mountain; yet, he too, we think, has fallen into the error of narrowness in his definition, for the purposes of this particular theory, of what constitutes nature. If

nature does not consist exclusively of the botanical department of the real, neither does it consist of that larger region of things and appearances which is composed of the botanical department, with the geological and meteorological modifications superadded. If ferns, roses, and fuschias do not constitute nature; neither do stars, clouds, lakes, and hills. True we are accustomed, for distinction's sake, to apply the term nature to these great permanent forms of the visible universe, and there is no harm in such an appropriation of the word; but certainly it is not in this limited sense that the word can be truly used in the proposition that his education has been the best who has come most into contact with the realities and grandeurs of nature. That a man should all his life, or even during his whole youth, be debarred from the enjoyment of those sensuous impressions which are procured by residence amid scenes of natural beauty, would, we fully believe, be an irreparable misfortune. As a young man treads the heath, or stretches himself on a green spot by the side of a spring of water, or regards the trunk of a blasted oak, or listens, seated on a rock, to the swingeing of the sea-waves, there is, we believe, some actual process of electric interchange going on between him and the external world of matter, developing in him, differently on each particular occasion, those spiritual results and arrangements which we call exultation, repose, fear, melancholy. To lose, therefore, the opportunity of receiving such images would be to lose not only the images themselves, but also the sum-total of those mental modifications that would have been effected by the presence of the objects. But, on the other hand, there is an education also in intimacy with the human world. As the sight of a blasted tree in a lonely place produces a sensation of fear, so—and probably, if our physiological science could go deep enough, by exactly the same kind of reciprocal process—does the perception of some object of social terror; and as it would be a misfortune to lose the opportunity of having sensations of the one class, it would necessarily also be a great misfortune to be shut out from those of the other. Perhaps even the misfortune might be greater in the second instance; for who shall estimate the amount of culture, suitable even for a poetic disposition, involved in the expressly social experience peculiar to cities? The inhabitants of cities and those of rural districts are probably, on the whole, equally matched as regards their opportunities for even a poetic familiarity with the entire constitution of nature. The denizens of cities are necessarily less acquainted with the varying appearances and minuter traits of the face of the solid earth: but they also have certain noble aspects of the inanimate world always with them—trees, seen it may be, only in a park;

the sky, visible it may be but in glimpses beyond the chimneys; the stars overhead when the streets are deserted at midnight: and then, in that denser relationship in which they exist with respect to each other, and in the more arduous and wearing play of their desires, griefs, and sympathies, they have a cultivation that teaches them, we would even say, a deeper use of the eye, when it does have the chance of sweeping a rural horizon. The natives of the country, on the other hand, have the advantage of a more intimate knowledge of the earth as it appeared to the primeval gaze; they have, moreover, their own share of the social cares and emotions—the relationships of son and father, of husband and wife, of master and servant, with all that these imply; but, upon the whole, their acquaintance with the intricacies of social feeling falls as far short of that possessed by the dwellers in towns, as the acquaintance of the latter with the minutiae of the rural landscape falls short of theirs.

Here, of course, as in other such cases, both are best. He is the most cultured man whose life has taught him to see with proportionate interest the whole range of nature's phenomena, from the war or revolution, down to the butterfly or the violet. And that is the best course of training which confers this power, and gives a man the proper opportunity, administered at the proper time in the career of his development, and prolonged to the proper extent, for deriving the full impression from all kinds of spectacles. Whether, however, one should begin with the social and end with the inanimate, or begin with the inanimate and end with the social, or what arrangement would be best for blending the opportunity of the two, are questions more curious than practical. In all such cases, the main element to be known is the organic nature of the individual. For a man constituted as Wordsworth was, his course of education may have been the best. With regard to him, a Cumberland birth, a Westmoreland school-time, and a youth abandoned to the sensuous impressions of external beauty, with hardly a thought of social reference to intervene, may have been the most suitable arrangement of the great schoolmistress of poets. But very possibly he may err when, as in this autobiographical narrative, his gratitude for the favours shown himself takes the dogmatic form of regret that the same favours are not shown to others. Nature is a judicious schoolmistress; and there may have been companions of the boy Wordsworth, who, though they were seated in the same school with him, were receiving, and even for a similar ultimate purpose, a different series of lessons.

It would illustrate all this if the reader would mentally compare the course of early experience gone through by Goethe, and

recorded by him in the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, with that gone through by Wordsworth as recorded in 'The Prelude.' The training of young Goethe was, as it were, a working outward through the whole dense element of Frankfort life towards the open country that lay beyond the city walls. The little incidents of his father's house, the peculiarities of the visitors to it, the sights and sounds of the neighbouring streets, the humours of the markets, the performances at the theatre, the squalor of the suburbs—all were involved and converted into poetic material in the ever-widening circle of the poet's propensity for observation. Not till late boyhood did his range extend to the distant fields and woods of his native Germany; and not till tolerably advanced youth, or almost exactly at that period of life when Wordsworth was beginning to take an interest in the dealings of men, was he permitted to become a tourist among Swiss and Italian scenes. In this respect, therefore, Goethe and Wordsworth pursued routes almost the reverse of each other. Yet no one will deny that Goethe was a poet too, and that his culture was suitable to his genius. Constitutionally, the two men were extremely unlike. Goethe, by far the greater and more complex nature, was a young man of exuberant mirth, of indefatigable kindliness and sociability, and of such impetuous ardour in all he did and said, that no one could resist him. 'He came upon you,' was the vivid description of one who remembered him in his youth, 'like a wolf in the night.' Far different was Wordsworth. Cold, hard, and, as he says himself, somewhat stern in temperament, though highly dreamy and imaginative, he had from the first more of the moralist in him than Goethe. His intellectual range was narrower, and his whole character more lean and meagre. Of humour, or that genial impulsiveness which makes a young man companionable, he seems to have had next to none. Hence a much simpler course of education sufficed for the full development of his nature, than was required for bringing to maturity the genius of the German poet. Nay, were we to change the comparison, and instead of contrasting Wordsworth with Goethe, contrast him, according to his own suggestion, with Coleridge, the same remarks would still hold true. That Coleridge should have had his first boyish glimpses of Nature from the leaden roof of Christ's Hospital, instead of from the foot of Skiddaw, was probably, with accurate reference to all his powers and peculiarities, a just arrangement rather than a misfortune. Certainly, at least if we examine into the perfected result of Coleridge's life, we shall find differences to his credit, traceable, as we may think, to the moments on the leaden roof. In short, seeing that everybody cannot be born

at Cocker mouth and educated at Hawkeshead, it is comfortable to know that this is not necessary.

This disquisition, though suggested by the tenor of the first two books of 'The Prelude,' really carries us far through the poem. For, if there be one proposition in which, more than in another, Wordsworth seeks throughout the poem to concentrate what he conceives to be note-worthy in his biography, it is the proposition that he was educated expressly and immediately by nature. It is true he was also educated at Cambridge; and no less than four books of the autobiography are devoted to the period of his life during which he was connected with that university. But even these books mainly consist of regrets at being obliged to leave his native regions, and of expositions how it was that, even under such new circumstances, the spirit of his early life still pursued him, and nature continued still to teach him. One of the books, indeed, is occupied by an account of his first summer-vacation, when he revisited the district of his affections.

St. John's College had the honour of enrolling Wordsworth among its students. He was in his eighteenth year when he entered; and (the fact is trivial, but he mentions it himself) still beardless. His chambers were in an obscure nook in the first court, right over the college kitchens, close to the clock of Trinity, and opposite the antechapel containing the statue of Newton. Here he remained, in all, three winters (1786-89), going through the usual college routine. He was, he says, a very idle student. Except that he began to take an interest in geometry, and even this rather of a poetical kind than to an academic extent or for academic motives, he paid no attention to the technical instructions of the place. His time was spent in moderate participation in the gaieties of college life, in desultory reading, and in walks about the college cloisters, or out into the neighbourhood of Cambridge. About this time, too, his poetic tendency began to develop itself. Even before leaving school he had been guilty of verses; but now his aspirations towards the poetic calling began to assume a determinate form: and often, when walking out into the fields, he would still any compunctions he had on the score of his neglect of academic opportunities, by assuring himself that he was not made for that place, and that the proper channel for his thoughts was not that prescribed by the college curriculum. And here again his confidence in the genuine and high nature of his own instinctive tendencies induces him to pronounce generally wrong that which he himself found unsuitable. We do not know that any of the advocates of university reform have represented the real educational value of

Cambridge, as it is now constituted, more humbly than Wordsworth. The third book of 'The Prelude' is as cold a tribute as ever was paid by a Cambridge man to the scene of his academic residence. The common popular phrase, 'Thank you for nothing,' is almost complimentary, as compared with the language in which Wordsworth there addresses his *alma mater*. That he became what he was, not by any deliberate or intentional aid of hers, but rather in spite of her, and by the blessing of nature on his own independent efforts and tendencies, is the substance of what he says with reference to his own obligations to her; and this he follows up by some as harsh hints to college-authorities, as ever came from the pen of a Johnian. For example—

' I did not love,
Judging not ill, perhaps, the timid course
Of our scholastic studies; could have wished
To see the river flow with ampler range
And freer pace.'

And again—

' Be wise,
Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the spirit
Of ancient times revive, and youth be trained
At home in pious service, to your bells
Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound
Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air;
And your officious doings bring disgrace
On the plain steeples of our English Church,
Whose worship, 'mid remotest village trees,
Suffers for this. Even science, too, at hand
In daily sight of this irreverence,
Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,
Loses her just authority, falls beneath
Collateral suspicion, else unknown.'

Now, although every liberal person must sympathise with this, and rejoice to have such a testimony as that of Wordsworth on the side of common sense and progressive thought, one cannot help carrying away from Wordsworth's allusions to the time of his college life, something of the same impression that was produced by his omission, in his descriptions of his boyhood, of all recollections of his companions and teachers. Defective, and in some respects vicious, as the course of university discipline in his time may have been, one fancies that a more genial nature would have found rich matter of reminiscence even there, so as still to retain something of that pleasing and proper enthusiasm with which educated men are expected to look back on their academic

years. Here, again, we cannot but suppose that the subject as well as the element was at fault. A Coleridge could find noble nutriment for his intellect, even in that track of studies which Wordsworth, his predecessor at the university but by a year or two, walked listlessly through; and a great and genial Goethe, carrying within him heat enough to consume whatever came in his way, could turn to genuine poetical account even his technical studies at Leipsic and Strasbourg. Had Wordsworth been compelled to a course of laborious study while at Cambridge, had he, instead of reading only Cervantes and books of poetry, been accustomed also to devote part of his time to the acquisition of such scientific knowledge as was attainable, we do not know that his genius would have suffered in consequence. For, as nature means neither exclusively grass, trees, and water-lilies—nor exclusively these with hills, sky, and lakes superadded, neither does it mean all this with the mere super-position of social habits and humours: it means also, if rightly understood, forms of thought, scientific modes, and tissues, even fallacious, of human ratiocination. In all this also there is material and training for the poet; if only, as was before observed, there be maintained the due order and the due proportion. We demur, therefore, to the universality of Wordsworth's remarks with respect to books and technical education, equally as we demur to the universality of his remarks with respect to early acquaintance with the rural forms of nature. His protest against the mere cramming or useful knowledge system, and his vindication of the old nursery literature of giants and fairies, are indeed admirable; but it is necessary to remember that they were written nearly fifty years ago, to save them from the imputation of being somewhat behindhand and commonplace. As there has been a cant for what is called Useful Knowledge, so there may be an opposite cant directed against what is formal and technical; and we are not sure but that certain portions of this poem of Wordsworth may help to encourage it. But woe to Poesy when she ceases to keep virtual wing by the side of all science!

That Wordsworth derived no benefit from his residence at Cambridge, he does not exactly say. On the contrary, he believes that it fulfilled a necessary part of that transition of his mind onward from interest in the inanimate to interest in the social, which formed the peculiarity of his early history. Thus:—

‘Sure it is,
That this first transit from the smooth delights
And wild outlandish walks of simple youth,
To something that resembles an approach

Towards human business, to a privileged world
 Within a world, a midway residence
 With all its intervenient imagery,
 Did better suit my visionary mind,
 Far better than to have been bolted forth,
 Thrust out abruptly into Fortune's way
 Among the conflicts of substantial life;
 By a more just gradation did lead on
 To higher things; more naturally matured,
 For permanent possession, better fruits,
 Whether of truth or virtue, to ensue.'

That is to say, there began to be developed in Wordsworth, during his residence at Cambridge, a feeling of interest to which he had before been a stranger in the social ways and humours of men. He began, he says, sometimes in serious mood, but oftener with playful zest of fancy, to note the manners of the various notabilities about the university, and especially of the grave elders, 'men unscoured, and grotesque in character,' who, like aged trees, permitted any kind of seed to grow upon their trunks. Among his reminiscences, accordingly, of his academic days, were many of that kind of which his earlier memory of his school-time seems to have been destitute; and often, he says, in his subsequent walks among the mountains, would such reminiscences of old college worthies occur to him and provoke him to a private smile. Altogether, therefore, his residence at Cambridge brought him into closer sympathy with men and their ways. Not that, as a young man, he abandoned himself to the influence of questionable academic temptations. As far as we can interpret the various allusions to his moral conduct that are scattered through this and other parts of the poem, they seem to claim for him a reputation for unblemished purity. To one sin, in the course of his career at college, he indeed confesses—his having, on one occasion, the first and last occasion of the kind in his whole life, drunk too much. It was at a party in the chambers of a fellow-student, in the very room that had been honoured by the residence of Milton. Pouring out, he says, libations to the poet's memory, pride and gratitude made him dizzy; and quitting the party, he ran through a length of streets, and gaining the chapel door, long after the bell had stopped ringing, marched, shouldering up his surplice, through the aisle, crowded with burghers. Seeing that Wordsworth was doomed to be tipsy once in his life, one could hardly wish it to have been on another occasion.

When Wordsworth quitted the university, in 1789, he was not quite twenty years old. A little picture he gives us of one of his habits during the first summer vacation he spent at home,

supplies us, we think, with the best conception of him at this period of his life. At this time, he says, he had for his companion a rough Scotch terrier, which, as he walked out in his poetic fits, composing verses, would attend him obsequiously, though evidently tired of his dilatoriness. In the evenings, as he would saunter out, muttering to himself in the public way, the animal would trot on before.

'Such was his custom; but whene'er he met
A passenger approaching, he would turn
To give me timely notice; and straightway,
Grateful for that admonishment, I hushed
My voice, composed my gait, and, with the air
And mien of one whose thoughts are free, advanced
To give and take a greeting that might save
My name from piteous rumours, such as wait
On men suspected to be crazed in brain.'

Taking this as our picture of Wordsworth as he was about the time when he quitted college, we have now to follow him in his first entry into the great world. During his various vacations, he says, he had made excursions to different parts of England and Wales; and the last of them he devoted, with a college friend, to a pedestrian tour to the Alps. It was a year memorable in the annals of the world. The French Revolution had just broken out; the very day on which the two tourists landed at Calais was the eve of the assembly of the States-General; and all along their route through the rural districts of France they saw evidences of gladness and hope. This sight of a whole nation in a state of expectancy and excitement could not but affect him, and turn the current of his thoughts more decidedly towards the concerns of human beings in the mass; still, he says, he moved through it all without feeling very intimately interested. The picturesque scenes of inanimate nature he passed through interested him more.

But what neither his residence at Cambridge, nor his first tour on the Continent, could effect, was effected by his residence in London; whither, without having any determinate object in view, but merely that he might look about him, he had fortunately resolved to remove after laying aside the gown. Feelings new to him were now developed; and from the time when, on the top of an itinerant vehicle, he entered the noisy precincts of the capital, the social spirit seized him, and worked in him. Till then, he says, so little had the affairs of mankind in their corporate capacity interested him, that not even among his acquisitions as a student and a reader, could he count any familiar

acquaintance with the history of his own land. But now that, as an atom among busy myriads, he explored the vast metropolis that was the fount of the destiny of his own country and of that of the world, at once the chronicle and burial-place of human passions, the general sentiment of patriotism and activity began to steal over him. The motley images of metropolitan life; the pictures of streets, of crowded city-churches, of moving streams of men in various costumes, of long rows of lamps, of bustling wharves, of shop-windows gaudy with brilliant merchandize, of bridges laden with passengers, of crippled beggars lining the pavements, and of flaunting women Cyprian in gait and dress—all these now painted themselves on the surface of a mind practised heretofore in receiving images only of inanimate nature; pictures of green fields, of lone sheep-walks, of hill-embosomed lakes, and of cottage-studded landscapes. Daily, too, as, leaving his quiet lodging, he traversed quarter after quarter of the great city, now visiting the tracks of aristocratic pleasure, now the haunts of squalid misery, now bending his way of a morning to a fashionable church, now of an evening to a popular theatre, now going to Bartholomew Fair to see mountebanks grimace, now to the House of Commons to hear Burke speak, his insight into the ways of men, and his appreciation of their endless oddities and humours, would become larger and deeper. And thus at last, although 'the strong infection of the age was never much his habit,' the stiff support of his natural coldness was bent and enfeebled, and he also was borne along in the vortex of current things. Such at least we take to be the meaning of the seventh and eighth books of the poem, the one entitled 'Residence in London,' the other 'Retrospect.' In the former, which is perhaps as minute a daguerreotype of the external aspect of modern London as is to be found in the range of modern verse, the poet, as it were, but enumerates his London reminiscences; in the latter, he philosophizes on the biographic import of this period of his life. Indeed, this eighth book, 'The Retrospect,' with its sub-title, 'Love of Nature leading to Love of Man,' is to be regarded as the key to the signification of the whole poem. Take the concluding passage, in which, while, acknowledging the great development of the social sentiment worked in him by his residence in London, he still avers that nature possessed his heart.

' Thus from a very early age, O friend!
 My thoughts by slow gradations had been drawn
 To human-kind, and to the good and ill
 Of human life: Nature had led me on,
 And oft amid the ' busy hum ' I seemed

To travel independent of her help,
 As if I had forgotten her ; but no,
 The world of human-kind outweighed not hers
 In my habitual thoughts ; the scale of love,
 Though filling daily, still was light, compared
 With that in which *her* mighty objects lay.'

But one great stage in the growth of the poet's mind still remained to be gone through, ere it could be determined which of the scales should ultimately be the heavier. So vast was the additional weight that was to be thrown during this critical portion, of his career into 'the scale of love,' that for a while the balance was to tremble, and it was to remain in doubt whether, in Wordsworth, the child of Cumbria, the nursling of Cambridge, the dreamy mutterer of verses by the wayside, the world was to have, on the one hand, a poet, or, on the other, a social revolutionist and man of the people.

This important crisis in the life of Wordsworth forms the subject of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh books of the Autobiography; and now that we have them before us, it is not difficult to understand what it was that prevented the poet from publishing 'The Prelude' in his life-time, and induced him rather to bequeath it as his literary legacy. For the tenour of these books is nothing less than this, that Wordsworth was at one time of his life a vehement democrat, an enthusiastic partizan of revolutionary France against all the rest of the world, England included; nay more, that during his whole life he retained the substance of the conclusions he had then come to, and continued to cherish forms of thought with respect to the possible career of men in society, which, though by no means inconsistent with even the purest conventional loyalty, were yet strange pieces of furniture to be found in the soul of a laureate. The chief novelty of 'the Prelude' lies, therefore, in these three books.

Their story is very simple. After residing for about a year in London, Wordsworth left it with less regret for all its luxurious pomp than for the humble book-stalls that had often beguiled him in its streets, and went to live for a time in France. The place he had chosen for his abode was a pleasant town on the Loire, but in his way he passed through Paris, still strewn with the fresh relics of the revolutionary storm. He visited all the spots of old or recent fame—the suburbs of St. Antoine, the Field of Mars, the Jacobins Club, the site of the Bastille. Still his enthusiasm was somewhat forced; he affected more emotion than he felt. But when he reached the place of his sojourn, and began to mingle with its citizens, his indifference gradually gave way. At first his chief associates were among what was called

the good society of the place, and especially among a band of military officers quartered in the town, all of whom, except one, were concealed Royalists, chafing at the course of public events, and preparing to emigrate as soon as they could do so with safety. Even thus early, however, his sympathies were with the cause of the people; and with the freedom granted to a stranger and an Englishman, he used to express his opinions to his dissident companions. But as, withdrawing from the exclusive circles, he mixed more largely with the noisier world, his enthusiasm became more vehement, and, heart and soul, he joined himself to the patriots. This, he says, was not wonderful. Born in a poor district, which retained more of ancient homeliness of manners than any other nook of English ground, it had been his fortune almost never throughout his childhood to have seen the face of one, whether man or boy, that was invested with any title to respect on account either of wealth or pedigree; nor was the sentiment of equality thus implanted in him likely to be subverted by the training of a university essentially republican as regarded its rules and customs. This very circumstance, he hints, may have postponed his interest in politics; but when that interest was aroused it filled his soul like a passion. Accordingly, during his residence on the Loire, he and the exceptional officer above alluded to became firm friends. They walked together daily, exchanged their thoughts and sentiments, and mutually rejoiced in the golden promise of the hour when a gallant nation seemed to have unshackled itself for ever from the unjust rule of kings and nobles, and its poorest artisans were starting up as heroes.

Nor was Wordsworth's enthusiasm stinted and temporary, like that of Burke; it kept pace with the movement, and grew from hour to hour. So deep and so serious did it become, that he had at length wellnigh resolved to associate his fortunes permanently with those of the revolutionists. For, returning to Paris just after the overthrow and imprisonment of the king, and when foreign invasion was threatening to crush Liberty on its own soil, his mind became full of the thought that this was the crisis of the revolution, the moment on the management of which by the leaders in the metropolis all depended. And the danger of bad guidance seemed imminent. Robespierre, and, with him, a crew of others in whose methods and principles he, as a man of pious and pure soul, could have no confidence, were stepping towards the vacant place of supremacy. The omen was fearful, and he grieved for France. Oh! he thought, that once more the gift of tongues might descend upon all men, that power might arrive from the four winds of heaven, enabling France to do what with-

out help she could not do! And from thought there was but a step to action :

' An insignificant stranger and obscure,
And one, moreover, little graced with power
Of eloquence even in my native speech,
And all unfit for tumult or intrigue,
Yet would I at this time, with willing heart
Have undertaken, for a cause so great,
Service however dangerous. I revolved,
How much the destiny of Man had still
Hung upon single persons; that there was,
Transcendent to all local patrimony,
One nature, as there is one sun in heaven ;
That objects, even as they are great, thereby
Do come within the reach of humblest eyes ;
That man is only weak through his mistrust
And want of hope where evidence divine
Proclaims to him that hope should be most sure ;
Nor did the inexperience of my youth
Preclude conviction, that a spirit strong
In hope, and trained to noble aspirations,
A spirit thoroughly faithful to itself,
Is for society's unreasoning herd
A domineering instinct.'

What will our English friends say to this? Wordsworth, it appears, the Poet Laureate of England, was once very near becoming an Anacharsis Clootz, and dying on a scaffold among the victims of Robespierre. Nay, to make a contrary supposition, who knows what might have been the value to change the course of history, in a soul so pure as his, poured like a tributary into the revolutionary stream? What questions one might go on to ask! Had Wordsworth carried his dream into effect, would Robespierre have gone on to be precisely the man he was? Might there not have been an arrest for his course in the very fact that this young Englishman was there to watch him? And, more daring supposition still, may it not have been a *sine quâ non* for the future elevation to power of a certain bronze-faced young Corsican then in Paris, that this white-skinned Englishman, his junior by half a year, should be sent home to his native hills?

Wordsworth's estimate of the probable consequences of the step he meditated, is modest enough. Doubtless, he says, he should have made common cause with some that perished; and then haply he too had perished, a mistaken and bewildered offering, and gone back to the breast of nature with all his hopes and resolutions, a poet only to himself. But Providence was kind. At

the very moment when his thoughts were about to take the form of act, a chain of harsh necessity, as it appeared at the time, drew him back to England, and out of the way of the guillotine.

But he carried his thought along with him. When he landed in England, he found the Negro Question uppermost in men's minds; and viewing this fact in the light of his general aspirations, it appeared to him like a waste of pains to be bestowing so much attention on this one rotten branch of human shame, when, if France prospered, the parent tree would fall, and the branch with it. But a greater surprise was to come: Britain declared war against France.

‘ In arms,
 Britain put forth her free-born strength in league,
 Oh, pity and shame! with those confederate Powers!—
 Not in my single self alone I found,
 But in the minds of all ingenuous youth,
 Change and subversion from that hour. No shock
 Given to my moral nature had I known
 Down to that very moment; neither lapse
 Nor turn of sentiment that might be named
 A revolution, save at this one time;
 All else was progress on the self-same path
 On which, with a diversity of pace,
 I had been travelling: this a stride at once
 Into another region. As a light
 And pliant harebell, swinging in the breeze
 On some grey rock—its birth-place—so had I
 Wantoned, fast rooted on the ancient tower
 Of my beloved country, wishing not
 A happier fortune than to wither there:
 Now was I from that pleasant station torn
 And tossed about in whirlwind. I rejoiced,
 Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to record!—
 Exulted, in the triumph of my soul,
 When Englishmen by thousands were o’erthrown,
 Left without glory on the field, or driven,
 Brave hearts! to shameful flight. It was a grief,—
 Grief call it not, ’twas anything but that,—
 A conflict of sensations without name,
 Of which *he* only, who may love the sight
 Of a village steeple, as I do, can judge,
 When, in the congregation, bending all
 To their great Father, prayers were offered up,
 Or praises for our country’s victories;
 And, ’mid the simple worshippers, perchance,
 I only, like an uninvited guest
 Whom no one owned, sate silent; shall I add,
 Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come ’

Day and night, he says, his soul was troubled; so that, even years after the revolution was over, his sleep would continue to be harassed with dreams relating to it. In short, there is no language too strong and literal to express the depth of that agitation into which Wordsworth was plunged by the French Revolution, or the intensity of that anxiety with which, from his abiding place in England, he watched its progress and consummation. When the herculean commonwealth, putting forth her arms, 'throttled with an infant godhead's might, the snakes about her cradle,' he rejoiced; but when, not satisfied with self-defence, she aimed at conquest, he feared. And all through, till the fall of Robespierre, and even beyond, he continued to regard her doings with unabated interest. His appreciation of her character and spirit became, indeed, calmer, juster, and wiser; but to the last hour he retained, nay, and vowed never to part with, the noble aspiration she had taught him after a time when man might build social upon personal liberty.

This terrible interruption in the calm career of Wordsworth's mind, fulfilled, he says, a glorious purpose. It accomplished, as it were, the last step of that long gradation by which, from exclusive interest in the inanimate, he had been gradually led on to interest in the social and historical. But it left him perplexed, wearied, and disorganized; and yet another stage of his life had to be gone through before he could feel himself lord of his own genius, and fit to enter with ease and cheerfulness on the pursuit of his calling as a poet. This last epoch in the history of his mental growth he describes in the three concluding books of the poem, and especially in the two entitled 'Imagination and Taste, how impaired and restored.'

It ought to be mentioned that Wordsworth's first appearance before the public as a poet, took place in 1793, shortly after his return from France, and when he was in the twenty-fourth year of his age. In that year he published two poems, entitled respectively 'An Evening Walk, addressed to a Young Lady,' and 'Descriptive Sketches taken during a Pedestrian Tour among the Alps.' The former poem had been composed during his residence at Cambridge; the other in 1791-92, during his stay in France. Both poems were somewhat slight in their texture, and, according to a criticism which Wordsworth himself seems to pronounce upon them, too exclusively renderings of what may be called the merely visual impressions of Nature. Still, however, they were genuine; and though, by his subsequent experiences, his whole mind had been made deeper and stronger, there remained, as it were, a gulf of separation between the eminence on which he had stood when he wrote them, and that more towering peak of poesy which he was struggling to attain. As yet he

walked down in the gulf, the lesser eminence certainly behind him, but the higher slope still to be climbed. His intellect was richer and larger, his heart was more sympathetic and expansive ; but the general habit of his soul was for the moment lowered and perturbed.

But O, the sanative power that lies in the breast of Nature ! As, quitting, after the first shock of his moral discouragement was over, the din and confusion of London, he sought once more his old delights, and now among the mountains of Wales, now among the scenes of his boyhood and youth, renewed his old intimacy with the face of the joyous earth, a calm long strange to him would steal in through his senses, penetrating the crust of worldly thoughts, and diffusing itself, like a balsam, through his heart and veins. Again the presence of inanimate beauty asserted its influence over him ; the hills, the clouds, the lakes became his consolers and his friends. The sight, too, of the humble homes and villages of rural England wrought a change over his spirit ; teaching him to detach his thoughts from the great and the historical, and to look with love on the unassuming things whose station is silent in this beauteous world. From that hour his resolution was taken. Leaving high and bookish themes, and writing, not as those who seek their rewards from the judgments of the wealthy few, but as a man dealing with the actual in all its breadth and intricacy, his aim should be to be a poet of real life, a describer of the humble joys and sorrows, the genuine thoughts and emotions, of the men of his native land. Nor was this resolution without its justification even in the light of his recent aspirations and theories. For,

‘ Having thus discerned how dire a thing
Is worshipped in that idol proudly called
‘ The Wealth of Nations,’ *where* alone that wealth
Is lodged, and how increased ; and having gained
A more judicious knowledge of the worth
And dignity of individual man,
No composition of the brain, but man
Of whom we read—the man whom we behold
With our own eyes—I could not but inquire—
Not with less interest than heretofore,
But greater, though in spirit more subdued—
Why is this glorious creature to be found
One only in ten thousand ? What one is,
Why may not millions be ? What bars are thrown
By Nature in the way of such a life ?
Our animal appetites and daily wants,
Are these obstructions unsurmountable ?
If not, then others vanish into air.’

Other influences, however, were to assist in restoring Wordsworth to mental peace and self-possession, and among these the most important were the companionship of his sister, and the society of his friend Coleridge. To both these influences he pays a just and grateful tribute in the 'Conclusion' of his poem. To his sister, he says, he had been, from the first, indebted for the softening of much that was unduly austere in his natural temper: it was she that had planted a soul otherwise too reckless of mild grace, and which, but for her, would have stood like a naked rock under the stars, with flowers that could cling to its crevices, and shrubs that might twinkle in the passing breeze. And, renewing her ministrations to him at a time when his mind had suffered its severest shock, and when Nature had for awhile fallen back into the second place in his affections, it was this gentle being that taught him once more to behold the world without discomfort, by walking before him like a preparing breath of spring and pre-endowing with beauty the things he was to see. Not less momentous, though different in character, was the influence of Coleridge. Following Wordsworth at Cambridge, Coleridge had been among the earliest admirers of his juvenile poems; but it was not till 1796, and when Wordsworth had already been in England for a year or two after his return from France, that the two poets became personally acquainted. Then, however, a close and lasting friendship was formed between them; and, if Wordsworth, as the elder and sterner, was able to exercise a beneficial power over his new and less prudent companion, the benefit was amply repaid by the wealth of thought and feeling that was thrown open to him in that companion's conversation. It was in the society, he says, of 'this capacious soul' that fear first relaxed her overweening grasp upon his mind; that thoughts and things learned to take more rational proportions in the exercises of his self-haunting spirit; and that mystery, the incumbent mystery of sense and soul, of life and death, of time and eternity, admitted more habitually a mild interposition, as by a kind of gauzy translucence, into all that he conceived or said.

Thus was Wordsworth, at the age of twenty-seven, restored, as he himself believed, to that frame and habit of mind in which it was the intention of nature that he should finally remain. His apprenticeship was now over, his time of error and search was past, his theories were duly made up and considered; and nothing now remained for him but to be faithful to himself, and to pursue, for the rest of his life without distraction, his predestined course as a poet. The first announcement, so to speak, of this conviction on his part, was his publication in 1798, conjointly with Coleridge, of the 'Lyrical Ballads;' poems in which, far more

clearly than in those he had previously given to the world, the specific bent of his genius, and the nature of his opinions with respect to the poetic art, were stated and indicated. But to complete the external adjustment of his life, according to his ideal of what it should be, one additional step was necessary—the removal, namely, of his place of residence to his native country of the lakes. For, among the theories he had been led to form was this, that the appropriate and intended residence of every man, and, at all events, of every poet, is that spot of earth with which his birth and his early associations have connected him; and that not to be able to carry out this arrangement, and much more not to be able permanently and domestically to connect oneself with some special tract of natural scenery or other, is so far a damage and inconvenience. Fortunately, in his own case, the means of satisfying his theory were not wanting. A youth named Calvert, admiring Wordsworth's genius, but foreseeing that it would not lead him to wealth, had, with a generous sagacity too uncommon, secured his worldly independence by a bequest sufficient at least to enable him to pursue, without fear of want, his poetical inclinations. "Himself no poet," says Wordsworth,

'He cleared a passage for me, and the stream
Flowed in the bent of Nature.'

A noble action, the result of which, as England now knows, was a life of the most pure and assiduous devotion to one of the highest of human callings! At the age of twenty-nine Wordsworth removed with his sister to his native lakes; and there, a stately and honoured recluse, knowing his own worth, and somewhat *naïf*, as his visitors thought, in talking of it, he lived on till death took him.

Regarding the work before us, we have first to say that it is not so much a complete autobiography of the poet up to his thirtieth year, as a theoretic retrospect of what the poet himself considered significant in that portion of his life. That he was born amid scenes of natural beauty; that as soon as the mere sense of animal activity was subdued in him, all his affections were bestowed on inanimate nature, to the exclusion, for the greater part, of any interest in human beings or their affairs; that thence by a long course of training he was led on, and as it were violently compelled to feel the force of the social sentiment; but that still Nature was his goddess, and that ultimately she regained her sway over him, and made him the poet he was—such, in substance, is the autobiographic view which 'the Prelude, was written to illustrate. And here again, keeping up the instructive contrast between Goethe and Wordsworth, one sees

the difference between the two poets. Goethe, the larger and more complex nature, writes an autobiography full of facts, incidents, sketches, episodes; advancing, openly at least, no theory of the course of his genius, but artistically evoking out of his past life the most beautiful and sweet of its multitudinous recollections. Wordsworth, a poet too, but of a mind more meagre and didactic, first stretches as it were a line of bare autobiographic theory along the period he means to traverse, and then hangs upon it a few reminiscences that shall be ornamental and illustrative. And among these reminiscences, it will have been remarked with curiosity, there is hardly one of the species usually deemed more important than any other in the retrospect of a man's life, and so amply done justice to by Goethe in *his* autobiographic narrative. Gretchen, Rica, Lilli—what reader of the '*Dichtung und Wahrheit*' can ever forget these dead German maidens, or their influence on the life of Goethe? But not one such love-experience of our English author is there recorded in 'the Prelude.' Twice, indeed, there is an allusion in the poem to her who was to become the poet's wife; but the allusion is in both cases the slightest possible; and, whether studiously or otherwise, it would appear as if the poet had not thought it necessary to represent himself in any part of the poem in the character of a passionate lover. This also we hold to be in the highest degree characteristic; and were the topic quite an open one, more might be said upon it.

'The Prelude,' we will venture to say, ought, like the '*Dichtung und Wahrheit*,' to have been written in prose. It is true there are many passages of fine poetry in the volume, which, on account of the necessary restrictions of prose, we should in that case have been obliged to dispense with; but, on the other hand, we should necessarily have had then a more rich and perfect autobiography of the poet than the work as it is can be said to furnish. That Wordsworth should have made such an attempt in verse at all, is to be regarded as a consequence of his peculiar theory of poetic diction, and as a proof how thoroughly he believed in that theory. According to that theory, large portions of the poem which, from another point of view, would appear decidedly cold and prosaic, are strictly and sufficiently poetical. Still even Wordsworth himself, with all his faith in the title of verse to be made a vehicle even for the most ordinary circumstances and statements, might have seen that, by preferring the element of prose, he could have been more anecdotic, interesting, and communicative. The omission of the word Cockermouth throughout the poem, notwithstanding that that was the name of the poet's birthplace, is but one instance out of many that might

be given of the difficulty that the poet, with all the aid of his theory to back him, must have felt in performing his task in metre.

After all, however, 'the Prelude' is a sterling book, worthy of the reputation of its author, and of a place among the most remarkable poems in our language. It will stand, we believe, as a production *sui generis* in our literature, a memorial, executed by his own hands, egotistically perhaps, but still truly (and Wordsworth's very egotism is capable of a reverent interpretation), of the early life of a good and highly-gifted man. Passages might be extracted from it, illustrative of all the merits exhibited in such high measure by the other works of the author—of his large imaginative power; of his accurate eye for the varying aspects of nature; of his general intellectual vigour, and the extent even of his formal acquisitions; of the fine pensive cast of his spirit and the pure and religious air of contemplation which he breathed; of his intimate acquaintance with the joys and sorrows of rural English life; of his manly love for all that is noble and stirring in English history; and of his admirable and exquisite mastery over the resources of the English tongue. In these respects 'the Prelude' is inferior, among the author's writings, only perhaps to 'the Excursion.'

POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE the appearance of our next number, a new session of Parliament will have begun. The recess has been distinguished by great calm,—a calm, as it seems, *not* the presage of a storm. And if a country's happiness is marked by the vacuity of its annals, we assuredly exhibit one strong symptom of public felicity.

Ireland, out of the rottenness of death, seems breeding fresh forms of national life. Based of middlemen, purged of beggar-landlords, strung to fresh vigour by such tonics as the Encumbered Estates Act, she seems, in spite of much weakness, like to begin a healthier life.

Scotland, with trade and manufactures mostly flourishing, zealous for improvement, impatient of a dry-nurse like the House of Commons, taking up none, or next to none, of the wearisome hours of debate which the sister country so pertinaciously and ceaselessly claims, is rising every year.

England, month by month, shaking off the incumbrances which have affected her monetary position, with a big loaf and a pocket even fuller than before, looks round for some new folly, and we are not without symptoms of a speculation, as it is mildly called, in the old line,—that of stocks and shares.

But party politics seem dead. We hardly hear 'the groans of the Britons,' and as for the British Lion, though at this time of the year it is as natural for him to utter roars as for a nightingale to sing in May, he is perversely and irrecoverably dumb. Mr. D'Israeli gave the cue, at the end of last session, by declaring that to tax for the benefit of a class was not Protection, but Plunder, and it has been followed by every one except Mr. Chowler. The fact is, that men will not quarrel with their bread-and-butter.

Still, the death of Sir Robert Peel cannot be without its effects. One of these we hold to be the resolving of the Peelite 'section' into its ultimate elements of Whig and Tory. Another will be the assumption of the reins of opposition by Lord Lincoln, so long as he remains a commoner, and by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. D'Israeli has been the clown outside the booth, grimacing and jesting to please the crowd. But when the play begins, he must needs give way to the real actors. Will he submit to this? Surely not.

Then what will be the measures of the next session? The Jew Bill stands first. This controversy must be set at rest, for no Tory Ministry could come in without Mr. Gladstone, to say nothing of 'Sidonia,' and both the one and the other are pledged on Jewish Emancipation.

Next comes the re-imposition of an Income Tax. And here we

think the Whig Government is in some danger. There are so many members who are convinced of the unfairness of the present mode of levying this impost, and so many pledged against an Income Tax in any shape, that the question cannot but cause great difficulty. But to re-model seems harder than to re-impose unaltered, and the loins of Sir Charles Wood are none of the strongest.

The East India Company's Charter expires in 1852; and next session will no doubt see the appointment of a committee, on whose report will rest the decision of the next year's Parliament; but it is not likely that much, if any discussion will arise on that subject in 1851. There will no doubt be the usual assortment of those measures which, like foreign dinner dishes, are only put on the table in order to be immediately taken off again. But we do not anticipate a serious fight on any of them.

Thus the session will probably run on. It comes at a period in the life of a Parliament when that body has gone far to forget the pledges of elections past, and has not yet begun to dread the retributions of the election to come. It is a middle-aged session, and on this account, as well as from more general causes, it is likely to be both unpolitical and uninteresting.

Two subjects there are that seem likely to force some wakefulness ere long on our political quietists—Socialism, and Ecclesiastical matters. The free-trade principle has worked its way into popularity; but, as commonly happens, it has not removed difficulty without creating it. Its principle is a truth, but it does not embrace all truth. If we mistake not, the feeling is becoming very prevalent, both high up and low down, that men may plead in a spirit as selfish and as cold-blooded for the principles of Cobden as for those of Malthus. And let it be remembered, that politicians without feeling are never far from being politicians without favour. Be sure of it, the suspicion is taking root, that if the Moloch of war has slain its thousands in the society of the past, the Moloch of competition may slay its tens of thousands in the society to come. We know it is easy to utter platitudes about what is amiss; not quite so easy to amend it, or to point out the way to amendment. Suffice it to say, we look for remedy in this case to society, more than to senates. We are not of those who narrow the province of government to all but nothing, and then blame it for not doing everything.

As to Ecclesiastical affairs, we think the older non-conformists are beginning to understand each other better. They have their differences—will have them; but they are learning to differ without being

divided. The proceedings of the last meeting of the Congregational Union may be appealed to in proof of this statement. The efforts made, from different points, to press the State-church question on the public attention, have not been without effect. The *idea* that a church may exist, be free, and great without aid from the civil power, —an idea which, twenty years since, never seemed to enter the mind of the English Episcopalian, *has* become familiar as a household word among our people. Evil may have come with the good; nevertheless, there is the good, and the good is not trivial. While we write, this idea is being proclaimed within the English Establishment by some of our most haughty churchmen; and we think it will be proclaimed louder yet, until the 'birthright' is actually preferred to the 'pottage.' The duty of Christian men is to bear witness to the Truth; it belongs to Providence to fructify it in its season. Our wish here may be stated in few words:—we covet not destruction for any church; but, simply, that condition for all churches that may be most conducive to the interests of the Christianity common to them all.

Romanism, indeed, seems disposed to test the patience of those who are not of it. In the doings of the Synod of Thurles, and in the person of the new archbishop of Westminster, Sacerdotalism has shown a front which may prove to have been more brazen than politic. To ourselves, there is no revelation in these proceedings. All this, and more than this, has ever been, and will ever be, in the system. History tells us, that of nature, it is tolerant only where it is weak, intolerant as it becomes strong. But it is pleasant to see that even our Whig politicians, whose maudlin liberalism has too long blinded them to what all men of their sort may lay their account with from that quarter, begin to suspect that the 'No-popery' people have had some wisdom in their madness. Strange, that gentlemen, who can see through a stone wall when it suits them, should be for such long space, without seeming to see a yard before them. Should Dr. Wiseman be presented at St. James's, we shall be curious to see in what capacity. We have said that we have no wish to see an Anti-Romanist-Association, but we begin to be by no means certain that the time for such an organization may not be at hand.

CRITICISMS ON BOOKS.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Popery in the Church. 2. Braid on Trance. 3. Anderson on Regeneration. 4. Martin on Youthful Christianity. 5. Green on the Working Classes. 6. Lindsey on Miracles. 7. Voices in the Night. 8. Sacred Chronology. 9. Career in the Commons. 10. Hebrew Reading Lessons. 11. Aiken on War. 12. Every day Wonders. 13. Gems from Matthew Henry. 14. The Mercy Seat. 15. Lays of the Kirk and Covenant. 16. Graham on Preaching. 17. Steward on the Need of the Times. 18. King on the State of Jamaica. 19. The Doctor's Little Daughter. 20. Langford on Scepticism. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 21. Chart of Religious Communities. 22. Henderson's Scripture Lessons. 23. Fletcher's Spiritual Blessings. 24. Synthe's Unity of the Human Race. 25. Cottle on Socinianism. 26. Chapel and School Architecture. 27. Walker's Abraham's Bosom. 28. Bland's Plain Sermons. 29. Ham's Generations Gathered. 30. The Family Economist. 31. Douglas on Prophecy. 32. Mrs. Grey's Emperors of Rome. 33. Anti-state-church Tracts. 34. McCombe on Individual Character. 35. Legge on Christianity. 36. Morell's Sources of Information. 37. Life of St. Patrick. 38. Tindale's Man of God. 39. Jubilee Memorial of the Religious Tract Society. |
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I.—*Popery in the Church, &c.* By a KENTISH CLERGYMAN.

This is a remarkable production. The very title arrests our attention—'Popery in the Church!' and then the cognomen of the author awakens our curiosity—he is 'a Kentish Clergyman.' Differing as we do from the writer in some important particulars, we have been much pleased with the spirit of earnest piety which pervades this pamphlet, and the bold and uncompromising tone in which it is written. We consider it well adapted to do good service; and recommend it cordially to our readers, both among Churchmen and Dissenters.

It appears that this 'round of Kentish fire' was occasioned by a recent charge of the Venerable the Archdeacon of Maidstone. Our author, referring to that charge, thus ventures to address his ecclesiastical superior:—'I do most earnestly hope that some one of my reverend brethren, infinitely more competent to discharge an irksome and painful duty than I feel myself to be, has candidly told you, long before now, that to preach Popery by the hour is not quite consistent in one who is eating the bread of Protestantism.' After this signal-gun we are partly prepared for the cannonading which follows. The author is evidently indignant at the Romanizing tendencies of the Tractarian or High Church party. He states his feelings after hearing the Archdeacon's charge, and declares that he was 'ashamed of the Church and her ministers,' and was desirous of 'finding some secluded spot where he could weep and pray in secret.' He then takes the Archdeacon to task on the score of 'Baptismal Regeneration.' That dignity had, it seems, quoted Titus iii. 6, 7 (where the phrase 'washing of regeneration' occurs), as involving the doctrine in question; whereupon our author shows how the phrase means no such thing. Before he has done with this

subject, he accounts, by an ingenious hypothesis, for the *obliquity* of the Archdeacon and his brethren of the same school on this important question.

'Tractarians,' says he, 'are the victims of this pernicious and fatal error. Why have they embraced it? *Is it not because they cannot refer to any spiritual change having ever passed upon their minds, except what they vainly imagine took place at the period of their baptism?* Will any man who has been truly converted to God, after he has come to years of maturity, maintain that he was born again when he was baptized?'—p. 10.

And again (p. 11), he asks—

'Supposing it should please God—which I earnestly pray may be the case—to bestow upon you His renewing and saving grace, would you continue to reassert the doctrine of baptismal regeneration? No, &c.'

What the Archdeacon and his Anglo-Catholic brethren may think of this theory it is not for us to say. If the hypothesis be true, *one thing* is clear, that vast numbers of our Anglican clergy are as yet shut out from that 'kingdom of God' which a man cannot enter except he be born again. Now we are Protestants, and Nonconformists to boot, yet we candidly confess that we hesitate very strongly thus to consign the whole body to the region of the lost; and we cannot help thinking that this style of talk savours too much of the very thing our author professes to abhor. Surely *he* does not believe in the doctrine of infallibility! Surely *he* would not assume to himself 'the power of the Keys.' We have quite another mode of accounting for the prevalent Puseyism. We look upon it as a thing perfectly natural. We think that there are few problems easier of solution than the following—given, *the Prayer Book* to account for Puseyism. Nay, we are not sure whether our Kentish clergyman, notwithstanding his valiant front in behalf of Protestantism, is not after all more *inconsistent* than the men whom he attacks.

What is the position of each party? they are at all events united in one thing. They have both declared their *ex animo* assent and consent to all and everything in the Book of Common Prayer! But there is this difference between the Puseyite and the Evangelical—the *former* interprets the office of baptism in its natural sense as involving the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and is confirmed in this view by the Catechism and the rite of Confirmation; whereas the *latter* laboriously endeavours to modify it by a reference to the Articles. We suppose it would go for little with our author if we were to remind him of the judgment of Sir H. J. Fust in the 'Great Gorham case,' yet he is surely bound to admit that that functionary was quite as likely to state the real doctrine of 'the Church' as my Lords of the Privy Council. He would hardly refer to Henry, Lord Brougham, and to John, Lord Campbell, as authorities in ecclesiastical questions affecting doctrine and discipline. Does our author totally deny that a change is effected by Baptism? His language would seem to imply this. If so, he must not imagine that even a majority of the Evangelical clergy agree with him. Does he read '*The Record*'? perhaps he files it too. Then we will request him to turn to the number for Thursday, Sept. 14, 1848, where he will find a report of the Bishop of Worcester's charge—a man, we believe, universally esteemed evangelical. The Bishop does, it is true, refer to *the Articles* of the Church, as our author does in his pamphlet, but he is so far from viewing them as opposed to the doctrine in question, that he speaks of them as actually favouring it. His concluding words are—'It seems impossible in the face of the articles of our church, and of the above expressions directed to be used in the Catechism and the services for baptism and confirmation, to deny that the doctrine of baptismal regeneration is distinctly the doctrine of our church.'

Nor is he alone in this view. Did space permit we could cite similar opinions from the charges of other prelates. Indeed, if our memory does not

deceive us, we think we could subpœna the Archbishop of Canterbury himself as witness in favour of baptismal regeneration.

We would commend to the thoughtful consideration of our author the following words of one who, not long ago, was a clergyman of the Established Church. We refer to the admirable work of the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, on the Union of Church and State:—

'I once laboured hard,' says he, 'to convince myself that our Reformers did not and could not mean that infants are regenerated by baptism, but no reasoning avails. The language is too plain. Although the Catechism declares that repentance and faith are pre-requisites to baptism, yet the Prayer Book assumes clearly that both adults, and infants come to the font unregenerate and leave it regenerate; that worthy recipients of baptism are not regenerate before baptism, but come to be regenerated; that they are unpardoned up to the moment of baptism, that they are pardoned the moment after. This unscriptural doctrine of the Prayer Book, as its other errors, each evangelical minister of the Church of England is compelled by the 36th Canon to pronounce not contrary to the word of God.'—p. 418.

We think that Mr. Noel is quite right. Baptismal regeneration is not (as our author truly maintains) in the Scriptures, but it is in the Prayer Book. No wonder that Mr. Noel felt constrained to come out and be separated from such a system. Ought not our Kentish clergyman to follow his noble example?

If any surprise lingered in our minds at the earnestness and vehemence with which our author attacks the whole Tractarian fraternity, it vanished at once when we had arrived at p. 13. Here we have an eloquent outburst of, we were going to say, patriotic feeling—a perfect *Jeremiad* respecting the certain approaching downfall of the Church of England, and the destruction with it of the *State*. His words are—'When the Church has been destroyed, the crown of these kingdoms will tremble on the head of its royal wearer—it will not be worth a year's purchase. The Church and the State are so linked to each other that both will stand or fall together.' We repeat that when we read this sentence we saw at once that any clergyman who believed in such a result as inevitable, and who possessed the spirit of a true born Englishman, could cherish no other feelings than those of a righteous indignation against the men who are thus endangering the very existence of 'our glorious constitution in Church and State.'

At the same time, we are not quite sure, that granting the Church (in our author's sense of that word) may be destroyed, the State must necessarily be involved in the same ruin. The dissolution would not be absolute death to both parties. We incline to the opinion that a separation between church and state might be effected which would not only leave the two alive, but render them more vigorous and flourishing than ever. And this brings us to the conclusion, at which indeed we have long ago arrived, that this union between church and state is the great source of the very evils of which our author complains. We believe it to be pregnant with enormous mischief, and to be incalculably injurious to the interests of true religion. Our author refers to certain evils which have attracted his attention, and called forth his deepest sorrow and regret. We believe him to be a good man and a real Christian, and therefore we are not surprised to hear him candidly avowing and deploring the state of our Universities, and the admission of so many unconverted men into the ministry of the Establishment. The fact, however painful, is quite patent and undeniable. But if the question be asked, how this evil is to be remedied, we cannot for our part see any hope of its removal so long as the union between church and state subsists. A fruit of this union is incidentally discovered by our author himself.

'You lament,' says he, 'the absence in the church of an ecclesiastical tribunal before

which cases of heresy might be tried and adjudicated. If you would carefully exclude from such tribunal *all worldly and unenlightened men*, the sooner it is constituted the better it will be for the spiritual interests of the Church; but if you would nominate the children of this world (*as undoubtedly you would*) to sit in judgment upon God's people, and to decide upon matters of which they have no more knowledge than a blind man has of colours, I protest against anything so absurd and tyrannical.—p. 20.

Precisely so! but is not this the consequence of the worldly alliance between church and state? That alliance must of necessity influence any tribunal which may be constituted. Let not our author delude himself with the notion that our civil rulers will let go their hold upon the ecclesiastical establishment of our country. And so long as Cæsar rules over the house of God, will there inevitably be the elements of worldliness in its composition and government. It was a conviction of the natural and inevitable effect of the union upon the discipline of the Established Church, which led Mr. Noel thus to wind up his powerful chapter on this very theme:—

‘To any one who considers for what purposes Christ has instituted the pastoral office, and what results flow from a faithful ministry, it is melancholy in the highest degree to reflect how this union of the Church with the State authorizes the blind to lead the blind, the dead to be bishops of the dead. Ought they who see the enormous evil to perpetuate it by remaining within the establishment?’

And we re-echo the same question. We conceive that those clergymen, of whom our author is one, who are looking for a reform of the Church which shall meet their views respecting sound doctrine and Christian discipline—securing the one and enforcing the other—and are supposing that such a reform is compatible with the sway and influence of the secular power, are indulging in pleasant dreams of Utopia, and building castles in the air. We honour their earnestness in defence of Protestantism, and admit most cheerfully the piety and usefulness by which they are distinguished, but beyond this our admiration does not go. They appear to us to occupy a most inconsistent position.

II. *Observations on Trance on Human Hybernation.* By JAMES BRAID, M.R.C.S., London, 1850.

This little work contains a number of facts bearing upon the subject of trance, or the temporary suspension of the vital functions in man. It points out that throughout the organic systems of plants and animals, certain temporary and periodical suspensions of vital activity take place of longer or shorter duration, amounting in many of the lower classes of each, to nearly a total cessation of the manifestations of life, and gives as examples the winter sleep of plants, and the hybernation of animals. It details also in the human species many extraordinary cases of the suspension of the vital powers—of temporary trance, and of certain conditions of the system—where the ordinary desire for food fails, and where the vital functions for considerable periods have been sustained by a slow absorption of the fat and muscular parts of the body. But the most remarkable portion of this work consists of the details of two cases of Indian Fakeers, who, after they had thrown themselves into a state of trance, were then buried in the ground, and remained there for the space of six weeks, closely watched by a guard of soldiers, so that no collusion of their associates was permitted. After the lapse of this period, they were again exhumed—the cold, stiff, and apparently lifeless bodies were then resuscitated, and the Fakeers in a short time breathed, and spoke, and walked about as usual. The first of these cases is attested by the evidence of Sir Claude Wade, who was personally present at the exhumation, the other by that of a major in the Hon. East India Company's service, who also personally witnessed the phenomenon.

For the details, we refer to the volume itself, and from these the reader is to

form his own opinion. Of the credibility of the narrative, so far as the individual observers are concerned, there appears to be no reason whatever to doubt; the only grounds of scepticism to be suggested are, whether any secret and undiscovered collusion is to be suspected. Mr. Braid supposes that those Fakeers have been aware of the means of practising on themselves a species of self-hypnotism, the nature of which has been so ably and curiously elucidated and explained by that gentleman in previous publications.

III. *Regeneration.* By WILLIAM ANDERSON. Fcp. pp. 302. Jackson Glasgow. 1850.

This is the first time any thing from the pen of William Anderson has come under our notice, and we earnestly hope that it will not be the last. His sentences will not do to use as nosegays, nor for citation among elegant extracts; but his clearness, his strength, his self-reliant freshness, have in them a beauty of their own, and a beauty which—as our author would perhaps say in a like case—is more than skin-deep. His grasp of his subject as a theologian, reminds us of the grip with which that famous smith whom Scott has immortalized in his ‘Fair Maid of Perth,’ was wont to seize upon his weapon. If you should feel disposed to cross his path in these matters, good reader, we do not say you will find him invulnerable, but we beg leave, in a subdued, but earnest whisper, to breathe into your ear the words, ‘Take care.’ Seriously, there is in this volume, on this apparently exhausted topic, an amount of force, of originality, and withal of scripturalness, which justifies us in most earnestly commending it to our readers. If they take our good word, and read the book, they will thank us many a time for our council while so doing.

IV. *Youthful Christianity.* By SAMUEL MARTIN, Minister of Westminster Chapel. 12mo. pp. 116. Green. 1850.

A charming little book, full of wise councils, delivered with great clearness and naturalness of manner.

V. *The Working Classes.* By the Rev. SAMUEL G. GREEN, B.A. 12mo. pp. 180. Green. 1850.

We have not read every page in this book, nor can we say that we are always at one with the author in the portions we have read; but we regard Mr. Green as promising to be one of the most useful ministers in his denomination, and we have read enough of his book to feel warranted in regarding it as highly honourable to his intelligence, philanthropy, and piety. We commend it to all interested in its momentous subject.

VI. *The Miracles of Scripture Defended from the Assaults of Modern Scepticism.* By the Rev. W. LINDSAY, D.D. Fcp. pp. 36. Oliphant. 1850.

This lecture was delivered at the opening of the United Presbyterian Theological Hall session in the present year, in which the author is ‘Professor of Sacred Languages and Biblical Criticism.’ We are not a little pleased to find Dr. Lindsay giving such proof of his acquaintance with the more recent speculations of our pantheists and deists as opposed to the evidence of miracles; and evincing such power to lay bare the fallacies and presumptions so freely obtruded upon us from that quarter. He is capable of doing good service in this direction, and we hope soon to meet with him again in the same field.

- VII. *Voices in the Night*. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. 12mo, pp. 454. Shaw, London. 1850.

This is a somewhat fanciful title—but the series of discourses so described, are designed to act as rays of light amidst surrounding darkness, ministering the word of wisdom to the perplexed, and the word of comfort to the mourning; and this is done in a style showing great facility in seizing and expressing thoughts adapted to the purpose of the preacher.

- VIII. *Chart of Sacred Chronology: A Short Essay on the Scientific Measures of Mundane Times*. Hatchard.

A short, but learned treatise, showing the 'general reasons for rejecting the Hebrew, and receiving the Septuagint chronology'—the latter chronology presenting, as most of our readers will be aware, some fifteen centuries in addition to the former.

- IX. *A Career in the Commons; or Letters to a Young Member of Parliament, on the Conduct and Principles necessary to constitute him an enlightened and efficient Representative*. By WILLIAM LOCKEY HARLE. 8vo, pp. 411. Longman. 1850.

A clever idea, and a clever book as the result. The writer follows the young member into all the probable connexions and questions of his course, and plays the Mentor to his inexperience with considerable skill. Nor is it to young members merely that these pictures of parliamentary life, and these spirited criticisms on parliamentary personages, will be interesting. It is a peep at what the St. Stephen's world is made of that deserves some looking at by those who are not of it.

- X. *Hebrew Reading Lessons*. Fcp. pp. 70. Bagster. 1850.

These lessons are on the first four chapters of the Book of Genesis, and the eighth chapter of the Proverbs, and include a grammatical praxis, and an interlinear translation. The publication is well adapted to its purpose.

- XI. *War; Religiously, Morally, and Historically considered*. By P. F. AIKEN, Advocate. 12mo, pp. 120. Longman. 1850.

Mr. Aiken does not go the length of what is called the 'peace principle,' and he states his reasons for not doing so. There is no difference among thoughtful and humane men about the general impolicy and sinfulness of war; but it argues, in our judgment, a very narrow view of human affairs, to allege that there are no cases in which even war is not the greatest calamity that may befall a nation.

- XII. *Every-day Wonders, or Facts in Physiology which all should know*. 12mo, pp. 137. Van Voorst. 1850.

A little gem of a book, which we could wish all young people to possess, that the things 'which all should know' may readily become known.

- XIII. *Gems from Matthew Henry*. 12mo, pp. 139. Partridge and Oakey 1850.

Carlyle has somewhere said, that Walter Scott is a writer that no man quotes. And it is so. His power is a diffused power—it never comes up in

pointed and pithy sayings which people remember, and use another day. It is far otherwise with our good old friend, Matthew Henry. This little book is neatly printed and illustrated, and neatly bound, and there is much food for the spiritual man in its mellowed wisdom and piety.

XIV. *The Mercy Seat.* By GARDNER SPRING, D.D. Fcp. pp. 302. Collins. 1850.

The treatise thus designated consists of an exposition of the Lord's Prayer, and of an appendix on the Nature and Efficacy of Prayer. It is one of the cheap series of reprints published by Mr. Collins, and which supplies, for eighteen pence, volumes, which, if published in the ordinary form, and at the ordinary rate, would be sold at six times the sum. Dr. Spring is too well known as an Evangelical divine to need that we should do more than call attention to the work.

XV. *Lays of the Kirk and Covenant.* By MRS. A. STUART MONTEATH. 4to, pp. 152. Johnstone and Co., Edinburgh. 1850.

It is a bonny book you have given us here, Mrs. A. Stuart Monteath: and the pulse that beats through it is a high and healthy one. There is much power and beauty in the poetry of this volume; and the notes give proof, not only of erudition, but of literary skill of a high order, while the protestant and patriot feeling which sounds through both poetry and prose, is such as might well put the apologists for Stuartism and Romanism, still found north of the Tweed, to the blush. The lays are twelve in number, relating to some of the most affecting incidents in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland. Would that sympathies as enlightened and noble as those evinced by Mrs. Monteath were more common with women, both North of the Tweed and South.

XVI. *On Preaching and Popular Education.* By G. GRAHAM, M.D. Fcp. Simpkin. 1850.

Dr. Graham may be well skilled in medicine, but we do not think that he is likely to do much towards improving either the preaching or the education of the age. He no doubt means well, and there is much truth in many of his statements, but the truth is not of such a nature, nor is the manner of presenting it so skilful, as to allow of our supposing that his labours in this field will be very fruitful. No doubt we greatly want mending, but the man capable of mending us—there is the difficulty.

XVII. *Religion, the Weal of the Church, and the Need of the Times.* By GEORGE STEWARD. 8vo, pp. 297. Partridge and Co. 1850.

This is a handsomely printed book. Mr. Steward is, we presume, a Methodist minister. He is evidently a man of observing and reflective habits, but his style is a most unhappy one—artificial, verbose, obscure, and monotonous to a strange extent. He has more thought in him than the great majority of his brethren, but until he shall learn to give it forth in a more simple and natural style, even his best thoughts will produce but small impression. The following may be taken as a specimen of what is meant to be axiomatic; we leave our readers to say whether its clearness be such as to entitle it to that honour or not. 'The articles and influences of combination, cannot be made to rival the unities of nature, nor points of conventionalism assimilate with the proper-

ties of an essence.' (p. 192.) The italics are by the author. His admiration of Methodism, even in the face of the infatuated course pursued just now by its leaders, we can, in some degree, understand; we will only say, that, had he known some other denominations better, we think he would have expressed himself more accurately and adequately in relation to them.

XVIII. *The State and Prospects of Jamaica.* By the Rev. DAVID KING, LL D. 12mo, pp. 235. Johnstone and Co. 1850.

Dr. King has recently visited Jamaica, and in this volume he gives us his thoughts on the present state of that island, and on the means by which its prospects may be amended. Of course, Dr. King looks to the Gospel as the chief means of elevating the negro population; and of assisting the planters, and the people generally, to struggle through their present difficulties. Both the facts and the opinions of the volume deserve the best attention of the Christian, the patriot, and the philanthropist.

XIX. *The Doctor's Little Daughter.* By ELENA METEYARD (Silverpen). Illustrated by Harvey. 12mo, pp. 454. Holt. 1850.

This will be a choice present for the young. The story is told with a simplicity which is of rare attainment in authorship, and the love of woman toward childhood beats warmly through every page of it.

XX. *Religious Scepticism and Infidelity, their History, Cause, Cure, and Mission.* By JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD. Fcp. 255. Chapman. 1850.

This title gives large promise, but we cannot say much for the performance. Mr. Longford is an ardent admirer of the school of speculators in which the names of Emerson and Parker, of Froude and Newman, are conspicuous: and he has here presented us with a smooth version of the conceits and calumnies most current in the authorship of this school. The work is dedicated to 'George Dawson, M.A., F.G.S.:' and while the writer does not expect his pastor to approve of all that will be found in this fruit of his teaching, it is presumed that he will see nothing in it inconsistent with his own doctrine as to 'the true basis of religious union!' Carlyleisms and Parkerisms, diluted first by Mr. Dawson, and afterwards by Mr. Langford, come to be a very thin affair at last. If this should be thought somewhat severe, we beg to assure our readers, that, if we do not visit such publications as the present with a severity tenfold greater, it is not because we should doubt the strict morality of such a course, but simply because we do not, at present, see that such an employment of our time would be altogether the wisest at our disposal.

XXI. *Brief Sketches from Earliest to the Present Period of the Chief Religious Communities, Denominations, Sects, &c.* By JOSEPH WILLIAM WYLD. 12mo, pp. 330. Bridport. 1850.

These sketches of 'Religious Communities, Denominations, Sects, &c.,' are designed to accompany a genealogical tree, showing how the different parties have branched off from each other, the root exhibiting the primitive church, the topmost branches the latest developments of religious opinion. Both the chart and the book bespeak the earnest industry of the author, and we can commend the result for its general accuracy, and its adaptation to usefulness.

XXII. *Scripture Lessons: or the History of the Acts of the Apostles, in Question and Answer.* By Mrs. HENDERSON. 12mo. Green. 1850.

This work is described as designed for Bible classes. We gave our commendation to Mrs. Henderson's work on the Gospel of Matthew, published on the same plan, and the present publication deserves a place with its predecessor. It is adapted in a high degree to assist the young in reading the 'Acts of the Apostles,' with intelligence and profit.

XXIII. *Spiritual Blessings, a Discourse on Personal Election and Divine Sovereignty: with an Appendix, containing Notes and Observations on Collateral Subjects.* By the late Rev. JOSEPH FLETCHER, D.D. Fifth Edition, 8vo, pp. 98. Snow. 1850.

A discourse on such a subject, that has reached a *fifth* edition, must be such a discourse as preachers very rarely produce. Dr. Fletcher well knew how to guard divine truth against the Pelagian heresy on the one hand, and the Antinomian heresy on the other; and this he has done with admirable judgment in the discourse before us, and in the notes appended to it.

XXIV. *The Unity of the Human Races.* By THOMAS SMYTHE, D.D. Fcp. pp. 404. Putnam, New York. 1850.

Dr. Smythe is a laborious and intelligent writer. The present subject has occupied his thoughts for some years, and the volume before us is the result. The plan of the treatise might have been much more scientific; but its accumulations of material, with the judicious estimate formed of the testimony borne to the general issue by so many different lines of fact, entitle the work to no common measure of attention from all persons interested in the inquiry to which it relates, and especially from all thoughtful men concerned to vindicate the authority of the sacred writers.

XXV. *Essays on Socinianism.* By JOSEPH COTTLE. 8vo, pp. 343. Longman.

Mr. Cottle states in his preface, that these essays are not designed for the learned, nor for the wholly unlearned, but for a class between the two—men of fair reading, good common sense, and capable of taking an intelligent view of a process of reasoning. To such minds, the essays will be found to present a mass of proofs on the side of Evangelical Theology, that can hardly fail greatly to strengthen their conviction that their faith is founded on a rock. The more we look at this controversy, the more we feel with Coleridge, 'that Socinians would lose all character for honesty, if they were to explain their neighbour's will with the same latitude of interpretation which they do the Scriptures.'

XXVI. *Chapel and School Architecture.* By the Rev. F. S. JOHNSON. 8vo, pp. 191. Hamilton. 1850.

The author of this publication is a methodist minister, but,—as the phrase goes—was 'bred' an architect; and he has here turned his architectural knowledge to admirable account. Mr. Johnson has shown how possible it is to build chapels and schools in a style of neatness, and even of elegance, at a less cost than is often incurred for erections singularly devoid of those qualities, and which, in some cases, are as destitute of convenience as of taste. The

work is illustrated with drawings of exteriors, and ground plans, both for chapels and schools; and though containing much of special interest to methodists, it contains more adapted to do good service in relation to nonconformist architecture generally.

XXVII. *Abraham's Bosom*. By the Rev. S. H. WALKER, A.M. 12mo, pp. 361. Kennedy. 1850.

This is an exposition of the parable of Dives and Lazarus, giving the main drift of it much as Chrysostom gave it more than a thousand years ago; but presenting a laborious effort to show that the anti-millennial doctrines which the narrative is supposed to sanction were not really designed to be conveyed by it.

XXVIII. *Plain Parish Sermons, preached at Rotherhithe*. By the Rev. PHILIP BLAND, B.A. 12mo, pp. 384. Wertheim. 1850.

Sympathy, earnestness, and evangelical sentiments are the characteristics of these 'parish sermons.'

XXIX. *The Generations Gathered and Gathering; or, the Scripture Doctrine concerning Man in Death*. By J. PATON HAM. 12mo, pp. 158. Longman. 1850.

Mr. Ham labours hard to prove 'that man has no disembodied and conscious existence between death and the resurrection; and that if there were no resurrection there would be no future life.' It would require something more than Mr. Ham's reasoning, or Archbishop Whately's authority, to reconcile us to this materialized and gloomy tenet.

XXX. *The Family Economist*. Vols. I. II., pp. 232, pp. 236. Groombridge. 1848, 1849.

Perhaps the best way of calling the attention of our readers to this highly useful publication will be to give its somewhat lengthy title-page at full—'Containing original articles, by the best writers, on Domestic Economy, Education, Sanitary Reform, Cottage Gardening and Farming; also Social Sketches, Moral Tales, Family Secrets, and valuable Household Recipes.' When we say that this work answers well to its title-page, that each monthly number extends to twenty pages, and is sold for one penny, we have, we think, said enough to secure it the patronage of not a few among our readers.

XXXI. *The Structure of Prophecy*. By JAMES DOUGLAS. 8vo, pp. 132. Constable. 1850.

We well remember the talk, if not the impression, produced among religious people by the publication of Mr. Douglas's first work, some twenty years since, on the 'Advancement of Society.' We say talk, rather than impression, for the book never sold to the extent which the talk might have seemed to warrant. His subsequent works have, we believe, been even less successful. How is this to be explained? The author is a man of large information, of broad philosophical views, and writes with much eloquence. It is to be traced in part, we think, to the fact, that the author supposes a degree of intelligence, and of the higher intellectual sympathies in his readers, which belong to the few rather than the many; and thus his works remain in a first or second edition from what may be deemed a characteristic excellence, while productions of a much lighter material and texture pass to a tenth or a twentieth. The pre-

sent work the author can hardly hope will become popular. * It discusses an abstruse and doubtful theory, and is addressed to a school—a school—made up of what are sometimes called—the students of prophecy. But the aim of Mr. Douglas is to detect the fulfilment of prophecy in the past, not to divine the future, and to do this so as to show the harmony of the scheme of prophecy with the purpose of the divine government. We may add that he sees the realization of the successive visions of the apocalypse in events reaching down to our own time.

XXXII. *Emperors of Rome from Augustus to Constantine, being a continuation of the History of Rome.* By MRS. HAMILTON GRAY. 8vo, pp. 593. Hatchard. 1850.

Mrs. Hamilton Gray has dedicated this volume 'to her child.' It is a great improvement on most books of its class. The material is well selected, and the style is lucid and vigorous. We scarcely need say that the moral tone is excellent. The ground, however, is of a sort on which we would not have the young mind detained too long.

XXXIII. *Tracts of the British Anti-state-church Association — New Series:—*1. *Church Property and Revenue in England and Wales.* 2. *'It is the Law,' or the Churchman's Defence of Church-rates examined.* 3. *The Church in Chains.* 4. *Address to the Members of the Church of England by the Anti-state-church Conference.* 5. *Address to the Wesleyan Methodists.*

Tracts for the Million. 1. *The Anti-state-church Movement, its Design and Tendencies.* 2. *Plain Words to Perplexed Churchmen.* 3. *A Side-view of the State-church.* 4. *'Political Dissenters,' the Cry Examined.* 5. *Who constitute the National Church.* 6. *A Clergyman's Reasons for leaving the Establishment.* 7. *The State-church not the Cause of England's Greatness.*

The above tracts have been forwarded to us by the 'Committee' of the British Anti-state-church Association, requesting 'an early notice' of them. We have read them all with attention, and see scarcely a sentence in them that we would wish to alter. In their substance they are most truthful, and in their manner they are clear, calm, and serious. Altogether they are wisely adapted to their purpose, and we wish them the widest possible circulation. The tract on 'Church Property' is a hand-book on that subject, and the tract next in the series intitled 'It is the Law,' is one of the best hits we have seen in modern controversy. Of the Association itself we need not speak again; of its labours in this form we are happy in being able to speak in terms of unqualified commendation.

XXXIV. *The Foundation of Individual Character: a Lecture.* By WILLIAM M'COMBE. Ward. 1850.

This lecture was delivered to a 'Mutual Instruction Class.' Mr. M'Combe is an original thinker. Everything which proceeds from his mind is characterized by breadth, caution, and sterling sense. He is in danger, indeed, of losing his patience somewhat too soon with the authorship that does not quite please him, but there is nothing of this sort in the lecture before us. It is sold for twopence, and we should be happy to see it in the hands of the entire class of youth for whose benefit it is published. It can hardly be read by such persons without advantage—certainly not by the more thoughtful.

XXXV. *Christianity in Harmony with Man's Moral Nature.* By the Rev. GEORGE LEGGE, LL.D. Fcp. pp. 167. Snow. 1850.

This subject Dr. Legge has treated in seven lectures, under the following titles :—‘Christianity in relation to Man, as an Intellectual Being; an Imaginational Being; a Moral Being; a Social Being; a Progressional Being;’ and as ‘in Harmony with Man's whole Being and Hope.’ These, it will be seen, are important and deeply interesting topics. In fact, the subject, as a whole, embraces the great question of the age as regards religion, viz., whether the condition of man be such—must continue to be such, as to compel him to look to the Gospel as presenting the only adequate supply for the deepest want of his nature. We are happy to see Dr. Legge bringing his scholarship, his acuteness, his eloquence, and his piety to bear on this theme. The book is full of thought, and presents in a brief space the results of much reading and reflection.

XXXVI. *Mr. Morell and the Sources of his Information: an Investigation of the Philosophy of Religion.* 12mo, pp. 54. Ward. 1850.

In the first page of our review of Mr. Morell's book on ‘The Philosophy of Religion’ (No. XIX., p. 139) our words were, ‘We promise him that the question as to whence he has derived his speculations, shall not at all affect our judgment in relation to them. How much he may have learnt from Kant, how much from Hegel or Schelling, or how much more from Schleiermacher—not to mention our own Coleridge—than from any one or all of them, are questions with which we shall not meddle.’ We might, as our language indicated, have pursued another course, the course, in fact, which the author of the clever tract before us has pursued; for we had been at some pains to compare ‘The Philosophy of Religion,’ with the ‘Glaubenslehre,’ and some others of the works of Schleiermacher, and were quite aware of the extent of unacknowledged obligation to which the author of this pamphlet has given the name of plagiarism. The literary conscience is sometimes a peculiar one. An unsophisticated conscience would certainly say—the honesty which requires you, to make acknowledgment *at all*, should dispose you to make it *adequately*. If any particular references be given, they should surely be given in such way as to show the extent in which the writer is a compiler rather than a producer. But we know some books, both by dead and living authors, and books that have acquired reputation, where, if this rule were applied, the authors would not escape whipping. We must say, also, that we felt at the time that Mr. Morell's book was one of this class. But we wished to avoid everything like a disposition to deal severely with him, and in consequence restricted our attention to *what* he had said, not instructing our readers, as we might have done, as to where else they might find it. Had we foreseen the tone in which Mr. Morell is pleased to express himself concerning nearly the whole breed of orthodox critics, we should perhaps have pursued another course, and have added the charge of a very questionable morality to that of a bad philosophy.

XXXVII. *Life and Labours of St. Patrick.* Fcp. pp. 40. Dublin. 1850.

The author of this pamphlet, we have some reason to believe, is the Rev. Alfred King, late of Cork. Its design is to show, and from the most acknowledged authorities, that St. Patrick was much more of a Christian, and much less of a Romanist than Irish Catholics are allowed to suspect. The history, and the argument which lies under it, are presented with much popular tact, and we would earnestly recommend such Irish Protestants as see our pages to procure it, and make a free use of it.

XXXVIII. *The Man of God; or, a Manual for young Men contemplating the Christian Ministry.* By JOHN TYNDALE. Foolscep. pp. 342. Ward and Co. 1850.

Mr. Tyndale's volume abounds in wise and devout thoughts, and we know not a better service that could be done to the young candidate for the Christian ministry than to present him with a copy of it.

XXXIX. *The Jubilee Memorial of the Religious Tract Society; containing a Record of its Proceedings and Results from 1799 to 1849.* By WILLIAM JONES, Corresponding Secretary. 8vo. pp. 698. 1850.

An interesting volume, pervaded by a Christian spirit, and which may show to the ecclesiastical historian of a future age, the good, direct and indirect, that has resulted from the operations of the Religious Tract Society.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the British Quarterly Review.

SIR,—The excellent article in your last Number, on 'Novelties in Female Education,' is, in one or two respects, not quite a correct representation of facts as regard Queen's College; and if you will allow me a few moments' attention, I should wish to point out these mistakes, as you, I am sure, would be glad to correct any misconception of the manner of teaching in that institution.

After objecting to the early age of the admissions, you say (p. 213), 'The next disadvantage is the largeness of the classes: how can a teacher effectually instruct one or two hundred?' Now, sir, I will venture to say, such an idea never entered into the mind of any one of our professors. I am not quite sure what is the exact number of pupils learning French, or German, or Italian, or arithmetic; probably the French pupils exceed 120, the German 80, the Italian 60. I believe they are more than this, but this is not to the purpose; the point to be noted is, that in every one of these subjects of instruction, there are three, four, or even five divisions, *each taught separately*. On two days there are four French divisions; three divisions of German occupy part of another day, and so on, through the whole course of the college instruction. It is a complete and most mistaken assumption that there is, *in any one department*, a congregating of girls and young women at one and the same time to the amount spoken of. All those professors whose number of pupils is large, have assistants; and I do not think any division exceeds at one time 24, or at most 30 pupils. These have much work to do in preparation for the masters, and are certainly not allowed to lose their time. It occurs to me that the drawing lessons include at one time more pupils than I have mentioned, and this is not an advantage; but the master, besides an assistant of his own, has trained some of the senior pupils so as to be of material assistance in the lesson. So much for a matter of fact, which it is right should be understood.

Again, I am quite aware of the difficulty in which the committee of professors has been placed with regard to the age of admission; but allow me to state some considerations which, if they have not chosen aright at last, should at least be well weighed by those who object to the course they have pursued. I believe the experience of every professor to be, that a large proportion of the *elder* pupils have not received a good preliminary training. It signifies nothing to say that there were good schools already—that there are many good day-

governesses. Of this I am quite aware; but still it does appear certain, that either the parents of many of these young persons have been incapable of making satisfactory choice, or have not followed up the advantage properly; or perhaps the expense may have been beyond their means. Taking this as a matter of fact very sufficiently established, as I believe it to be, at the College, —taking also into the account that the *education of effective educators* was one grand purpose for which it was opened, permit me to ask, whether it could be very satisfactory to our professors to delude the public with the idea of a 'finishing-establishment,' or even to hold out the prospect of merely carrying on an education which proves to have been defective at the foundation? Nothing has been made more clear to them than the want of good grammatical training among girls; the want of early good instruction in arithmetic has also been proved. Another fact has also been as clearly made known—that there are in London numerous parents who find in the College the very thing they have been long looking for as a place of real education for their girls. With all these experiences, what were our professors to do? They still wished to preserve the facilities and appliances for more advanced instruction, but it was impossible not to feel that they should be losing the most valuable opportunity of *truly* improving girls' education if they were not to be admitted at an early age; and here the question arose, whether at once to form two separate establishments—a school and a college? Ultimately, it is highly probable that such must be the case; but up to the present time the difficulties have been much lessened by opening in the same house a school-room, where preparation is made for the more advanced classes. *Here* the course is prescribed, and cannot be evaded; and cases have occurred in which young ladies, of from thirteen to fifteen, have submitted, on examination, to enter these preparatory classes, where a competent governess, a well-informed lady, is always present, directing and assisting them. Meanwhile, the College grows upwards also: higher classes are formed as required, and these are open to young ladies of every rank. Extra lectures on botany, natural philosophy, &c., are delivered as soon as a sufficient number of would-be pupils enter their names as subscribers to them. The historical lectures assume a higher character also.

Entirely according with the reviewer in his desire to supply *one* 'want of the day,' (I cannot say, as he says, '*the* want of the day,' because I believe better fundamental teaching is the deeper want of the two,) namely, 'institutions which shall take up instruction where the school leaves it,' I would express my earnest hope, in conclusion, that this last point will still be very earnestly attended to. I do not think that well-instructed young ladies, who have books and leisure, and means to procure private teaching of every kind, are the persons who, of all others, are most in absolute *want* of a college; but I would encourage, by all means, the desire for this sort of instruction. I would have ready the very best of the kind that is procurable, for *their* sakes, and more still for the sakes of many of those humbler pupils who have passed through the previous more juvenile instruction, and now want stronger food.

Thanking most cordially the writer of the article I am noticing, for his valuable and friendly services in our cause, allow me to remain, Sir, yours, &c.

A VISITOR AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

Sept. 2nd, 1850.

To the Editor of the British Quarterly.

SIR,—Will you allow me a little space to make a few remarks in reply to the letter addressed to you by 'A Visitor at Queen's College.'

I am much gratified to find that 'the congregating of girls and young women at one and the same time,' is so heartily disclaimed, and also that the

classes are divided, since it corroborates the correctness of my remarks both as to the disadvantage of large classes, and the necessity of different modes of teaching for different pupils. Still my objection, as to the early age of admission, remains in full force; and the question returns—why offer admission to the college at so early an age, and to girls so ill-educated as to be ‘deficient in good grammatical knowledge,’ &c.? What is a ‘college’ but a ‘finishing establishment,’ however such an idea may be rejected by the professors; for what institution is there to take up education where ‘the college’ leaves it? Now, for the class of very young girls, to whom the writer refers, a good school is certainly the fitting place, and for the elder pupil also, whose education has been found so defective. Indeed, the writer expressly states, somewhat of the kind has been found necessary. As to such being admitted to what at least bears the name of college, it seems to me as incongruous as sending a young man to Oxford, or Cambridge, who has not even mastered his Latin grammar.

Would not a school, under the superintendence of the same committee and visitors—a school, in short, like those connected with ‘Kings’ and ‘University’ Colleges, well supply this want? If such were the case, not only could admission to the college be restricted to pupils of more advanced age, but they might be subjected to a preliminary examination. This last, I think, would greatly subvert the general cause of education; it would supply a strong incitement to exertion to those who were really anxious to improve; and it would afford a test by which the professors might at once be assured of the capability of those placed under their charge to receive further and higher instruction.

I must still maintain my former opinion, that ‘an institution which shall take up instruction where the school leaves it, is *the* want of the day;’ inasmuch as I have met with so many intelligent girls who have sedulously improved themselves to the utmost at school, or at home; but have felt the want of that ‘college system,’ in which, as I remarked, ‘effort, self-depending effort, on the part of the scholar, is recognised,’ as well as superior teaching on the part of the instructor. It is to such young persons—girls thirsting for knowledge—that we must look for the teachers of the next generation, either in the family, or as governesses, or as writers. Now, strict mental training is what really gifted young women especially stand in need of. This training, I think, ‘the college’ can alone supply; while, from the high literary character of the professors, instruction is attainable *there*, which cannot be found in the best *private* tuition. Thus, while I would heartily rejoice in every effort to lay a good foundation for the younger pupils, I cannot but remember that this *may* be done elsewhere, but that the higher instruction can be obtained at the college alone.

To witness the extension and improvement of ‘Queens,’ and all similar colleges, would afford me the highest pleasure; and as it was simply with the hope of rendering them more effective that my remarks were made, so I am sure the lady will kindly accept these farther suggestions; and wishing herself and her colleagues all success, I remain, Sir, yours very truly,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE ON ‘NOVELTIES IN FEMALE EDUCATION.’

We are indebted to the friendly criticism of a French correspondent for the correction of a mistake in our paper on ‘Pascal,’ in the last Number. We attributed the edition of Pascal’s complete works, published in 1779, to Bossuet, the well-known prelate—the editor was the Abbot Bossut.

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